



THE GREAT  
SLIGHTED FORTUNE



J. D. BELL



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THE

# GREAT SLIGHTED FORTUNE.

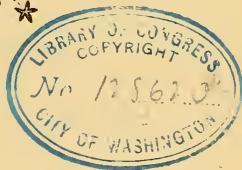
BY J. D. BELL.

"We are all of us richer than we think ; but we are taught to borrow and to beg, and brought up more to make use of what is another's than of our own."

MONTAIGNE, *Essays*, Book III., Chap. XII.

"O foolish men ! they sell their inheritance (as their foolish Mother did hers), though it is Paradise, for a crotchet."

CARLYLE, *The Diamond Necklace*.



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TO  
MY COLLEGE MATES OF THE CLASS OF 1855,

FROM WHOM, TWENTY-THREE YEARS AGO,  
I PARTED AMID THE

*CLASSIC SCENES OF AMHERST, MASS.,*

AND OF WHOM MANY HAVE BECOME EMINENT IN SPHERES OF NOBLE  
USEFULNESS ; COMRADES AFORETIME WITH ME, NOT ONLY IN  
STUDY AND YOUNG ASPIRATION, BUT ALSO IN THE  
PLEASURE OF A MUTUAL ENDEARMENT, WHICH  
WAS SUCH THAT "NOTHING WAS SO NEAR  
TO US AS ONE ANOTHER ;"  
TO YOU

*This Volume is Lovingly Dedicated,*

AS A TOKEN OF THE HIGH AND HEARTFELT ESTIMATION WHICH, IN  
YEARS OF TOILS AND STRUGGLES, SORROWS AND JOYS, ITS  
AUTHOR HAS CONSTANTLY PLACED ON THE GENEROUS  
AND WARM FELLOW-FEELING WHEREWITH (HE  
HATH BEEN WELL ASSURED) YOU  
HAVE EVER KEPT HIM IN  
REMEMBRANCE.



## PREFACE.

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WE live in unexampled years. The current period is one of amazing human intensities, and of astonishing triumphs of energy and enterprise. In no by-gone time was there such successful pursuit of science, such crowned inventiveness, such multiplication of advantages on the material side of civilization. And yet few are they that are becoming more excellent, more contented, more serene, more happy. Men are immersed in the senses. Health is either sacrificed to utilitarian concentration, or immolated on the altar of Fashion. Individuality — that key to freedom from mental mendicancy — is lost in imitation. Frivolity renders thought impotent and sentiment shallow. Assumed refinement has the place of genuine courtesy. People (as saith Tennyson) “whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin at a brother’s shame.” There is an unfortunate “weakening of the power of imagination, as well as of the power of faith — those two great sources of motives to excellence of character and perfectness of life.” Politics, philosophy, art, literature, economics, social life, all seem pointed toward “the vale of the Salt Sea,” rather than toward “the Olive mountains.”

And this is the reason why : The progress and the improvement which mark the period are continually *with-*

out men, and only slightly *within* them. There is need of something to break the spell of Utilitarianism whereby mortals are bound, and to open glimpses of better, sweeter, grander possibilities. Hence this volume, which is a plea for that great fortune of man — his own nature. Bulwer says, “Strive, while improving your one talent, to enrich your whole capital as a man.” The present work is designed to aid in securing the result thus recommended. It is a contribution toward heightening men’s valuation of those natural inheritances, the body and the soul, with all the specific dowers which they include, and toward fitting men to experience not only nobler stirrings and ardors, but also a continual cheerfulness—that which is affirmed by Montaigne to be “the most certain sign of wisdom.” It illustrates the truth (taught by Madame de Staël in her *Corinne*) that the hearth of human happiness can exist nowhere but in the secret sanctuary of the human breast. Perchance it will prove a means of checking the pernicious communistic tendencies of the passing time — tendencies which have their origin in a discontent, as blind to the dignity of human nature as it is dead to the divine fatherhood. The book is not exhaustive, but suggestive. We send it forth, trusting that it will find its way into the hands of many readers, and that every one who reads it will gather from its pages something like that lesson expressed by Horace Bushnell: “The greatest wealth you will ever get, will be in yourself.”

J. D. B.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1878.

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# THE WONDERFUL HOUSE.



“ This breathing house not built with hands.”

COLERIDGE.

“ The body — the house no eye can probe.”

ROBERT BROWNING.



# THE GREAT SLIGHTED FORTUNE.



## CHAPTER I.

### THE BODY.



#### I.

##### THE MASTER-FORM AMONG ORGANISMS.

“That superior mystery,  
Our vital frame, so fearfully devised.”

WORDSWORTH.

SIGNIFICANT is the fact, that, in literature, sacred as well as unsacred, there occur numerous references to the corporeal structure of man, which plainly imply a profound respect for that living, throbbing fabric. Take some examples. Both Jesus and St. Paul speak of it as a “temple;” that is to say, a building highly excellent and solemnly superb. Milton indirectly pays a special tribute to it, in those lines in *Paradise Lost*, where, breathing a plaint on account of what his blindness denied him, he uses the oft-quoted words, “human face divine.” Novallis, not content to call it simply a temple, says: “There is but one temple in the world, and that is the body of man.” Thomas Dick affirms that “the system of organization connected with the human frame is the most admirable piece of mechanism which the mind can contemplate.”

Great, indeed, is the change when one turns from such attributive expressions to allusions in which there is ascribed to the body only a small importance, only a little majesty. Shakespeare makes Hamlet call it "this mortal coil." In Jean Paul's *Titan* it is spoken of as a "chrysalis shell." The disciples of Pythagoras were wont to term it the soul's "tent," and the disciples of Plato were accustomed to represent it as the soul's "vestment." And St. Paul, in one place, designates it as "this tabernacle," thus conveying the impression that it is, after all, a thing of minor consequence.

What, now, shall be said of the two classes of references? Is there ground for both of them? Is it true that the body is something really fine and noble, like a temple, and at the same time true that it is an inferior thing, like the crude wrappage of a chrysalis, or the fading hut of coarse cloth inside which the traveler tarries? In response, I affirm that, when viewed in comparison with the soul, the body is obviously inferior, and deserves only a faint praise; whereas, when viewed in comparison with other vitalized earth-forms, it has a supreme rank, a sovereign nobility. This explanation opens a clear path. Let us, courteous reader, enter it, and go on therein for a little while, seeking to know to what extent entitled to high regard is that visible part of the natural human fortune—the pulse-stirred house in which the soul resides. In beginning this inquiry, it is of course to be supposed that the body is all itself; or, in other words, that it has neither been deformed by bad habits, nor corroded to thinness by slow-devouring disease. We are to consider

it, not as a blighted, broken, half-ruined structure, but as a sound organic frame. When Selim the First, the subduer of Egypt, led his host of warriors through Syria, though he was one of the most cruel of conquerors, he permitted the beautiful gardens about Damascus, in the vicinity of which his army was encamped, to lie untouched by the hands of his soldiers. Those gardens were open to view, and were in a subjugated land ; but the troops, by reason of the effectiveness of the military discipline, remained aloof, not daring to invade and to ravage the attractive grounds, because they had not received from their commander the signal of plunder. In like manner, for at least a period of years, the body lives and flourishes, with its vital strength unimpaired by reckless invasion, and its comely proportions undespoiled by withering ravage. And so, forsooth, it would continue to live and flourish, during perhaps a whole lifetime, did not the careless monarch Self, unlike even that cruel Oriental conqueror who spared the fair gardens about Damascus, so often let all wholesome discipline relax, and give the signal of plunder to a swarm of wayward proclivities.

Now, to know what the body is before it has been overrun and pillaged by any of the ruthless foragers — Thoughtlessness, Intemperance, Foolhardiness, Vanity, Passion, Lust, Superstition, austere Devotion, and the rest — is surely to have made an estimable attainment. Never should it be forgotten by the one who would worthily occupy his entire being, that when the Creator built up in the womb of nature man's form, He did not rear a poor and

mean structure, but erected a frame of such superiority among physical objects, that human artists, in all the great ages of the world, have ardently vied with one another in giving it representation on canvas or in marble. The body of man, though composed of earth-elements which were one in essence with "the dust of the ground," grew up a handsome achievement of organizing power, a "fine contexture of solids and fluids." The completion of it marked the commencement of an extraordinary cycle of terrestrial history. That body stood among myriads of living forms without a peer. It was the pre-eminent visible ornament of the world. It was the most dignified and most interesting compound of material atoms that had appeared in all the stupendous æons of earthly change and progressive development.

Respecting the high rank which belongs to the body before its inner courts have been reached and its secret treasury has been rummaged by Vandal invaders, one may obtain a clear and abiding impression by comparing this frame with the other vertebrate frames which are presented to view in the animal scale. Certainly the principal spine-possessing organism is that of man. His vertebral parts are so arranged as unmistakably to fit him for an upright position both in standing and in walking. They make it easy for him to look toward heaven. It was, perhaps, for this reason the Greeks gave him the name *ἀνθρώπος*, which the author of an ancient grammar derives from two words, signifying, when taken together, "to look upward." The poet Ovid declares that God, in providing as He did for the

elevated carriage of man's face, designed that he should scan the realm of the stars :

“He set man's face aloft, that, with his eyes  
Uplifted, he might view the starry skies.”

The hands of man are beautifully contrived for performances of executive cunning. The feet of man are skillfully fitted both for supporting with ease his erect organic trunk, and for elastically bearing it along its way.

Now, it will be found that all the other vertebrate animal frames are strikingly inferior in arrangement to that of man. Unlike the latter, they are adapted for a posture habitually unerect. Honest old Montaigne is in error when he good-naturedly ridicules our prerogative of bodily erectness as that which “the poets make such a mighty matter of,” and when he intimates that other animals “in their natural posture discover as much of heaven and earth as man.” Says a learned scientist, “Man is the only mammiferous animal to which the erect position is natural.” And evidently, if it is not natural to any other mammiferous animal, it cannot for a moment be presumed to be so to any animal of the non-mammiferous orders. Every known creature inferior to the human species — whether it be oviparous or viviparous, whether aerial or terrestrial, aquatic or amphibious, whether an ostrich or a camel, a long-necked giraffe or a quick-limbed monkey — has a structural arrangement which fits its head for a downward rather than for an upward bend and bearing.\*

\* The author of the Fifth Bridgewater Treatise (Dr. P. M. Roget), after remarking that man presents the only instance

The fish has two pairs of coarse organs called *fins*, instead of two finely formed hands and two cunningly constructed feet. The bird has in its two wings a sort of fingerless hands, and has for feet a pair of rough-fashioned extremities consisting mostly of toes. The beast has no hands, but has four feet, which are either hoofs or paws; and the serpent has neither hands nor feet, but is "a mean, abortive creature, which the angry motherhood of nature would not go on to finish, but shook from her lap before the legs were done, muttering ominously, 'Cursed art thou for man's sake above all cattle; on thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life.' "

I shall conduct my reader but little further in the present path of inquiry. A long discussion does not seem to be necessary to show the rank which the body holds among organized structures, before it has been invaded, plundered, and impaired. Doubtless it will be sufficient to add to what has already been said, a comprehensive statement of the conclusion relative to the subject, which reason finds itself

among the mammalia of a conformation by which the erect posture can be permanently maintained, and that to this intention the form and the arrangement of all the parts of the osseous fabric, as well as the position and the adjustments of the organs of sense, have a clear reference, adds, in a marginal note, the much-meaning statement: "In most quadrupeds, as we have seen, the thorax is deep in the direction from the sternum to the spine, but is compressed laterally, for the evident purpose of bringing the fore limbs nearer to each other, that they might more effectually support the anterior part of the trunk. In man, on the contrary, the thorax is flattened anteriorly, and extends more in width than in depth, thus throwing out the shoulders, and allowing an extensive range of motion to the arms."

brought to deduce, and to set down under the same a summary of the leading arguments which constitute its support.

THE body, when uncheapened by the infirmities and the exhaustions of an invalid state, or when breathing and throbbing in nature's own condition of soundness, has a superior excellence and an impressive importance. In other words, it is a finely wrought and nobly qualified frame — the very master-form among mundane organisms. And for these reasons :

It is higher in order than any other living material form with which mortals are acquainted.

In the first instance of its appearance on the globe it was the last-created organism in a distinctly progressive series of organic frames ; and consequently it inherited the rank of a masterpiece.

Its upright attitude, both in standing and in walking, betokens natural dignity and superiority.

It is the only visible living organism that is adapted for articulate speech, and for the achievement of great triumphs in mechanical and in beautiful art.

By reason of the distinguishing peculiarities which it presents to view, according to sex and to age, — now as the stately form of the adult man, provided with strong bones, firm sinews, and well-set joints, and now again as the smooth, rotund, graceful form of the full-grown woman ; at one time as the lithe, robust frame of the gallant stripling, “whose glory is his strength,” and at another time as the delicate, tripping, charming frame which has “the sweet cleanliness of the high-bred maiden,” — it is the one organ-

ism which, above all others, has, in every period of civilization, made poets eloquent, inspired painters and sculptors, interested philosophers, and raised to a passionate glow the admiring feelings of chaste lovers.

It is, during the soul's stay on earth, its suitable habitation. That it is, as a habitation, well fitted for its occupant, we are to infer from the fact that there is in nature no such instance of incongruity as that of two things made for each other, and yet having no fitness the one for the other. The body is the house of the soul, because nothing but itself would have answered the demands of the case. Accordingly, it is to be presumed that the body has an importance, bearing some due proportion to the exalted importance of the soul.

It is, withal, the soul's suitable organ and suitable mirror or revealer. This is an argument for the nobility of the body, which there is no difficulty in being able to comprehend. The soul needs the body as an instrument whereby to develop itself, to improve itself, and to express itself. Had it been made to grow up on earth in a form similar even to the most excellent specimen of existing organisms other than the one chosen for it, it would have been at an unspeakable disadvantage. It was suggestively remarked by Helvetius, that "had the hoof of a horse been joined to the human arm, man would yet have been wandering in the woods." See how it is with the lower vertebrates! No qualification whatever have they for the expression of fine sensations or emotions. Esdaile says, that, though they are abundantly able to show anger or rage in their coun-

tenances, they can scarcely reveal in them any feeling but that. The dog can indicate his inclination to fawn by nothing better than the wagging of his tail and the consequent motion of his body. The face of the brute animal, even when it is dying and when it is dead, hardly manifests a single important change of any kind on its part. "A salmon," says the writer above named, "looks as well when dead as when alive." Here, also, are some of his words :

"There is an expression in the human countenance of which we can scarcely observe a vestige in any of the brute creation. The blush of modesty or of shame — the paleness of terror — the animation of joy dancing in the eye — the depression of grief, producing a monotonous relaxation of features — the pensive softness of love — together with a thousand other varied feelings, are all depicted on the human countenance, and give it an expression which both conveys intelligence and suggests signs by which we are enabled to render such intelligence permanent and useful."

From infancy to old age, the soul depends largely on the body in educating its own capabilities. Among the teachings of that sublime exponent of "ideal realism," Professor Schöberlein,\* there are not a few weighty outgivings on this point. The body is essential to the soul, as a means of intercourse with other souls. Without it there could be no actualized acceptance or rejection by the soul of particular objects. It is also essential to the soul as a means whereby to attain to adequate self-consciousness. It enables the soul to objectify itself, and thus to distinguish, in a sufficient manner, between itself

\* See his work, *Die Geheimnisse des Glaubens*, Heidelberg, 1872, of one division of which a translation is presented in the *Methodist Quarterly* for October, 1877.

and other entities. The body is, moreover, an organ indispensable to the soul's progress in the acquisition of knowledge and experience, and in the production of a true character, since by it the soul is kept in the requisite communion with the multitudinous ever-changing relations of the material and the spiritual worlds. Concerning the importance of the body as the soul's medium of self-revelation, the same profound theologian teaches that man plainly expresses his disposition and character in his body on earth, and will do likewise in eternity; that the human soul is so in need of a body that, in default of one, it would, wherever it might be, lack an element essential to its wellbeing; that bodilessness implies *per se* a hinderance to free self-revelation; that in order to the full enjoyment of selfhood, it is "necessary to bring the ideal fullness of the mind and the heart to full outer expression;" and that accordingly the soul will need and will have a body in the future state — will, forsooth, take with it, when it departs into that state, a germinally-existing spiritual form, which amid an appropriate environment will at length attain completeness.

## II.

## CONSCIENTIOUS ABUSE OF THE BODY.

“What power of prince or penal law, be it never so strict, could enforce men to do that which for conscience’s sake they will voluntarily undergo?”

BURTON, *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

“Farewell, a long farewell to thee, Arran of my heart! Paradise is with thee; the garden of God within the sound of thy bells. The angels love Arran. Each day an angel comes there to join in its services.”

ST. COLUMBA.\*

I AM to set in array some painful points, appertaining to wrongs conscientiously done to the flesh for the supposed good of the spirit. That quotation from Columbkil, or Saint Columba, the hermit of Arran, a bleak, wild island outside Galway Bay, in the Atlantic, — Saint Columba, who could sing a plaintive farewell on leaving the spot where, “with the wind whistling through the loose stones, and the sea-spray hanging on his hair,” he had abused his body for what he thought to be the welfare of his soul, — is certainly not pleasantly suggestive.

The story of religious austerity is a dismal one, for it is the story of “inhuman wisdom.” I shall not attempt to relate it, but shall simply place before the mind of the reader some of the things which give a pitiful remarkableness to its contents.

There have been persons, not a few but many, who conceived it to be their duty to withhold all respect and all culture from their organic frames. Cu-

\* Words of his when summoned from his dreary hermitage to be bishop of Iona.

rious is the inquiry, how the God-created form has been, under imagined divine approval, abused, — how men, hungering and thirsting after what they sincerely believed to be righteousness, have cruelly denied it and oppressed it, macerated and marred it. In prosecuting this inquiry, one quickly meets the general fact, that body-abusing saints, more than ten thousand in number, have miserably lived and thankfully died. Having kindled in themselves a quenchless zeal against their own corporeal substance, they defied their nerves, despitefully used their physical members, quarrelled with their vital breath, and went out at last as candles do that have burned down, in discolored and disfigured candlesticks.

Whole classes of men can be named that were characterized by an unremitting antagonism against the body. The Essenes, a sect of religious people who dwelt in Palestine in the first century of the Christian era, were led by their creed to reduce their fleshly nature to an abject inferiority, and to rule over it as with a rod of iron. Their principal settlements were situated on the northwest shore of the Dead Sea. They were distinguished by a one-sided, fanatical aspiration after ideal purity and communion, — an aspiration which carried them into states of visionariness and into courses of excessive self-denial. They maintained that religion consists in nothing but silence and contemplation; held the dogma of the malignity of matter; contemned the body as the source of all evil passions; and sought, by inflicting on it various mortifying severities, to secure a high degree of sanctity to their souls. They

acknowledged the law of Moses, but regarded the Pentateuch as allegorical and full of hidden meanings. In their devotion to mysticism and solemn reverie, to retirement and silence, to misleading notions and mischosen practices, they withheld themselves from nearly all the harmless pleasures of appetite, and kept their defenseless frames depressed under the yoke of a cheerless thralldom. The great Teacher who arose in their time, and who shone on them

“Like stars upon some gloomy grove,”

practically indicated that he had no sympathy with them in their peculiar opinions and customs. Though, out of regard for their calm virtue, and of that disposition on their part which withheld them from opposing the progress of his religion, he did not openly reprehend them, yet he carefully avoided every species of austerity which they made it their care to practice. By participating in the innocent festivities of life, as in the case of the marriage celebration at Cana, he set an example, which is an ever-abiding reproof for conscientious extremists, who, like them, think they are adding to their spiritual excellence when they are diminishing their physical vigor.

The Gnostics, a sect that disseminated their heretical notions in the second century, were not less directly nor less habitually than the Essenes, body-abusers. They maintained that matter is an independent, active principle, altogether evil in its nature, and the centre and the source of all that is bad, corrupt, hateful. This, they believed, produced the

globe. They held that it is inimical to everything good ; that it is a foe to the Supreme Being and to the soul of man, and that the latter would be ever pure, were it not clogged and burdened therewith. The body, in their view, restrains the soul's inherent energy, hinders its progress toward heavenly attainments, and imbues it with its own gross and malignant properties. They believed that the mission of Christ was to break the dominion of matter ; and they claimed that his body was not really material, but was destitute of corporeal organs, was incapable of pain and anguish, and was a physical entity only in appearance. They discarded the doctrine of the resurrection. Their conscientious abuse of their vitalized frames was life-long and incessant. They were unwilling to confer on their outer nature favors or helps, and were averse to fortifying it against accident or disease, fearing lest any efforts to protect it, or any outlay on it of fostering care, should result in damage to the soul. The austerer ones among them practiced a withering abstinence. They scorned to indulge even in the most innocent animal enjoyments. They declined to marry, and deemed it hurtful to the soul to associate with women. Withdrawing from all circles of worldly society, they passed their days in penitential sobriety, in silent dreamful thought, and in prayer. Such were the peculiarities, such the modes of body-abuse, which distinguished all the more rigid representatives of that sect.

The most famous of primitive fighters against the body was, perhaps, Simon Stylites, the Syrian ascetic of Antioch, who lived for thirty-seven years on the

top of a pillar, which was gradually raised from the height of six cubits to that of forty. When he had attained to the last-named altitude, and had become wonted to its airy perilousness, he thought that his body lacked little of being conquered, and that his soul was pretty nearly sanctified. In the fifth century there were certain monks in Palestine, of whom some dwelt in little dens just large enough to hold their bodies, and some went to the desert, and there, like the beasts, walked "on all four," and ate grass. St. Jerome refers to a noted religious man who by too much kneeling had contracted a hardness in his knees like that in the knees of camels; and Saurin, speaking of some of the conscientious body-abusers of early times, represents them as having wrought cavities with their knees in the floor of the places where they were accustomed to pray.

There were the Flagellants, an order of would-be holy men, who used, from time to time, to give their bodies a sound whipping, that they might make their souls pure. There was Hilarion, who so reduced his corporeal fabric by fasting, that his skin almost ceased to cleave to his bones. He could not sleep without the help of vapors; and, "for want of sleep, became idle-headed, heard every night infants cry, oxen low, wolves howl, lions roar (as he thought), clattering of chains, strange voices, and the like illusions of devils." And there was Godric, a saint of the twelfth century, who constantly wore an iron shirt next to his skin; who mingled ashes with the flour whereof his bread was made, and then, lest his body should be nourished too much by that food, kept it for four months before eating it; who

in winter often passed the whole night in prayer, with his body up to the neck in water; who sometimes rolled his naked form through briers, and immediately afterward poured brine into his wounds.

The religious devotees of India, known as fakirs, are living instances illustrative of the extent to which persons can superstitiously, yet conscientiously, abuse their fleshly substance. One of them, now a missionary helper, spent nearly forty years of his lifetime in a place of seclusion, where he compelled his body to remain, during much of that period, within the confines of a few feet. Many of them make long pilgrimages to sacred cities, temples, or fountains, performing the same in modes resulting in constant physical suffering. Some of them, in travelling, use appliances for torturing their feet, and some measure the distance with their bodies, by continually lying down and marking their length on the ground. One who was journeying thus was rigidly careful, as often as he stretched his almost naked body on the hot earth, to place his feet where his nose and mouth had indented the sand and dust. Some of them hold the fist tightly clenched from year to year, till the finger-nails actually grow through the hand. An iron spike is thrust by some of them through the tongue. Some of them turn the head to one side, and continue it in that position till it is drilled into retaining it, with the eyes looking nearly backward. Often there is an instance in which one of them is seen hanging his head for hours over a slow, smoking fire, and repeating this act daily for whole months and even for years. Some of them refuse to sit or to lie down for years, and

meanwhile oblige themselves to take sleep with the body in a standing posture. Some of them prostrate themselves again and again on sharp upright nails, till their forms are shockingly pierced and torn. By some of them dancing is practiced, with threads, canes or bamboos passed through the side ; by others, the body is exercised in swinging over a fire ; and by still others, it is put to the task of climbing, unshielded by any clothing, a tree bristling with frightful thorns.

Victor Hugo, in his work entitled *Les Miserables*, tells of the abuse perpetually inflicted on the body by the Bernardo-Benedictine nuns. It is well worth while to try to imagine them as leading the life which he describes. They abstain from meat all the year ; fast frequently ; arise from sleep from one to three in the morning, to read their breviary and to chant matins ; sleep through all seasons in serge sheets and on straw ; never bathe ; chastise their frames on every Friday ; keep themselves for most of the time silent ; never speak except in a low voice ; and never walk save with their eyes fixed on the ground. They perform what is called by them the “reparation,” which is a penance for all the sins, faults, irregularities, violations, iniquities, and crimes that are done on earth, and which consists in remaining on the knees for twelve consecutive hours, from four in the evening till four in the morning, on the stone before the Holy Sacrament, with the hands clasped, and a rope around the neck. Those nuns never use a brush on their teeth ; for, in their idea, “cleaning the teeth is the first rung in the ladder at the foot of which is ‘losing the soul.’”

It is true, that author's description is an account of conscientious body-abuse as it was practiced in a convent half a century ago. But who will say that such modes of it as he recounts have become extinct? Who will aver that there are not to-day, even in civilized lands, numerous instances in which the body is drained and deformed by inflictions of penance? Travelers who pass from the high and fair-skied region of Pueblo in Colorado, to Santa Fe, that hoary old city of New Mexico, see along their way, heaped up in one spot and another, the heavy wooden crosses which representatives of an order of religious Mexicans (the *Penitentes*) periodically carry on their shoulders, running as they do so, and the grounds over which they go dealing out upon their naked flesh, at every step, penance-lashings, that draw and scatter their blood.\* Thus there is proof that the Flagellants who figured in a former century on European soil, are equalled in "inhuman wisdom" by men living at this hour in the wide land of the Americans.

\* Some of them, at the recurring times of their pious orgies, are seen with cumbersome chains about their feet, and some with long ropes about their necks, by means of which others pull them hither and thither, as they attempt to make progress. And it is a fact that some of them at such times are seen bearing on their naked backs uprooted cactus plants as large as a bushel basket, and bleeding from the wounds made by the sharp and venomous cactus thorns. On some occasions they have (so it is reliably declared) an actual crucifixion!

## III.

## PHYSICAL SINS.

“ A man does wrong to the great and omnipotent Giver, to refuse, disannul, and disfigure His gift.”

MONTAIGNE, *Essays*, Book III., Chap. XIII.

CONCERNING injuries willfully done to the corporeal structure, it is not difficult to determine what is to be condemned, and what is to be approved. Civilized sense — that uncapricious decider as to the reasonableness or the inconsistency of theories and of practices — gives in relation to such points a trustworthy verdict. It distinguishes between a proper and an improper subjection of the body to the soul. It defines the extent to which one can justly limit, deny, repress, subject to hardness, or put into a suffering state, his physical system. It answers the question when hostility to the frame is indefensible, and settles the inquiry when reduction and depletion of it are inexcusable.

Civilized sense confirms those lessons of Herbert Spencer, that the preservation of health is a duty, and that all breaches of the laws of health are physical sins.\* Rejecting the old-time hideous doctrine of the malignity of material substance, it favors the improvement of the body by care and culture. It is at war with all austere piety, all ascetic abnegation, all marring of the visage and maceration of the form, as methods whereby to attain to a sublimated purity. It is unfriendly to virtuous grimness and to

\* See his work on Education, Chap. IV.

dreary devoutness. No propitiousness has it for the abstinence which pinches, or for the indulgence which enervates. It is opposed to making the body breathe into itself the vitiated air of ill-ventilated rooms ; to the long tasking of it in shop, in store, or in field ; and to the much feeding of it at tables set off with complicated temptations to the appetite—a practice by which thousands of persons are sowing in their physical nature the seeds of indigestion and misery. Cotton Mather gives an account of a thoughtful man who, being at the bedside of a dying physician, asked him how he could most effectually preserve his health and prolong his life. The reply of the expiring son of Æsculapius was, “ Do not eat too much.” Civilized sense is in accord with this advice. Almost does it approve that act of the crabbed philosopher, Diogenes, who, seizing hold of a young man that was going to a feast, carried him back to his home, as one whom he had prevented from putting his body in dangerous circumstances.

Civilized sense is opposed to the fashionable nocturnal party, to the dissipating whirl of the night-dance, and to all the stupefying gratifications which belong to voluptuous, to Epicurean, and to bacchanal life. It is shocked by the fact that in the United States a billion of dollars are annually spent for strong drink and tobacco.\* It agrees with the judg-

\* The people of this nation annually madden their brains with two hundred millions of gallons of intoxicating liquors, and not only stupefy and defile themselves, but transmit irritable nerves and contaminated blood to their children by the consumption of more than thirty million dollars' worth of tobacco. Of this immense sum, . . . it is estimated by Dr. Cole, an able writer on

ment of Montaigne, who pronounces the loathing of natural pleasures an injustice equal to that of being too much in love with them, and who declares intemperance to be the pest of pleasure, and temperance to be, not its scourge, but its seasoning.

Civilized sense — being versed in the practical, schooled in the rational, and well instructed in the æsthetical and the moral, and having a clearness which age cannot dim, and a freshness which change cannot lessen — is to be recommended especially to the young, as a safe guide respecting the treatment due the body from its birth till its death. Appeal to it, thou young man and thou young woman, and it will be found to afford a solid basis for counsels such as these :

Behold thy God-made form ! Molded and fashioned it was to stand beneath thy soul, and to enable the same to become developed. It is the medium through which thou receivest precious knowledge. So linked to thy mental nature is it, that to abuse the one is to abuse the other. Cultivate thy body and thy soul ; but cultivate not the latter at the expense of the former, nor the former at the expense of the latter. Thy frame is a transcendent form among forms. It deserves not insult and assault, but respect and honor. Therefore, be wise in thy treatment of it. Suitably protect it against wind and tide, the blow of accident, and the germ of disease. So help and foster it, that it may walk the earth not crouchingly, but erectly ; not with the

Physiology, that the members of the Church of Jesus Christ take five million dollars' worth for their share."

HORACE MANN, *Inaugural Address at Antioch College.*

step of languid deficiency, but with the step of competent strength. Use it as an instrument of self-education, of good works, and of innocent delights. In short, so control, so manage, so cherish, and so exercise it, that it may be, throughout thy years, a fit organic abode for the intelligent creature thou in thy very self art.

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## IV.

### HEALTH.

“ Why does a blessing, not till it is lost, cut its way like a sharp diamond so deeply into the heart ? Why must we first have lamented a thing, before we ardently and painfully love it ? ”

JEAN PAUL, *Titan*, p. 463.

ACCORDING to Sir James Mackintosh, there is but one condition of the body in which mortals are capable of receiving pleasure from without ; and, it is that which is known by the name — “ health.” With the usual evidences of its presence all men are familiar. One of them is a vitality plenteous as the fatness of a fruitful soil. Another is a ruddy glow of the countenance, resembling the hue of roses seen in the light of morning. But what need is there to continue to particularize ? Let it suffice to say, that he whose body is in health has a vivid unlikeness in look, in tone of expression, and in manner of motion, to “ the yellow sicklings of the age.”

Health is the prime of wholeness, the exuberant thrift of the vitals. Rich is he who has health ; poor is he who has it not. “ The heir of a sound consti-

tution," says Dr. Reid the metaphysician, "has no right to regret the absence of any other patrimony." Herbert Spencer declares that "chronic bodily disorder casts a gloom over the brightest prospects, while the vivacity of strong health gilds even misfortune." And another writer affirms that "good bones are better than gold, tough muscles than silver, and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function, are better than houses and lands."

But a strange thing to say is it, that health, notwithstanding its unspeakable importance, is never so well prized as when it is contemplated after its forfeiture, or when it is remembered as a blessing that has taken its flight. Where are the instances in which this precious thing is duly appreciated while it is enjoyed? Not the pointed arguments and admonitions contained in hygienic journals, nor the special instructions conveyed in physiological treatises, nor the practical lessons dropped from the tongues of gifted lecturers on the body and its liabilities, are sufficient to keep able-bodied people from under-estimating their health. The fact is, such people, taken in general, refuse to make health a subject of much study or care, till they have ceased to possess it. In the Mosaic delineation, the first pair are pictured as having failed to appreciate the primeval estate, till they had lost it by sin. In the Christian parable, the five foolish virgins are represented as having regarded with indifference the opportunity they had of providing oil for their lamps, till the pressure of the midnight need was on them, and they were doomed to be "late, so late!"

“ ‘Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!  
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still!’  
‘Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.’

“ ‘No light had we; for that we do repent,  
And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.’  
‘Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.’

“ ‘No light, so late! and dark and chill the night.  
O let us in, that we may find the light!’  
‘Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.’

“ ‘Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?  
O let us in, though late, to kiss his feet!’  
‘No, no! too late! ye cannot enter now.’”

TENNYSON.

In like manner a thousand and a thousand persons, now blessed with a vigorous bodily condition, will come to estimate it as they should, not while they are able to call it their own, but when they shall have imprudently let it pass away, and shall be painfully eager to recover it. O health! simple boon from God to man, without which no one can take sweet delight either in the brightness or in the bloom of nature, — “vital principle of bliss,” more worthy of esteem than the inheritances of princes, and more entitled to honor than all the glory of a pomp-loving world, — how little do short-sighted mortals prize thee, before thou hast withdrawn thy balmy presence from thy native dwelling-place!

It is saddening to think how much the loss of health has to do in teaching people to be mindful of its value. When all else has come short of bringing the reckless self-gratifier to consider what he owes to his stomach and his circulatory machinery, to his brain and his nerves, this proves effectual. It is

nature's last recourse, in her endeavor to put an end to his excesses. What readiness it gives him in bearing testimony to the preciousness of a sound constitution ! It causes him to regard poverty itself, only so it be accompanied by bodily vigor and elasticity, as no mean allotment, and to account the sweating toiler by the roadside, who wears on his cheek the rosy sign of hale blood, and who wields his arms with the effectiveness which goes with adequate physical force, as far more fortunate than the wealthiest invalid in the world.

But let no one suppose it is necessary for him to lose his health in order to learn how to estimate it. Vital strength may be properly prized before it has taken its flight. Provision may be made before the bodily functions have become disordered, for securing a long-continuing regularity, briskness, and painless thoroughness to them.

The poet Spenser alludes to a man who was led by fair speech to " spoil the castle of his health ; " I would lead people by sound speech to guard the castle of their health. And to this end I present a number of plain and straightforward suggestions.

Food and drink should be taken, not merely to appease hunger and to pacify thirst, but ever with a view to providing for the waste of bodily tissues, and for the expenditure of bodily heat. Hence, the supply to the frame of the one and of the other should be according to the amount of such waste, and the measure of such expenditure.

Eating should not be done hurriedly, nor in the

incontinuous manner occasioned by a succession of gastronomic courses, nor at irregular seasons, nor within half an hour after fatiguing physical or mental exertion.

There is a practical significance in that saying of Sir John Hunter: "Some will have it that the stomach is a mill, others that it is a fermenting vat, and others that it is a stewpan; but in my view of the matter, it is neither a mill, a fermenting vat, nor a stewpan; but a stomach — *a stomach!*"

Nourishment for the body should not consist in animal flesh, nor in starchy substance, nor in oleaginous matter alone; but it should comprise, at every important meal, portions of each of these three kinds of aliment.

Food should not be taken when there is no demand for it on the part of one's appetite.

There should be neither under-feeding nor over-feeding. Of the two, however, the latter is less injurious to the body than the former. Even Hippocrates, the ancient physician, teaches this; for he plainly represents the damage resulting from too sparing a diet as much greater than that which springs from the practice of those who "feed liberally, and are ready to surfeit."

When there is a change from a low diet to a highly nutritive one, it should in all cases be gradual.

Food should not be taken in a concentrated state, but in such a prepared form, that, along with what is combined with it to give it volume, it will suitably distend the stomach.

The taking of a full meal at a later period of the day than at least two hours before bed-time, should be scrupulously avoided; for a practice it is which not only deprives one of brain-refreshing sleep, but which exposes his body to be tormented, when in a helpless state, by the power of grim nightmare specters.

During the period of eating at the table there should always be a cheerful exercise of the mind and the heart. All somber thoughts should be driven away, and all gloomy feelings should be forced to subside. No sighs should be heaved, no melancholy cares or forebodings should be manifested. Animated, sprightly conversation, interspersed with occasional ejaculations of harmless merriment, should be carried on from the commencement till the close of the meal.

After every season of eating there should be an interval, not of sleep, but of rest; and it should never be shorter than half an hour.

Persons who perform much intellectual labor should use for food articles which are specially rich in albumen and the phosphates; that is to say, they should eat eggs, fish, oysters and other shellfish,

the lean parts of beef and mutton, and bread made of wheat flour.

Animal flesh in the roasted, baked, or broiled state, is much more flavorful and stimulating as food, than when it has been boiled or fried.

Oleaginous or fatty food should be used habitually by all persons who have inherited a predisposition to consumption; and even those who are free from such a tendency should, according to the conclusion recently arrived at by scientists, use such food continually and in considerable quantities, by way of preventing pulmonary disease.

Food, when taken into the stomach, should be almost at blood-heat.

Neither ice-water nor extremely hot drinks should ever accompany the taking of nourishment.

Tea and coffee, by reason of containing an invigorating principle akin to that of quinine, are wholesome daily tonics. They should, however, be taken with milk, on account of the tannin which is in them.

The edibles which are commendable as articles of general diet, are bread from the flour of any one of the staple cereals, but more especially from that of wheat; rice; beans; peas; potatoes (when accompanied by animal nourishment); milk (an article better fitted for the body while it is growing than in the years of its adult stature); beef (if it be not

too old); pork (for persons of robust digestion); mutton; eggs (of which a smaller bulk than of any other food “will,” says Cullen, “satisfy and occupy the digestive powers of man”); butter; cheese (if always taken along with some coarser food); animal oil, or fat; broths and soups; sugar (in moderate quantities); the asparagus, the cabbage, and other succulent vegetables; onions; pulpy fruits, such as the apple, the peach, the fig, the pear, the currant, the raspberry, the grape, &c.; fish; oysters; lobsters; the flesh of birds of the gallinaceous family; salt; vinegar; and, withal, buttermilk, that acid which is so cooling and so beneficial to the body in its heated or feverish states.

The preparations of nutriment should not be complex. “Simple diet,” says Pliny, “is the best.” When king Archilaus pressed Socrates to cease discoursing on the streets of Athens, and come and live with him in his splendid abode, the philosopher saw what but few who have been plied with a similar temptation have cared to let themselves see — that is, the almost certain forfeiture of health as the result of compliance; and he suggestively remarked, “Meal, please your majesty, is a halfpenny a peck at Athens, and water I can get for nothing.” Addison declares of the table of fashion, “set out in all its magnificence,” and exhibiting its medley of rich rarities and high-seasoned compounds: “I fancy that I see gout and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers, lying in ambuscade among the dishes.”

It is hurtful to inhale impure air, and particularly hurtful to inhale air which has once been expelled from the lungs. Hence cesspools and decaying matter should not be allowed to exist about dwellings; and all occupied apartments, especially school-rooms and audience-rooms, should be amply ventilated.

Persons whose lungs are small or weak should avoid exposure to low degrees of temperature, as well as being in rooms heated above sixty-five degrees.

In breathing, care should be taken to fill all the air-cells of the lungs; and, to become accustomed to do this, one should learn to respire in a quiet manner, and not too frequently.

One should beware of standing or sitting with any part of the body exposed to a piercing or chilling draft of air.

One should keep his mouth, as the dumb animals are wont to keep theirs, closed, except when there is some real occasion for doing otherwise; and he should make it his custom to breathe through those proper avenues to the larynx, the nostrils.

No part of the body should be compressed by clothing; and such clothing should be worn as will prevent the sudden loss of bodily heat in cases of a sudden subjection of the frame to a lower temperature. As to quantity of apparel, the true rule is to wear just so much as will fail to create oppressive

warmth, and as will suffice to prevent any general feeling of cold.

Intellectual activity should be maintained, as a method of keeping the brain in a healthy state ; exercise should be taken daily in the pure open air ; and the body should not only be bathed frequently in cold water, but should be made to receive much direct sunlight.

Sleep at night should be in proportion to the amount of brain-work done during the day. In cases of persistent wakefulness, the strictest regularity should be practiced in retiring and rising. No one should take sleep either in the sunlight or in the moonlight.

It should be borne in mind that (as Herbert Spencer observes) "happiness is the most powerful of tonics." Let no one, therefore, think of living without it. All people need for their health's sake to rejoice and be glad. Not to be extolled is that saying of Antisthenes, "I would rather go mad than experience pleasure." If pleasure be rightly compounded, it is happiness ; and he who stoically refuses or cynically scorns to be happy, is to be considered as in danger of becoming mad. Certainly, such a one cannot be deemed to be in very high health ; for the absence of happiness implies the absence of health.

Profitable will it be to remember some of the sayings of wise and worthy Montaigne concerning bodily

ways — more especially those which were his own. The most usual and common method of living he pronounces the most becoming, and recommends that all particularity be avoided. He objects to late suppers, maintaining that digestion goes on better when one is awake. He remarks that from his youth he had the custom of being out of the way occasionally at the time of some meal, either to sharpen his appetite or to preserve his vigor for some service of body or mind. “I never keep my legs and thighs,” he says, “warmer in winter than in summer.” To dull the whiteness of the page before him, he used, when he engaged in reading, to lay a piece of glass on his book, and he found it to be a relief to his eyes. Of pleasures, he teaches that “a man should neither pursue nor fly, but receive them.” He avers that when he danced, he danced; when he slept, he slept; and when he walked alone in a beautiful orchard, if his thoughts were at some part of the time taken up with extrinsic occurrences, he at some other part of the time called them back to his walk, to the orchard, to the sweetness of the solitude, and to himself. Of fogs, he says he feared them; and of smoke, he declares that he flew from it as from a plague.

## V.

## FAST LIFE, AS RELATED TO INVALIDISM.

“ We tread upon life’s broken laws,  
And murmur at our self-inflicted pain.”

WHITTIER.

THE most potent destroyers of vital soundness and vigor, at the present day, are the unnatural wants, the acquired gnawing appetites, the lawless desires, and the prodigal passions which render life (to use a familiar adjective) *fast*. People all over the land are throwing their health to the winds by their immoderation, their over-intensity, their impetuosity in attaining ends which either are not worth, or do not call for, any such outlay. The fact is one which leads to some sober reflections on the relation existing between fast life and invalidism.

There is a course of experience wherein numerous strong-bodied mortals excuselessly become “yellow sicklings.” Let us trace it.

Among all the grave contrasts which appertain to humanity, it would be difficult to find one more grave than that presented to view in the two unlike cases—that of the hale person who is utterly careless of the health he possesses, and that of the invalid who goes pining for the health he has lost. A contrast it is which can daily be witnessed. Look up and down the busy street! There move the representatives of the million who eat and drink, work and play, sleep and wake, without heeding any of the rules laid down by physiologists, without troubling them-

selves over any nice questions in reference to diet or to disorder, and without ever seeming to feel the difference between enough and too much. They plunge into labors and into pleasures as if they supposed Impunity to be a decree issued from the high court of nature especially for them. The matter of digestion or of indigestion remains aloof from the realm of their anxieties, and they mind not whether their tea or their coffee is or is not swallowed in mouthfuls too hot to agree with health, or whether they are wont to masticate their food as they should, or to gobble it in chunky portions. The rain drenches them; but they go their way with unchanged garments, having no thought of the danger of taking a cold or of incurring a fever. Wet with perspiration, they sit by the open window or in the open door, and, thinking not of consequences or possibilities, let the incoming air-current dry their sweaty skins. So far as caring for health is concerned, it is all of a piece with them to be temperate or intemperate. They leave their various organic apparatuses — the circulatory, the secretory, the respiratory, the sympathetic, the digestive, the excretory, the absorbent, the nervous — all to take care of themselves; and when appetite or passion is in the process of bringing their constitutional elements into the wild action implied in an excess, they do not even raise the question whether their life-machinery is likely to be injured in the case or not. Such are the majority of well or healthy people.

Now, shouldst thou, reader, turn to those quiet walks which exist just apart from the thronged places of stir and hurry, thou wouldst perceive persons

whose tendencies and customs are surprisingly dissimilar to those of the class just delineated. There move the still thoughtful ones, whose nerves are shattered, and whose vitality is at a low ebb. Their step is faltering, their faces are faded, and a sad longing is indicated in the expression of their eyes. These feeble individuals are as careful in respect to the quantity of almost every experience they have, as if it were some powerful drug, and they were required to take a homeopathic dose of it. In eating and drinking they are obliged to keep themselves within humiliating limits. Think of a person partaking of delicious edibles and of palatable fluids, while, as often as he nibbles at the former or sips at the latter, he seems to hear the terrible mandate, "Thus far, but no further!"

The contrast which strikes the mind when the two classes that have been considered are compared, affords a weighty lesson. What is it that accounts for the extreme unlikeness between them? Why do we find in the one class a carelessness of health so uniformly persistent and so airily precipitate, and in the other a care for health so constant and so sad? I answer by affirming that the sin of *living too fast* is largely involved in the explanation of the great contrast. The former class are wickedly regardless of the preciousness of that which the latter, by reason of a regardlessness of precisely the same kind, have forfeited.

Let us see if this is not the truth. How is it that invalidism is generally produced? How is it that the robust and athletic are brought into that pitiful state in which the competency and the glory of the

frame are wanting, and in which physical feebleness, with all its unhappy concomitants, has taken the place of physical vigor? By what cause is the rubicund look native to the human face superseded by an abiding pallor? Is the immense change to be attributed to hereditary descent? or is it to be referred to sudden and unavoidable disaster? To the one or the other of these, *possibly* all the impairment and all the disability, in a given case of invalid life, should be ascribed; but *probably* the cause will be found to have been neither of them. I venture to declare that the secret of the trouble with most of those who are to-day in a valetudinarian state, has been fast life — just that kind of fast life which marks the hurrying, food-gobbling million already described. Whatever they may be now, they were once daring perpetrators of physical imprudences and transgressions. Against the laws of health they formerly sinned — sinned with a gay rashness, as if they counted their own heartiness eternal. They gave place, as the stream of time rolled on, to philosophic thought and rational moderation, but not till their vital strength was mostly scattered, and the rose-color had departed from their cheeks.

Wouldst thou know, reader, where now are they who will, in the future, take rank with unrecovering invalids? They are among the inconsiderate eaters and drinkers, goers and comers, who vividly figure in the bustling circles of the world. Behold him who rushes into exciting circumstances, indifferent as to what self-indulgence or self-neglect is adapted to do for him! See him as he makes haste through the process of food-taking, and then as he sallies

forth from the table, and flings himself into the midst of hot and fermenting affairs ! Watch him, as, with a panting eagerness for new engagements and new scenes, he rashly exposes his body in various ways to impairing evils ! See him as he seems to challenge nature herself to relax, if she can, by any extreme vicissitude his hold on bodily vigor ! Ah ! see him as he thus wildly sports with his body along the track of life !

Now, what ground is there for supposing that that person should for many years continue to be able-bodied ? What reason is there to think his health should abide the withering of the grass and the fading of the flowers during a long succession of seasons ? Only the reason that he has inherited a constitution of wonderful firmness and tenacity, — and this, on account of his frequent and bold breaking of the laws of health, is rapidly coming to be no reason at all. The individual is needlessly, recklessly, and inexcusably undermining and bringing down the house of his soul. And where shall be the occasion for surprise, if, after a few more springs, and summers, and autumns, and winters, he will be seen to have become a retired, trembling sufferer, bleached and worn by chronic disease — an instance of the melancholy deliberateness and the feverish weakness inseparable from confirmed invalidism ?

Thus it is one is enabled to form some clear idea of the relation which exists between too intense a life and a state of physical brokenness and blight. I would not commend an over-nice carefulness of the physical nature. There is an absurd waiting on the frame. Let no person treat his corporeal fabric as

if it were too precious to be subjected to anything trying, and too fine to be made forcibly useful. Frequent exposures of skin and sinew to circumstances that have rough edges; the custom of submitting the limbs to occasional tests of what they can do and what they can endure; a brave betaking of the body, at times, into close contact with the elements when in their discomposed state; persevering exertions of physical energy in climbing, not too rarely, from the bottom to the top of some one of Difficulty's rugged steeps, — these are parts of a true bodily life. An extreme watch-care over health results in making the nerves over-sensitive, the muscles unenduring, and the whole organic system inefficient. The frame should be neither petted nor too much held under inspection; should be neither the object of a squeamish concern, nor the recipient of an extravagant ministration. Berkley, that Englishman mentioned by Longfellow in his *Hyperion*, as having usually eaten his breakfast "sitting in a tub of cold water and reading a newspaper," did greatly err in the matter of cold bathing. People should be anxious for nothing (so teaches a wise contributor to *The Spectator*) save what nature demands as necessary.

But to condemn an excessive nicety in caring for the body, is not to encourage a reckless treatment of it. If it is true that (as Horace Mann declares) "a man without high health is as much at war with nature as a guilty soul is with the Spirit of God," then indisputable is it that he who sacrifices high health for the sake of living fast, is flagrantly foolish.

THE  
INESTIMABLE INTERIOR HERITAGE.



“Mind it seeth, Mind it heareth; all beside is deaf and blind.”

PHILOSOPHIC PROVERB (attributed to Epicharmus).



## CHAPTER II.

# THE SOUL.

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### I.

#### OUR SELF-KNOWING SUBSTANCE.

“Most people deride or vilify their nature; it is a better thing to endeavor to understand it.”

SPINOZA.

“To know, we must understand our instrument of knowing.”

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, *Discussions*, p. 696.

WE have studied that wonderful house, the body; now we are to study the more wonderful entity which occupies it. This is the intelligent part of the Great Slighted Fortune. It is many-named. Sometimes men call it the spirit; sometimes, the mind; sometimes, the *Ego*. Carlyle represents it as the ethereal God-given Force which dwells in mortals, and is their Self. Its most familiar designation is the “soul.” Every one is irresistibly made aware that, holding habitation somehow in his organic frame, is a something invisible and intangible that perceives, remembers, imagines, abstracts, compares, reasons, feels, and wills. But not every one considers as he should, that the same viewless, impalpable performer and home-keeper in the body is a high species of property, a fine, unwasting heritage.

The soul is our self-knowing substance ; and our self-knowing substance is surely our most wondrous wealth. Does there arise the inquiry, How can the soul, which has the dignity of an owner, be to itself a thing owned by itself ? Or, do there come to mind those words of Coleridge,

“ For what you are, you cannot have ” ?

I answer that, just so long as the soul can develop and improve its own nature, so long can it account its nature a wealth to itself, — a heritage that may be continually kept in process of increase. Shakspeare, in his play entitled *Taming of the Shrew*, puts into the mouth of Petruchio the words,

“ For ’tis the mind that makes the body rich.”

All men know that the mind does this. But it does this only when, conscious that it is itself a rich estate, it is engaged in making itself more rich. Montaigne, in one place, says, “ I have nothing mine but myself.” And in another place he remarks, “ I fold myself within my own skin.” Explain these apparently contradictory averments of his as you will. Here is my explanation of them. He saw that more to him than anything else, nay, than all things else that he possessed on earth, was the heaven-bequeathed wealth above price, which, under the name of a soul, was lodged inside his corporeal tegument. The soul is that inestimable capital which it is the privilege of man, all his years, to enhance and add to ; and he who treats property that can be measured with a chain or a tape-line, or property that can be carried in a bag, as better than

it, not merely hides a single native talent, but in great part buries his rich-born self alive.

I have pronounced the soul our self-knowing substance ; and our self-knowing substance I have affirmed to be a heritage, the value of which outvies that of the most prized outward riches. Are these representations warrantable? Is not the soul something to which explorers cannot find a complete way? Is it not the housed mystery which comes out into sight through no unbolted door, and can be seen through none? Have not inquiring men, from Heraclitus' day to the present, taught that one can never advance so far toward the knowledge of the soul as to arrive thereat? "We know," says Addison, "neither the nature of an idea, nor the substance of a soul." "Of the essence of mind," says Wayland, "we know nothing." "What the thing is which we call ourselves," says James Anthony Froude, "we know not." And Sir William Hamilton, though he declares the knowledge of ourselves to be of paramount importance, and though he avers that the maxim "Know thyself" is in fact a heavenly precept in Christianity as in heathenism, teaches that, "as substances, we know not what is matter, and are ignorant of what is mind." What shall be said of these grave assertions, and of all others like them? Certainly, not too much is it to say they are too broad, too sweeping. It is true, we can know but little concerning the soul, considered as the basis of its own qualities. That it is, when thus considered, incomprehensible in the same sense in which all other things are so, there is no room for denial, none

for doubt. "One thing," says Cicero, "can no more nor less be comprehended than another, because the definition of comprehending all things is the same." Atoms are mysterious entities. The greatest scientists can tell but little concerning them. They are not susceptible of being wholly known; and, in the sense of this statement, they are incomprehensible. But can nothing be known about them? Who would venture to make such an assertion? The eminent Tyndall, having performed the experiment which consists in pouring a solution of chloride of ammonium on glass, and then exhibiting, by means of a camera obscura together with an electric light, the ensuing process of crystallization, remarked to his audience, that he never witnessed the process, thus repeated, without a feeling of awe at "the enormous display of energy on the part of atoms which singly must ever remain invisible." Suggestive words! Do they not plainly imply that atoms are not utterly unknowable? The truth is, a thing may be incomprehensible, while, in some respects, it can be apprehended. Such a thing is the self-knowing substance. Concerning this, men all over the world have arrived at conclusions which they have justly formed into unwavering trusts. The doctrine of Sir William Hamilton, that mind and matter, in themselves considered, are totally unsusceptible of being known, is an untenable theory. More than once, he himself virtually abandons it. For example, in his *Philosophy of Perception*, he says:

"They [mind and matter] are known to us only in their qualities; and we can justify the postulation of two different substances,

exclusively on the supposition of the incompatibility of the double series of phenomena to coinhere in one." \*

If they are known to us in their qualities; evidently they are, in a measure, known to us as substances; for qualities are manifestations of the basis, essence, or substance, wherein they inhere. Aristotle makes the true observation: "For what appears to all, that we affirm to be." It appears to all that men are not mere machines; therefore, we may say that they are not mere machines. It appears to all that men do not, like the forms of mere matter, lose, in the course of rolling time, their identity, but that they continually know themselves as the same beings; therefore we may affirm that men are not of the substance called matter, but are of a self-identifying substance very different from matter.

But while some knowledge of the soul's essence can be gathered from what appears to all in respect to the soul, some can also be gathered from particular discernments in respect to the soul, made by individuals of rare and highly-qualified intellectual powers. "The more the mind is enlightened," says Madame de Staël, "the further it will penetrate into the essence of things." They that have come to "years that bring the philosophic mind," see deeper into man than do others. Accordingly, such persons, almost without exception, hold the belief that the soul is unspeakably higher in rank than any material entity ever yet discovered. Is it possible to conceive one like Bacon or one like Newton, as deeming the human intellect on a level as to essence with the

\* In his *Philosophy of Common Sense*, Section II., he expresses with somewhat more amplitude the same meaning.

human organism? The great Shakespeare, penetrating into the self-knowing substance, makes his soliloquizing Hamlet say :

“What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form, in moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!”

Wordsworth, looking deeply into the same substance, sings :

“The soul that rises with us, our life’s star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar;  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God who is our home.”

Novalis, getting glimpses into the mental essence, declares :

“Man is the higher sense of our planet, the star which connects it with the upper world, the eye which it turns toward heaven.”

Carlyle, piercingly scanning it, affirms:

“A healthy body is good; but a soul in right health — it is the thing beyond all others to be prayed for; the blesseddest thing this earth receives from heaven.”

Bulwer — a man familiar with the vastness of geological mutations and with the sublimity of the working of mundane forces — exploringly studies it, and exclaims:

“Oh, how much greater is the soul of one man than the vicissitudes of the whole globe!”

And Bushnell, the Christian philosopher, looks thoughtfully down into it, and breaks forth in the words :

“O this great and mighty soul! were it something less, you might find what to do with it; charm it with the jingle of a golden toy, house it in a safe with ledgers and stocks, take it about on journeys to see and be seen! Anything would please it and bring it content. But it is the Godlike soul, capable of rest in nothing but God; able to be filled and satisfied with nothing but His fullness and the confidence of His friendship!”

Each of these celebrated authors felt impelled, by what he was able to discern respecting the conscious basis of human qualities, to honor it with some enkindled and emphatic expression, suggestive of its superiority.

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## II.

### THE SOUL KNOWABLE ONLY BY WAY OF ITS PHENOMENA.

“The intellect knows itself only in knowing its objects.”

ARISTOTLE, *De Anima*, Book III.

THE inquiry is here to be considered, how the knowledge which it is our privilege to have, both in respect to what the soul is in itself, and in respect to its capabilities and possibilities, is obtainable. I promptly answer that it can be acquired only by studying the operations, the states, and the effects of the mental substance; in short, all that can be called its phenomena. Of this finest thing in the world, be it remembered, we can get no information save by way of things which are second to itself. It

absolutely refuses to be known otherwise. And herein it resembles all power in physical nature. "The great energies of nature," says Paley, "are known to us only by their effects." Their effects are the things second to them, by way of which we obtain our knowledge of them; and were not the former perceivable, the latter would be unknowable.

The power which produces crystallization; the power which draws out of the earth the nourishing elements which circulate in the vitals of trees; the power in sunlight which is designated by the name actinism, and which noiselessly works changes adapted to raise solemn wonderment in the mind of the student of nature; the power which gives cohesion to the parts and the particles of porphyry rocks and of granite boulders; and the power whereby the mountains are held in their places while the globe is whirling on its axis, and whereby the planets are held in their orbits in spite of their centrifugal tendency, — each would at this moment be to the human understanding as if it were not, and had never been, but for the effects of it, which, from time to time, do engage, and have engaged human attention. Men cannot see with their eyes, or hear with their ears, or touch with their fingers, or taste with their tongues, or smell with their nostrils,

"The mighty force of ocean's troubled flood;"

they can have knowledge of its existence, and of its arousal, and of what it is in itself, and of what it can do, by its effects only. "The roots of phenomena," says Tyndall, "are imbedded in a region beyond the reach of the senses."

To one beholding the famous Niagara River previously to the beginning of its swift descent and its breaking-up into far-sounding and gleaming rapids, that river seems destitute of great power. But when, tracing its course, he gazes on its waters as they rush with foaming fury down the uneven declivity which rudely welcomes them, and as they fall headlong over the stupendous precipice which they cannot avoid, he then creeps with awe-stricken spirit into the immediate presence of the same thundering stream, seeking to know how it was, that, a little while before, when it was moving so quietly and so unimpressively, there lay concealed in its depths such sublime puissance. And just so all the astonishing potencies of the material system, all the tiger-forces of nature, refuse to be made objects of direct perception. They crouch in their own chosen ambuscades, and often enough manifest themselves by making an unexpected spring.

Now, like them, in point of knowability, is the soul. That is to say, just as the knowledge of them can be arrived at only by way of things which are second to what they themselves are, so the knowledge of the soul can be arrived at only by way of things second to what the soul itself is.

But let it be noticed that, while power in physical nature can be known to us only by way of its effects, the soul can be known to us by way not only of its effects, but also of its operations and states. And here I turn to enter on a careful treatment of these several orders of indices of the mental substance and its powers.

## III.

## THE SOUL'S INNER PHENOMENA—HOW PERCEIVED.

“I may think I think, and then there is a deeper depth when I think that I think I think.”

PROF. R. W. RAYMOND, *Lecture on the Seven Senses.*

WE gather knowledge of our intelligent essence and its endowments, by examining what occurs in the secret self-realm, the territory of personality. Such an examination is called an exercise of consciousness. “Consciousness,” says Jouffroy, “is the feeling which the intelligent principle has of itself.” Sir William Hamilton represents it as “the recognition by the mind, or *Ego*, of its acts and affections.” To our hidden percipient nature, not hidden is its own thinking. It can trace from their beginnings its reasonings. It can scrutinize its engagedness when it is forming a resolution, and when it is fulfilling a resolution already formed. It can distinguish its procedure, when, letting itself become unduly fanciful, it builds what are called “castles in the air.” It can discern the process of which it is the subject when it is hoping or desponding, loving or hating, striving to gain some noble object or lapsing into the dreamy state of a mere humdrum.

Neither the oak that stands firm-fastened to the soil, nor the globe that travels its rounds in the grip of gravity, ever realizes what it is to muse on a high theme or to ponder over a low one, — what it is to devise an excellent plan or to concoct a wicked one. Only natures that can perceive, and at the same time

be conscious of perceiving, — only self-knowing natures that can have cognition of their own thoughts and feelings while these are being born, — can do things answering to such descriptions. Hommel, the noted fatalist, declares: “I have a feeling of liberty even at the very moment when I am writing against liberty.” Coleridge, in one of his seasons of spiritual quickening, sings of his soul’s high mood:

“O ye hopes that stir within me,  
Health comes with you from above!  
God is with me, God is in me,  
I cannot die if life be love.”

The aged Bishop of Poitiers, while he is expiring, tranquilly cognizes the emotions of his soul as the process of dissolution advances, and says: “Go out, soul, go out! Of what canst thou be afraid? Hast thou not studied duty for seventy years?” By consciousness one is enabled to know that he is; that he is himself, and not another; and that what he is in himself is diverse from all known material things. By consciousness one is made aware of the various changes which come over his spirit. By consciousness one becomes acquainted with pain and pleasure in himself, and apprehends not only those natural awakenings of his soul which are called instincts, appetites, propensities, desires, affections, and passions, but also those natural modes of his soul which are called intellectual and spiritual faculties. Without consciousness there could be no complete seeing or hearing, remembering or imagining, comparing or judging, — in short, no complete cognitive exercise of mental energy. This is not to deny that the soul is the subject of a fruitful action whereof it is unconscious.

There are certain fundamental truths which (as Wordsworth says) "wake to perish never." We do not seek them; we do not in the least bestir ourselves to get possession of them. They come right to us when it is meet they should come; and we are totally unaware of the process whereby they come. Sometimes they are called principles of common sense, sometimes self-evident truths, sometimes primordial laws of intelligence, sometimes intuitions, sometimes instinctive cognitions, sometimes natural prenotions, sometimes transcendental truths, sometimes primary hypotheses of nature, sometimes axioms, sometimes received principles of demonstration, sometimes sacred principles against which it is unlawful to contend, sometimes incomprehensible spontaneities, and sometimes necessary convictions. But such truths, though the soul is unconscious of the action which brings them to itself, are never known to the soul till they are "elicited into consciousness." While it is certain we do not consciously obtain them, it is equally certain we could not, independently of consciousness, have knowledge of them.

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#### IV.

#### THE OUTER PHENOMENA OF THE SOUL: WORKS OF GREAT MEN.

"That which is greatest in a man is that which he has in common with all men."

HENRY GILES.

THE one quest of quests, the search after knowledge of our self-knowing substance and its innate qualities, is ever more or less successful when carried

on, as it perennially may be, in the directions and the regions of the soul's outer phenomena. Under this head, what engaging indices of the subtile man that is within man may be considered! There are the much-signifying works of famous poets, artists, philosophers, orators. These, it is true, are products attributable to different souls; but, at the same time, are they not impressive helps toward knowing what the soul is in general? A man once lived whose name was Homer. Having the gray rocks of the isle of Scio in his sight, and the grand roar of the Ægean Sea in his ear, he set his conscious self to composing, in epic measure, the story of Troy; and there resulted the cantos of the *Iliad*, the words of which, though first recited more than twenty-seven hundred years ago, are at this hour wonderfully alive — nay, are as potent as if a kind of eternal energy were in them. A man once lived whose name was John Milton. Taking for his theme the lost Paradise described in primeval history, he concentrated his conscious self in elevated musings on the same; and there resulted a poem, beautiful and great, written in a style which is a "costume of sovereignty," and so endowed with chaste and uplifting thought, as to be a rare gift to the world. A man once lived whose name was Michael Angelo. When he was a small boy, his conscious self took for its master-bias a partiality for exercise with the pencil. When fourteen years of age, he evinced an extraordinary skill in painting, which excited jealousy and envy in his teacher, Dominico Ghirlandajo. When he had come to maturity, he manifested such persevering energy, such

loftiness and grandeur of conception, and such unsurpassed creativeness, as a painter, as a sculptor, and as an architect, that some of his admirers have even deemed him to have possessed powers that were superhuman. One of them — Sir Joshua Reynolds — enthusiastically affirms that he was not only the inventor of modern art, but that he carried it to the highest point of possible perfection.

A man once lived whose name was Isaac Newton. At his birth, his body was remarkably diminutive — so much so as scarcely to afford a resting-place for the hope of rearing him. It could almost have been put into a quart measure. This fact, however, prevented him not from coming to be one of the greatest of “those great men who have been ornaments of their species.” At an early age, his conscious self acquired a fondness for reading and study, and for the contriving of novel expedients whereby to apply and elucidate natural principles. When he was a school-lad, such mental power had he, that, whenever he specially exerted himself to outstrip his fellow-pupils, he flew as on invisible wings to a position above them. His widowed mother recalled him from the pursuits which he loved, that he might oversee “the tillage, the grazing, and the harvest ;” but she found that the farm management was often delegated by him to the hired servant, in order that he himself might linger in a garret with some old books, or that he might execute some contrivance for the elucidation of scientific truth. He was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge. There, at a rapid rate of progress, he prosecuted not only the regular studies, but also other studies, which were much

more difficult. He became a devoted, admired, eminent philosophic inquirer, a masterful penetrator into terrestrial and celestial mysteries. One field of science after another — optics, mathematics, hydro-dynamics, astronomy — was entered by him, with the hope of discovering therein some great hidden thing ; and, in each of them, his soul was —

“Like a glory from afar.”

Wherever he brought to bear his heroic energies in scientific research, dimness seemed to flee away from truths that were obscure, and darkness from truths that “lay hid in night,” unaccountable things became suddenly explicable, riddles were deprived as by magic of their puzzling strangeness, and relations, laws, and forces, which had hitherto been wholly concealed, or but half discerned, burst, as it were, into the state of things well known. In his encounters with complexity and intricacy in nature, he seized splendid trophies, wherewith he both surprised and enriched the minds of men. By reason of the fine certainties which he discovered concerning light, mortals learned to look with a profound respect on the gaudy colors of the spectrum. He began with reflections on the falling of an apple, proceeded by sure steps of investigation and with a sublime deliberateness toward some hoped-for generalization that would simplify the universe, and finally reached a deduction, the greatest of all that have been arrived at in modern ages.

He who, by the exertions of his mind, thus made himself the path-finder to the law of gravitation, was amiably meek, unpretendingly modest, and per-

fectly free from arrogance. He referred all his grand triumphs to his industry and his patience as an interrogator of nature, and seemed to become more deeply humble in proportion as he became more conspicuous and famous.

See how some of those, to whom this performer of august toil, this solver of the problem of the spheres, this mighty soul, has been an object of contemplation, have indicated their idea of his greatness! One of the contributors to *The Spectator* describes him as having broken forth from amid the darkness that involved human understanding, and appeared like a being of another species. Edmund Halley, carried away by his reverent admiration for him, said —

“So near the gods — man cannot nearer go.”

And a certain French nobleman (the Marquis de L'Hopital), when visited by some Englishmen, made mention to them of their renowned countryman thus: “Does Mr. Newton eat, drink, or sleep like other men? I represent him to myself as a celestial genius, entirely disengaged from matter.”

A man once lived whose name was Patrick Henry. In all his early years he was habitually indisposed to efficacious activity, and seemed to be unambitious for any superior attainment. Leaving hard study and hard work to those who loved them, he spent most of his time loitering in fields, roaming through woodlands, lingering on the banks of streams, hunting, fishing, dreaming. So tardy was the development of his soul, that, even after he had become an adult in body, his life for several years gave promise

of nothing but a series of failures. But the day at length came in his history, when, notwithstanding all his long-continued unfecundity of mind, he appeared with his conscious self not merely in a blossoming state, but abounding — nay, profusely covering him — with “delicious and matured fruit.” The world was astonished. The outburst of mental energy, and the display of mental richness, which occurred on his part, were such as, in a case like his, had not been supposed to be within the range of possibility.

When he made the public effort which suddenly advanced him to eminence, he had no confident expectation of success. He was neither spurred on by a thirst for popular applause, nor impelled by an ardent desire for fame; was neither encouraged by the thought that he had undergone a long drill in the art of declamation, nor buoyed up by the recollection that he had already, on some little scale, made triumphant oratorical exertions. He came before his audience, an unlettered, plain man, who was in doubt respecting what he was fitted to be; he confronted it without any thing to serve as a ground for the anticipation of transcendent results. His mien and manner, at the outset, were such as befitted the clown rather than the orator; but “as his mind rolled along and began to glow from its own action, all the *exuviae* of the clown seemed to shed themselves spontaneously,” and his awakened countenance, the fine fire which played about his eyes and which often darted therefrom, the magnetism which his gestures carried with them, and his form, no longer bowed or bent, but standing forth erect and majestic, conspired with his wingéd

words to render him an irresistible prince and master of eloquence.

His sublime entrance into the sphere of action for which nature had formed him, was followed by no relapse into indolence and fruitlessness. By one demonstration after another of his native gifts, he dazzled human throngs, passing, as he did so, through every degree of glory attainable to an orator. Men listened to him with absorbed attention. He overwhelmed bitter opposition and defiant resistance. He "seared the visages of his haughty antagonists by his consuming scowl." Advocates, the moment they heard they were to have him for a contestant, scarcely prepared for anything but defeat. He championed the rights of men; he thundered against tyranny and tyrants; he defended the Bible and the preachers of its truth, proclaiming that, without the wholesome influence of these, "liberty would become licentiousness, and man more savage than the roaming tigers." Sobriety and dignity were worn by him as familiar robes. Neither the flatteries of the idolizing multitude, nor the seductions of particular admirers, who had not the virtue of self-denial, could delude him into forgetting to be elevated in spirit and manly in deportment. It has been said of him, that he "shrank from the contact of vulgar associates."

Age seems to have been loth to impair the qualifications which this man had for a divine eloquence. Even when almost at his sixtieth year, he displayed, in one instance, a might and a splendor as an orator, which were, perhaps, equalled by him at no previous period. The occasion was a discussion before

the people, between himself and John Randolph, of certain political issues of the day. Taking the rostrum, he energetically opened the debate; and, as he proceeded along the line of the questions which required his attention and became more and more absorbed and earnest, he poured forth bewitching words, and shone with a wonderful light. The enthusiasm of the audience, when he had concluded, was so intense and rapturous that, as he came down from his place, they literally embraced him and bore him about in their arms. Randolph immediately mounted on the platform to reply to him. So eccentric was he in personal appearance, in manner, and in matter, that from the first he drew attention and held it. At the close of his harangue the auditors, having been vividly impressed by his queer look, his sharp, clear, nervous, and penetrating voice, and his long, cool sentences, all freighted and bristling with stinging satire, honored him with tributes of lively applause. To the great Henry, such a result as this, occurring in the case of one who had ventured to be his rival, was a singular surprise. It gave him a rare impulse to spontaneous exertion. He went back to the stage, and began again to speak. And then it was he clothed himself with such majesty and grace, and evinced such energy and sweetness in public address, as had scarcely ever before distinguished him. Frequently, with a sort of fatherly pathos, he alluded to his young competitor, mingling with intimations of high regard for his talents expressions of regret in view of his political heresies. As his soul threw itself out in efforts for consummate mastery, he exhibited a series of oratorical

flights which were not merely Demosthenian or Ciceronian: they were incomparable. The people, utterly unable to resist his magical sway, resigned their minds and hearts to be borne by him hither and thither. On their part, transport succeeded transport. At times they broke forth in ejaculations of delight, and at times burst out in tears copious as rain gushing from over-laden clouds. Says an adverter to that scene: "The gesture, intonations, and pathos of Mr. Henry operated like an epidemic on the transported assembly. The contagion was universal. An hysterical frenzy pervaded the whole audience to such a degree, that they were at the same moment literally weeping and laughing. At this juncture the speaker descended from the stage. Shouts of applause rent the air, and were echoed from the skies. The whole spectacle, as it really was, would not only mock every attempt at description, but would almost challenge the imagination of any one who had not witnessed it."

In the *Iliad*, there are attributed to Ulysses some rich-freighted remarks concerning souls that have come into the world, gifted for the sphere of the orator. He is represented as saying:

"The gods do not give all good things to all men, and often a man is made unfair to look upon; but over his ill favor they fling, like a garland, a power of lovely speech, and the people delight to look on him. He speaks with modest dignity, and he shines among the multitude. As he walks through the city, men gaze on him as on a god."

Not inapplicable are these words to Patrick Henry, that splendid instance of what nature can do for a human soul.

## V.

THE SOUL'S REVELINGS OF ITSELF THROUGH THE  
BODY.

“The intellect of man sits enthroned visibly upon his forehead and in his eye; and the heart of man is written upon his countenance.”  
LONGFELLOW, *Hyperion*, p. 210.

THE striking effects which the inner man produces on the outer, are indices of the soul's essence and faculties, which may well be considered by themselves. Among them are the enchanting looks, gestures, and accents which mark the golden-mouthed orator. Nature is an autobiographer. She prints records about herself on the trunks of trees and on coal layers, along river shores, and the gorges of mountains; and she tells stories about herself in the motions occasioned by the exertion of her forces, and in the sounds which emanate from her awakened elements. The soul is a more remarkable autobiographer. This writes facts concerning itself on the features of the face, and on those parts of the hands that are variegated with veins; and it speaks them in the action of the limbs, and in the utterances of the articulating organs.

The corporeal aspects, movings, attitudes, vociferations, and vocables which have the rank of soul-language, are as varied as the descriptions of a romance-writer. Man must have begun, very early in his history, to be observant of them. Doubtless he studied them before he studied the stars. May we not believe that the first time he saw his face

mirrored in the water of earth, he was led to reflect on one or more of them?

The tale-telling effects produced on the part of the body by its occupant are, to the percipient of them, sometimes agreeable and sometimes horrible; sometimes enlivening and sometimes saddening; sometimes soothing and sometimes rousing. In the list of them must be named appearances which are beautiful human brightnesses, and appearances which are fury-flashings resembling out-darted tongues of night-fire flame. Who has never noticed how the soul, when charged with "the stormy electricity of passion," gives account of itself by way of different parts of the organism which it occupies? Says Ovid:

"Rage swells the lips, with black blood fill the veins."

And says the author of the eighty-sixth essay of *The Spectator*, "I have seen an eye curse for half an hour together, and an eye-brow call a man a scoundrel." In the moments in which the invisible speaker that uses so many methods and modes of communication, speaks passionately, vain would it be to look or to listen for anything ungentle. Affectation is, then, out of the question. The soul, when agitated and billowy, employs no feigned language.

Consider what varieties of bodily expression, both visible and audible, there are which afford knowledge of it in its different passional states. Is it affrighted? If so, then it speaks in a paleness, a trembling, a standing of the hair upright, a starting, and a shrieking. Is it perturbed by grief? If so, then it speaks in a sighing, a sobbing, a groaning, a

screaming, a roaring, a weeping, a distorting of the face, a grinding of the teeth, and a sweating. Is it joyful? If so, then it speaks in a display of animation and vigor in the eyes, a singing, a leaping, a dancing, and perhaps a shedding of tears. Is it angry? If so, then it speaks in a pallor of the countenance, a going and a coming of the color, a trepidation, a swelling, an ebullition from the mouth, a stamping, and a doubling-up or clenching of the hands. Is it displeased? If so, then it speaks in a shaking of the head, and in a frowning and a knitting of the brows. Is it ashamed? If so, then it speaks in blushes and in a downcasting of the eyes. Is it in a pitying mood? If so, then it speaks in tears and in a turning of the eyes aside. Is it in a wondering mood? If so, then it speaks in a still, rigid posture of the frame, a casting of the eyes heavenward, and an uplifting of the hands. Is it laughing? If so, then it speaks in a dilatation of the mouth and the lips, a continued vociferous expulsion of the breath, a shaking of the breast and the sides, and a running of water from the eyes. What a spontaneous, straightforward, undelusive outgiving of information there is in each one of these sorts of language! How full they all are of meaning! Nay, how they overflow with it! And what is here said of them might truly be said of all the other sorts of language which may properly be included among the many whereof they are a few. Did we but learn to interpret the lesser, as we have learned to interpret the greater, shows, actions and sounds of the body which are significant of the soul, what an acquaintance would we come to have with

this heaven-made thing ! What Shakespeare-like knowers of it would we come to be ? We would, then, often be able, while looking at some “thin, veined wrist,” to say, —

“In such a little tremor of the blood,  
The whole strong clamor of a vehement soul  
Doth utter itself distinct.”

The languages in which the inner man speaks by way of the outer are not entirely the same, in one stage of life as in another; nor are they altogether the same in any individual instance as in another. From the revealings made by the conscious self through a mature body, expect not to gather much knowledge about the mental nature as it is in the “salad days” of its history. The poet says of adolescence :

“In that first onrush of life’s chariot wheels,  
We know not if the forests move or we.”

The truth is, the soul in youth is, in a thousand respects, unlike what it is in age ; and accordingly it manifests itself in youth, in a thousand characteristics of the body, unlike those in which it manifests itself in age. Elasticity of limb and buoyancy of form, pliancy of bone and flexibility of fiber and ligament, bouncingness of blood and dewy mellowness of tissue, a spontaneity and a fluency of utterance in tenor tones, and a brightness of the eyes as unrestful almost as the Northern Lights, — these, each of them in some high degree, are among the effects on the body which are wrought by the soul when in its juvenile stage, and in which it then speaks of what it is and of what it can. He whose frame is the subject of such effects, has a youthful

mind and heart ; he whose frame is the subject of effects which are their opposites, has an unyouthful mind and heart. There are some juveniles that are more senile than juvenile. They are precociously wise. A loveliness, pale, serene, unnatural, characterizes them. They go about, each in a form which is scarcely more than "a little quantity of matter containing a light, an excuse for a soul to remain upon the earth." They have a solemn bodily air and a precise and dignified bodily movement, as if they "were setting an example for their ancestors." Boys and girls answering to such a description, seem to have souls that have grown old without having been young.

It is ever interesting to notice and to try to interpret the effects of the soul on the body, in cases of human greatness. Great men in general have a posture neither pertly straight nor proudly rigid, but nobly easy ; they have a deliberate and firm step, sometimes leonine, sometimes elephantine ; they have an utterance which both commands and engages, which comprises both the sound of power and the intonation of modesty ; they have in their ordinary and most tranquil look, either an aspect as if they were beholding something away back in the vast interior of their being, or an aspect as if they were gazing at something far beyond the expanses of the present and the pre-discerned elevations of the near future. When a great man is stirred up into an intense state, he has a glance as effective as was Ahasuerus' scepter. Goethe the majestic German, and Webster the majestic American, each had bodily characteristics like these. All great men are uncom-

monly rich in magnetism. But this who shall describe? We know that it is some penetrating outcome. We know that we cannot directly behold them without feeling it attract and thrill us. "Soon as we really see a real great man," said Theodore Parker, "his magnetism draws us, will we or no." What is that of which he, who was himself a great man, thus spoke? Is it the soul, in such a manner projected as to be to some extent without the body as well as within it? Is it an effluence from the soul? Is it an aura which the soul, by reason of its own energy, obliges the body to exhale? Who can tell? Certain facts there are, however, respecting it which may be definitely stated. It is something whereof every person has his or her degree; it is something which is intimately connected with the conscious self, since, if the latter were out of the body, or were asleep therein, then nothing like that same thing would characterize the body; and it is something of which the great man has so much, that his features teem with it, the air around him for a not inconsiderable distance is saturated with it, and those who approach into his presence are, in a measure, fascinated.

Other instructive effects of the soul on the organic house in which it leads its earthly life, claim to be mentioned. The inimitable Victor Hugo sets forth one of them in the passage:

"There are moments in battle when the soul hardens a man, so that it changes the soldier into a statue, and all flesh becomes granite."

He sets forth another of them in the words:

"In great and lofty natures, the revolt of the flesh and of the

senses, when suffering from physical pain, makes the soul appear on the brow, in the same way as the mutiny of troops compels the captain to show himself."

Instances there are of disease, instances also of Somnambulism, of Mesmerism, of Odyism, and — who can doubt it? — of what is called Spiritualism, wherein the soul, that busy indweller, works on the body vivid effects, all which are kinds of speech employed by it in its unceasing process of self-reporting. Despise no human outcomes, thou student, thou philosopher, from which there may be derived lessons about the inner man. Believe not in divining-rod miracles, believe not in miracles of electro-biology and of table-turning; but carefully attend to any curious anthropological facts, any noteworthy effects of the soul on the body, which are included under these heads. Acknowledge no science of Phrenology and no science of Physiognomy; but pay good heed to the phenomena whereon these so-called sciences have been built. An eminent authority, alluding to Lavater's physiognomical system, remarks that no one will venture to pronounce it "totally fanciful or absurd," and that "there is no one who, in his intercourse with the world, does not practice it in a greater or less degree." \* And are not these words applicable to many another system, made up of real and hypothetical data, — that, for example, of the Phrenologists, that of the Spiritualists, &c.?

Is one able to write, or speak, or see, after the manner signified by the term "mediumistic"? Do

\* See article on Physiognomy in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*.

not ridicule him or her for being able so to do ; but from the human facts in the case, taken by themselves, learn something concerning the conscious human self, and be thankful. "All things," says Cicero, "that are done according to nature, are to be accounted good." A safe rule for well-poised persons, all over the world, is to study every phenomenon of every kind whatsoever, from which may be caught by the eye or the ear a part of that great and endless story — the story of the soul.

Much may be learned concerning the thinking essence from the outcomes which distinguish all real conversational discourse, as well as all real melody-making with the voice. Talk that has meaning and magnetism in it ; talk that is animated, fervent, stirring, prevailing ; talk that is of that not very common order whereof people say, "There's heart in it," or, "There's soul in it," what a phenomenon is this ! Is it not an effect which carries a large and manifold freight of instruction relative to its cause ? There is a harp, and its chords are in the body. The soul, whenever it engages earnestly and winsomely in conversation, and whenever it expresses in vocal song thoughts which are wholly its own, or thoughts which it has made its own by adoption, — plays on this harp. How delightfully Coleridge, Macaulay, Margaret Fuller, and Thoreau played on it ! How impressive the music Carlyle and Emerson have a thousand times made it give forth ! It is THE HARP OF THOUGHT. The present writer, musing once thereon, had a train of reflections which he was moved to put in verse ; and here are the stanzas which he composed :

When, in the inner realm, Thoughts, thickly-thronging,  
 Gather at some strong Feeling's magic call,  
 And wingéd words are formed, and there's a longing  
 Ungladdened ears to thrill, to charm, t'enthrall,  
 Then chords within the living frame, vibrating,  
 Shed lovely tones and cadences around;  
 Then doth that Harp of Nature's own creating —  
 The Harp of Thought — with melody abound.

What bosom hath not, by a quicker beating,  
 Told how its music can beguile and win?  
 Who hath not felt, when care his heart was eating,  
 How good it was to drink its sweet sounds in?  
 Sometimes that Harp's melodious gushes rally  
 Fast-sinking courage to the pitch of fire;  
 And sometimes one, far down in life's low valley,  
 Learns how its music's might can lift souls higher.

On foreign soil, a pilgrim wandered lonely,  
 His white feet moving near grim heathen gods;  
 He met and mingled with dark strangers only, —  
 Men who adored things gross as stones and clods.  
 But wheresoe'er he trod, they gathered round him,  
 He played with skill upon the Harp of Thought;  
 The spell of Truth sublime and holy bound him,  
 They heard that Harp's blest strains, and cursed him **not**.

The music was not lost. It rolled victorious  
 Along the superstition-burdened air;  
 In it were seeds, whence sprung a harvest glorious;  
 Dull souls received them, and grew wise and fair.  
 O potent Harp! in many a land of greenness,  
 How much of bliss men owe to thy dear tones!  
 Thou helpest troubled minds to gain sereneness,  
 And thou dost soothe the weary breast that moans.

## VI.

## OPINIONS AS TO THE SOUL'S NATURE.

“Whatever is preached to us, and whatever we learn, we should still remember that it is man that gives and man that receives; 'tis a mortal hand that presents it to us; 'tis a mortal hand that accepts it. The things that come to us from heaven have the sole right and authority of persuasion, the sole mark of truth.”

MONTAIGNE, *Apology for Raimond Sebond.*

GREATLY instructive is it to observe how meditative men of different epochs have spoken in reference to the soul's nature. I will mention the opinions on this subject of some of the philosophers of antiquity, some of the profound inquirers of modern past centuries, and some of the exploring thinkers of the passing age. Not only to the views of minds wisely curious and contemplative will I advert, but also to the views of

“Minds mad with reasoning, and fancy-fed.”

Many an old-time searcher into mental mysteries there was, whose avowed doctrine concerning the soul, though to not a few of his contemporaries it may have seemed reasonable, seems to us wildly inconsistent. Anaximander represented the soul as a compound of earth and water. Parmenides pronounced it a compound of earth and fire. Empedocles maintained that it consists in blood, and has its seat in the sanguineous fluid of the body. Cleanthes and Posidonius both declared it to be heat, or a hot

complexion. Crates and Dicæarchus alike asserted that it is only a natural stirring of the body. Hesiod expressed the opinion that it is the result of a union of earth and water; in other words, the same opinion avowed several centuries after his time by Anaximander. Zeno averred that it seemed to him to be fire. Asclepiades held it to be an exercising of the senses. It was conceived by Xenocrates to be number, and by Aristoxenus to be harmony. Heraclides Ponticus deemed it to be identical in substance with light. The Chaldean philosophers affirmed it to be a vital habit of the human frame. Hippocrates claimed that it is a spirit diffused throughout the body; and Varro, that it is a kind of air, received at the mouth, heated in the lungs, moistened in the heart, and thence extending to all parts of the corporeal structure. The Pythagoreans taught that the soul is the principle of animal life and sensation, and that with it is connected the spirit or intellect, to which belong the higher human faculties. Socrates believed the soul to be that which moves the body, and is the man's self. Plato considered it an invisible, self-moving being, which can neither be dissipated nor annihilated, which, if it retains its purity without any mixture of filth from the body, is destined at death to repair to a Being ever-living and divine, with whom or in whom it will enjoy an inexpressible felicity, but which, if it becomes stained and polluted by too intimate a commerce with the body, is destined at death to depart therefrom with a load of impurity that will drag it down to the earth, and make it to be like those souls known as gloomy phantoms or specters,

wandering about tombs. Aristotle regarded it as the realized principle of action, potentially existing in germinal corporeal matter; and he was accustomed to designate it by the term *entelechy*, — “a new-coined word,” says Cicero, “signifying perpetual motion.” Thales held that it is a nature which is without repose and which moves of itself. Lactantius and Seneca both confessed that they did not understand what it is; and Galen often said that he could not venture to affirm anything concerning its nature. Saint Austin called it a self-moving spiritual substance.

According to Spinoza, the soul is a modification of thought; and thought is one of the infinite attributes of Deity. According to Montaigne, the soul is something never other than a soul, which, by power of its own, reasons, remembers, comprehends, judges, desires, and performs various other operations, making use in so doing of various instruments of the body, in like manner as the pilot, regulated by his experience, guides his ship, one while straining or slacking the cordage, one while hoisting the mainyard or moving the rudder, by one and the same power working several effects: it is, moreover, something lodged in the brain, since the injuries which touch that part immediately offend the mental faculties; and from the brain it diffuses itself through the other parts of the frame, as the sun sheds from heaven its light and influence, and fills the world therewith. According to “orthodox” interpreters of Genesis ii. 7, from Eusebius to Dean Patrick, the soul is an intelligent substance, which bears a resemblance to the divine substance. It has

the body for its earthly covering, and is linked to the body by that powerful bond, the vital breath.

According to Swedenborg, the soul is the innermost human nature, and is a spiritual substance, possessing recipient vessels which adapt it to take into itself "influential life." It has, or rather *is*, an organism, which "consists of perpetual spiral lines," and the figure of which is the same as that of the human body. "The spirit of man, after its separation from the body," he says, "is itself a man, and similar in form." The personality of the soul is in the will. The soul has senses corresponding to the bodily senses, and these, though generally inactive in the present life, are sometimes before death opened and exercised, and the opening of them, on whatever occasion it occurs, is instantly followed by a perception of "the things of another life." "Man is an organ of life, and God alone is life." The life which flows into man is the Spirit of God. Angels are human beings that have departed to the spirit-world. The resurrection is the drawing forth of the soul from the body, and its introduction into that world. Man rises again only as to his soul. Jesus rose as to his body as well as to his soul, because when he was in the world he glorified his entire humanity, — that is to say, made it divine. Man, after death, finds himself to be a man as much as he was before; he walks, runs, sits, eats, and drinks, as really as he did on earth. There are, in the spirit-world, lands, mountains, fountains, rivers, gardens, groves, woods, houses, cities, books, trades, gold, silver, indeed all things that there are in the natural world, only they are "immensely more perfect"

in the former than in the latter. The habitations of the angels "are exactly like the habitations on earth called houses, but more beautiful." The architecture of heaven is such that one might say it is the very art of architecture itself. The angels have an atmosphere wherein they respire, and wherein they utter articulate speech. The sun that gives them light is God. They go veiled in a thin cloud, lest they should suffer injury from the influx of divine radiance. They wear real garments, which are put on and taken off, and which are of different styles, according to their differences in intelligence. There are marriages in heaven; but they are for the propagation of good and truth, not for procreation. The angels are very powerful; they can overthrow mountains, or shake them from one end to the other. The angels live together in societies, and engage in affairs domestic, civil, and religious. All of them that are "in similar good" know each other, although they never met before. Immediately after death, the soul goes to an intermediate place, resembling an undulating valley situated between mountains and rocks. There it is examined and prepared for its final abode. Some souls remain there only a moment, some a few weeks, some several years, but none longer than thirty years. Those in whom "good is conjoined with truth," are advanced into heaven; those who are wedded to evil, gravitate to hell. The former come to have beautiful faces, in which all their thoughts and feelings are revealed, and wherein "the interiors appear like light;" the latter come to have deformed faces, wherein the things of the mind appear either black or as a

“dusky fire.” The senses of the angels are exquisitely acute. They can, for example, by their fine sense of touch, distinguish the quality of others, even though they may be at a distance. It is common, there, for persons to appear as present in the place where the view taken is fixed or terminated. The soul, whether on earth or elsewhere, exhales an expiratory principle, which constitutes a “sphere” around it, and that sphere is, as it were, an image of the soul and its character. The expiratory principle flows forth from the region of the affections; and, while man is in the body, it blends with the efflux which naturally exudes from his physical frame. It is either attractive or repulsive. He says:

“The inclination of conjugal partners, one toward the other, is from no other origin than this: such partners are united by unanimous and concordant spheres, and disunited by adverse and discordant spheres; for concordant spheres are delightful and grateful, whereas discordant spheres are undelightful and ungrateful. I have been informed by the angels, who are in a clear perception of these spheres, that there is not any part within man nor any without, which does not renew itself, and that this renewal is effected by solutions and reparations, and that hence is the sphere which continually issues forth.”

The doctrine propounded and advocated by Stahl next demands attention. He was a professor of medicine in the university of Halle, Germany, in the second half of the seventeenth century. There is in man, he maintained, an agent to which the body owes all its vital properties. That agent is the *anima*, or soul. It possesses peculiar qualities distinct from those which belong to matter. Intelligence, consciousness, and rationality, appertain to it; and it is not only the source of the corporeal

vitality, but also the director of all the corporeal operations. He seems to have considered it as an entity intermediate between the body and the spirit. Whytt, a medical professor in Edinburgh University in the first half of the eighteenth century, held that the soul is a sentient principle distinct from the bodily substance, yet necessarily attached thereto, and that it is the immediate fountain of bodily life. He conceived that it performs its actions in conformity to the effects produced by external causes, and that, therefore, it does not possess either independent consciousness or a free faculty of volition.

Quesne's theory of the soul, which is known under the name of "psychism," may well be noticed as we press on in this course of review. He contended that there is a psychic fluid, which is universally diffused, and which equally animates all living beings, and that the differences in the actions of such beings are to be attributed solely to differences in their organisms. The opinion of the soul's nature, which was expressed by Formey, in an essay published at Berlin in 1746, by the Royal Academy of Sciences and Belle-Lettres of Germany, is a singular one. He represents the soul as consisting in a spiritual fluid, into which the furthest inner extremities of the nerves dip, and that sensation is the result of vibrations communicated along the nerves to that fluid. Tucker, who wrote on psychological topics a few years later than Formey, advanced the hypothesis that the soul, or "spiritual part," is a substance which is naturally penetrable, but "capable of rendering itself solid upon occasion, with respect to particular bodies, and that hereon our activity depends."

This theory, together with that of Formey, is al-  
luded to in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, in the  
article on *Metaphysics*.

We will now glance at opinions of the soul's  
nature which have been set forth in times compara-  
tively, and in times absolutely, recent. Some of  
them are materialistic, some of them anti-material-  
istic; but most of them will serve to show that the  
passing age, utilitarian as it is, has not been, and is  
not, without its great philosophers, who have exem-  
plified what Coleridge calls —

“ ——— the earnest scan  
Of manhood, musing what and whence is man.”

SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE. — Every one\* [so avers  
he in his *Psychological Inquiries*] feels himself to  
be an indivisible, percipient, and thinking being.  
This, then, is a primary truth, which, like our belief  
in the external world, neither rests on nor admits of  
argument. We are unable to conceive the slightest  
resemblance between the known properties of mat-  
ter and mental operations. The former exist in  
space, with which the latter have nothing to do.  
Our knowledge of mind is of a much more positive  
kind than our knowledge of matter. We are sure  
of our mental existence, and we can conceive the  
existence of mind without matter; hence there is  
no absurdity in believing they are not necessarily  
conjoined. The belief of mankind in the indepen-  
dent existence of spirit and in a future state, is so  
universal as to assume the aspect of an instinct,  
which, like every other natural human instinct, is to

be regarded as directed to the attainment of some real end and object.

PROFESSOR LIEBIG. — “In the animal body we recognize, as the ultimate cause of all force, only one cause,—the chemical action which the elements of the food and the oxygen of the atmosphere exercise on each other.” “Physiology has sufficiently decisive grounds for the opinion that every motion, every manifestation of force, is the result of a transformation of the structure or of its substance.”

PROFESSOR MÜLDER. — “Any one who imagines that there is anything else in action in living beings than a molecular force, than chemical force, sees what does not exist.”

LEWES. — The soul is an entity which, before it began its present life, had somewhere lived, somewhere exercised intelligent power, somewhere been conscious of experience; and the instincts which now characterize it are relics of the acquisitions it made in its prior state,—out-gleams from the ashes of its preëxistent but “lapsed intelligence.”

BROWN-SEQUARD. — The soul comprises two natures, essentially different from each other: the one that wherein inhere our ordinary knowing faculties, the operations of which we are always able to perceive and trace by consciousness; the other that which is the source of our intuitions, and which cognizes and directs our lives without any effort that we can by any means feel or discern.

DARWIN. — The soul, in his view, is traceable, just as the body is, to a Simian or ape ancestry. “The early progenitors of man,” he says, “were no doubt once covered with hair, both sexes having

beards, . . . their ears were pointed and capable of movement, and their bodies were provided with a tail, having the proper muscles." His doctrine seems to be, that mind is a species of cerebral effect, that thought and feeling are brain-actions, and that man is simply an organic being of higher order than any other on earth.

AGASSIZ. — The soul is an intelligent, conscious power, akin to that which is manifested in nature, and of which nature is the product. It acts and manifests itself only in connection with the organs of a living body ; so that without brain you have no thinking, without brain you have no expression of intellectual power. It comprises two species of intelligence, one of which is the reflective, argumentative, and combining ; the other the intuitive, or that which acts without the element of logical sequence and combination that pertains to conscious intellectual effort. Its faculties, in the case of every man, differ only in degree from the intelligent endowments of the brute-vertebrates, but are entirely and essentially different from the knowing faculties displayed by insects. It is not connected with certain highly-organized parts of the brain rather than with others, but with the brain in its totality. It is transmitted from parent to child, just as all that makes up its visible organism is ; and, though it had not its primal origin in any line of genetic evolution consisting in a consecutive procession of types, yet how, in the first instance, it originated, is a question for which science does not yet afford an answer.

FLINT. — The mind is produced by the brain-

substance, and there can be no intelligence without that species of substance.

HAMMOND. — The mind is the result of nervous action; and the ability to perceive sensations, to be conscious, to understand, to experience emotions, and to will, is in accordance with such action. Consciousness resides exclusively in the brain; but the other mental qualities are developed with more or less intensity in other parts of the nervous system, as well as in that one.

FREDERICK HARRISON. — The soul is a name for the combined faculties of the living human organism.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY. — “I understand and I respect the meaning of the word *soul*, as used by pagan and Christian philosophers for what they believe to be the imperishable seat of human personality, bearing throughout eternity its burden of woe, or its capacity for adoration and love. . . . And if I am not satisfied with the evidence that is offered me that such a soul and such a future life exist, I am content to take what is to be had, and to make the best of the brief span of existence that is within my reach, without reviling those whose faith is more robust, and whose hopes are richer and fuller.”

PROFESSOR TYNDALL. — “That hypothesis [the hypothesis of a free human soul] is offered as an explanation or simplification of a series of phenomena more or less obscure. But adequate reflection shows that instead of introducing light into our minds, it increases our darkness.” “Molecular motion produces consciousness.” “Amid all our speculative uncertainty, there is one practical point as

clear as the day — namely, that the brightness and the usefulness of life, as well as its darkness and disaster, depend to a great extent upon our own use or abuse of this miraculous organ.” “From that humble society [our non-human progenitors], through the interaction of its members and the storing-up of their best qualities, a better one emerged ; from this again a better still, until at length, by the integration of infinitesimals through ages of amelioration, we came to be what we are to-day.”

PROFESSOR VIRCHOW. — “At this moment there are, probably, few naturalists who are not of opinion that man is allied to the rest of the animal world, and that a connection will possibly be found, if not, indeed, with apes, then, perhaps, in some other direction.” “But yet I must declare that every step of positive progress which we have made in the domain of pre-historic anthropology, has really removed us further away from the proof of this connection.” “On the whole, we must really acknowledge that all fossil type of a lower human development is absolutely wanting.” “As a fact, we must positively acknowledge that there is always a sharp limit between man and the ape. We cannot teach. we cannot designate it as a revelation of science, that man descends from the ape, or from any other animal.”

TOPINARD. — There is no radical difference between man and most animals ; and the fundamental distinction between him and the ape is in quantity of brain, of which the former has three or four times as much as the latter. Man had his origin in “an albuminous clot formed by a fortuitous union

of certain elements of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen." Out of that clot sprang, by spontaneous generation, minute vital cells; these, after undergoing nine successive transformations, gave rise to a certain low genus of vertebrates (the *amphioxus lanceolatus*); and when there had occurred twenty-two long steps in the course of evolution, the human being appeared as the terminus of the line of tailless and tailed descendants.

LETOURNEAU. — There is no separate existence under the name of mind, spirit, life, or force. The universe contains nothing but matter, the constituents of which are animated, self-existent, eternal atoms. These have a movement which they transmit to one another, and which, as it endlessly goes on, transforms itself in a multitude of ways. The transformations produce organisms, vital properties, sensations, perceptions, consciousness. Between organized living bodies and inorganic bodies, there is no radical ground of distinction. Living organisms are the results of spontaneous generation from inorganic matter. Life has no object, since it is simply the result of a fortuitous concurrence of cosmical, geological, climacteric, and even orological facts. The nerve-cells give rise to muscular contractions, are conscious of the effects produced on them by surrounding mediums, and are capable of experiencing pain and pleasure. They are intelligently alive to impressions. Not only can they perceive sensations, but they can treasure them up, and, in a thousand modes, combine them. Indeed, they can think and will.

HEDGE. — The soul is a part of the planetary life,

and can never, while that life endures, be divorced from the planetary system. Dying is not migration. This earth is to be man's future and eternal abode. In the course of human development the time is to come when death will no longer occupy the place it now does in the human economy. "We do not go to heaven, but heaven comes to us." Ultimately, the soul is to have a new organism, which will be of a corporeal nature, and it is supposable and likely that, in its prospective organism, the memories garnered up in connection with the present body will not be retained. The hypothesis of the soul's pre-existence best matches the supposition of its continued existence hereafter.

BASCOM. — There is an unbridged gulf between the highest human intelligence and the highest intelligence of brutes. Man has insight, with all the awe, the solemnity, and the fearfulness which go with it; the brutes have it not. Man is capable of "alarms from a far-off future;" the brutes are capable of no such alarms. Man recognizes "somber duties" as incumbent on him; the brutes recognize no such duties as incumbent on them. Man is conversant with high and wonderful intuitions — with primary truths relative to being, to time, to space, to causation, to moral distinctions, to the spiritual and to the divine, to the infinite and to the eternal; the brutes are strangers to all such truths.

WHEDON. — We have a lower generic class of mental operations which we share with brutes, and a higher which we share with higher natures than our own. "It may not be necessary to say there are two separate entities in us, yet it is certain the lower

one does exist separately in the brutes, and that our own glorified bodies will lose most, if not all, our animal nature. And this is the very thing implied in Paul's *soulical* and *spiritual* body." The trinality of human nature, expressed by Paul in the terms *body*, *soul*, and *spirit*, has great value both in exegetics and in theology.

LIONEL BEALE. — The living I and the vital power of the highest form of bioplasm or germinal matter in nature, are identical.

ULRICI. — The soul is a distinct substance in us, that wherein inhere our sense of identity and our power to see and to feel. That we should conclude thus, is required by the law of cause and effect. There can not be a sense of identity without something to which that sense belongs. There can not be seeing without something that sees. There can not be feeling without something that feels. We are capable of perceiving our identity, therefore there must be a perceiver of identity. The percipience of our identity is constant; therefore the perceiver of it must be, in spite of the yearly change of the body, a constant, perennial unit. The soul acts both consciously and unconsciously. It is surrounded by a non-atomic ethereal "enswathement," from which it is not separated at death; and the vital properties of man result from the action of the soul on the body through that subtile inner medium. The soul, operating not only consciously but also unconsciously in union with its invisible semi-material investiture, is the organizing life-principle in the body.

HERMANN LOTZE. — The soul is the substantial and permanent bearer of the phenomena of our inner

life. Like all other finite things, it is an illustration of the work of the Eternal. Not necessarily is it forever indestructible; but it will endure forever, provided it is, "on account of its worth and meaning," a permanent member of the world's order. "All which lacks this worth will come to an end." We cannot well even dare to wish to decide "which spiritual creation has gained for itself immortality through the everlasting importance to which it has raised itself, and to which other this has been denied." Accordingly, the belief we are to fall back upon is the belief that "to every being will the lot fall to which it is entitled."

PROFESSOR LUDWIG SCHÖBERLEIN. — The soul is essentially the vital organizing force which dwells in the body. Unlike the vital force which acts in plants, it is capable of sensation and of bringing the organism wherein it resides into different relations to the outer world. It appropriates from that world the materials suitable for its body. "The formation of the body is not a result of mere chemical affinities between different elements of matter; but it is a vital process: it proceeds from the animate principle. The soul assumes to itself such elements as adequately express objectively its life and its wants. It itself, and not chemical affinities, is the organizing principle." By nature, the soul is a participant of the Spirit of God, as well as of the realm of matter. It is consequently a substance that stands midway between nature and God, and man, by reason of this fact, is both a nature-soul, or *ψυχή*, and a spirit-soul, or *πνεῦμα*. It is inherent in him to gravitate toward the spirit-world. The soul's higher powers, those which are

rational and spiritual, do not belong to it *per se*, but are called forth under a training which makes it appropriate to itself the elements of the world of spirit, wherewith it is constitutionally connected. By reason of its participation of the Spirit of God, it is destined to an endless life. In its absolutely natural condition, or when it is wholly within the sphere of nature, the soul does not plastically react on the body; but its outgoings are, then, determined by its instincts, which are direct actions of God and direct realizations of His intention. "The highest perfection of the future no less than of the present life, calls for a corporeity of the soul." It will need a spiritual body in heaven, as much as it needs a fleshly body on earth; and at death, it will depart with a germinally-extant spiritual body, which it will ultimately render complete by drawing to itself the quintessence of a transfigured or glorified material system. The spiritual body is immortal, because, "being participant of the spirit, it shares the spirit's immortality." In the present life, it is not a developed organism, but the vital germ of one, like the germ which lies invisibly imbedded in the substance of the actual wheat-grain, and which "cannot come into actuality till that substance shall have fallen away." The matter out of which the spirit will finally consummate its inner germinal body, will be that of *a new heaven and a new earth*, resulting from the transfiguration by fire of the present system of external nature. The consummate organism man will have, after that grand general transfiguration, will be the resurrection-body. "It will move at will through the realm of space. Wherever the soul

may will to be, there it will be able to be." Man's relation to nature will be an active relation. "The whole realm of glorified materiality will be one vast platform for the plastic influence of glorified spirits." The soul, by truly living on its spirit-side, not only becomes spiritualized, but has a spiritualizing effect on its body and on other matter. It thus tends to exalt itself from a merely psychic or *soulical* into a pneumatic state. Jesus had the Spirit of God naturally as all other men; but he yielded to its full guidance, and thus realized the union of human nature with the divine. In so doing, he laid the foundation for the transfiguration of his body; and the transfiguring process went on in it continually, the effect of the same being often shown in his miracles of mastery over his frame and over external nature. The change of his fleshly organism into a resurrection-body was completed after his death. "The essence of his body remained the same; simply the mode of its existence was changed." It is by our free choice between a merely psychic life and a life of communion with the divine Spirit, that we realize the higher spiritualization of our nature; and God's incarnation and revelation of Himself are methods intended by Him to secure that end.

JOSEPH COOK. — The opinion relative to the soul's nature, which Mr. Cook holds and has advanced, would claim to be thoughtfully noticed here, even were it impossible to state more than a very few points of it correctly. He has done a great service for Americans and Englishmen, in unfolding in the terms of his incisive and brilliant rhetoric, the philosophic and psychological ideas of those masterly

German thinkers, Ulrici, Lotze, and Schöberlein — ideas which (if I mistake not) are destined to have high prominence and familiar elucidation in the science, the art, the literature, and the theology of coming years. Not being able fully to understand his own theory on the subject mentioned, the present writer submitted to a valued, clear-minded correspondent (Rev. Charles B. Sheldon, pastor of the Congregational Church in San Buenaventura, Cal.) these two questions: “What is Cook’s doctrine of the soul? Does he make the life-power and the soul ( $\psi\bar{v}\chi\eta$ ) identical?” The following is the interesting answer which was received:

“ ‘Does he make the life-power and the soul ( $\psi\bar{v}\chi\eta$ ) identical?’ I think not. I understand him to adopt Ulrici’s theory, that ‘the soul is the occupant of a non-atomic ether, that fills the whole form and lies behind the mysterious weaving of the tissues.’ ‘It co-operates with the vital force, but is not identical with it.’ This is a point which he says Lotze and Ulrici take much pains to distinguish. ‘The immaterial principle [by this I suppose he must mean the soul, the  $\psi\bar{v}\chi\eta$ ] is not necessarily to be thought of as identical with what has been called the vital force. That which moves these bioplasts, and causes them to build on a plan kept in view from the first and maintained as a unit to the last, we say must be an adequate cause of these motions, and that is not the vital force simply, although it may be the vital force, with this other psychical force behind it; and yet the two are always to be carefully distinguished from each other.’ Man has a threefold constitution: the atomic material body (*corpus*), the immaterial spirit (soul), and a somewhat intermediate ‘enswathement’ (I do not like that term) which is non-atomic and so far immaterial, yet it has some of the properties of matter, such as extension, length, breadth, and thickness. I do not think Cook is clear in defining what he means by ‘vital force.’ Evidently he cannot use this term as identical in import with ‘life;’ for he elsewhere defines life to be ‘the power which co-ordinates germinal matter.’ Now, put this definition in the above quotation, in the place of the words, ‘That which moves these bioplasts,’ &c., and we will have the

statement, 'Life, the power which co-ordinates germinal matter, is not the vital force simply, but the vital force with this other psychical force behind it.' Now, if life is not vital force, what is vital force? Is it identical with this spiritual or ethereal body? Probably he would say, No, though I confess myself somewhat confused with his use of different terms. But to go on unfolding his view, chiefly in his own language: 'The soul, as the occupant of this ethereal enswathement, operates in part unconsciously and in part consciously. It is the morphological agent which weaves all living tissues, nerves, tendons, the brain, &c. [This seems to make the soul, together with its enswathement, identical with life-power.] When it rises to the state of consciousness, it produces the phenomena known as thought, emotion, will. The proof that there is such a non-atomic substance, in which mind inheres, is, that it is required by the persistence of our sense of individuality, or our unity of consciousness or sense of identity. This seems inconsistent with the constant flux of particles which takes place in our material bodies. There must be some permanent substratum as the foundation for this unity of consciousness. For every effect must have an adequate cause. Another proof is the unity of plan on which our bodies are constantly woven. The particles change, the plan persists. There must be a somewhat that causes this permanence of form. We supply the non-atomic spiritual body.' Now, I am not sure that I have in all this answered your questions. I thought at first that I knew Cook's position. But I am not so confident of it now as when I began. To the inquiry, 'Does he make the life-power and the soul identical?' I answer modestly, No; but he holds that the soul, together with a non-atomic form in which it inheres and with which it co-operates, is the life-power, or, in other words, the power which co-ordinates germinal matter."

## VII.

## DEFINITIONS OF THE SOUL.

“The pressure of the general intellectual influences of the time determines the predispositions which ultimately regulate the details of belief; and though all men do not yield to that pressure with the same facility, all large bodies are at last controlled.”

LECKY, *History of Rationalism in Europe*.

“The change of times and the change of conditions change also the appearance of things which in themselves are the same they always were.” FROUDE, *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, p. 200.

WHAT is a just and adequate statement, expressive of the ideas and the conclusions which are worthy to be treasured up as truths concerning the self-knowing substance? Here is an inquiry which, to say the least, is trying to human capability and a test of human enlightenment. Many are they who, though actually rich in knowledge of that viewless heritage whence comes all the brightness which belongs to the faces of mortals, prefer, whenever they are plied for a definition of it, either to be silent or to answer evasively. Were the inquiry named above to be submitted to them, the way in which they would treat it might be modest enough, but it would fall far short of being the best. “Know thyself” was the motto inscribed on the Delphic temple of old. And Pope says :

“Be sure yourself, and your own reach to know.”

It is good to know ourselves; is it not good also to define ourselves? It must be confessed, how-

ever, that to do this is not easy. Indeed, when the attempt to do it is most successful, the result of the doing is but an unfinished work. Why must it be so? Do we not hold to our conscious nature a relation of the greatest possible closeness? "We are nearer neighbors to ourselves," says Montaigne, "than whiteness to snow or weight to stones." And if this declaration of that tireless, honest, ever-cheerful student of the soul be true, what, then, is there to prevent us being well able, explicitly and fully, to tell what the soul is? I will intimate the explanation.

We are not such beings as can know all that anything is; consequently, we can never, except approximately, define a given thing. The measure of what we can know about the soul, is, in all probability, very small in comparison with the measure of what we cannot know about it; therefore we will, in all probability, never be able, in undertaking to define it, to present other than a comparatively very incomplete statement. Certain it is, however, that just in proportion to the increase of our knowledge of the soul, in that proportion will our definition of it become more and more comprehensive. Progress respecting the former is the co-mate of progress respecting the latter. If one belonging to some snowless clime, should see snow falling softly from the welkin, the definition he would at first give of it would embrace only one or two facts about it. After learning that every flake of snow is a collection of beautiful little snow-crystals, he would modify his definition in such a manner as to make it express more about snow; and after learning that

flakes of snow-crystals are produced by the freezing of drops of rain in the air, when the air is under a certain degree of frigid temperature, he would, of course, modify again his definition, making it express still more about that same fair physical wonder.

Now, so it is in the case of the soul. The acquisition of knowledge concerning this entity is a continuous and never-ending process. Carlyle quotes the saying, "Man is perennially interesting to man." It is a true averment. Man finds in man communications more interesting to him than any others that originate within the bounds of this world. The author of them is the soul, and the theme of them is the soul; and he studies them, and studies them, and tires not of studying them, for they have a charm which is unfailing. Those communications are the soul's phenomena. From immemorial time they have, as if there were some marvelous magic in them, wrought upon human attention. In the present age they are studied under circumstances far better adapted than were those of any former age to aid in securing a correct interpretation of them, and by intellects far better qualified than were those of former ages to penetrate through them into the self-knowing substance which is their producer. As the study of them has gone on, in one period of history and another, it has sometimes had for its consequence the abandonment of notions entertained concerning the soul, and sometimes the addition of new ideas and conclusions to those already held in respect to it, the result generally being an increase of knowledge relative to that entity. The same study will go on in the future;

and who can doubt that it will result in a deeper and deeper penetration into mental mysteries, and in successive additions to the stock of human knowledge of the human being? And just as in the past the statement used to express what was held in relation to the soul became more and more comprehensive according to the progress which was made in knowing the soul, so in the future the statement used to express what is held in relation to it will become more and more comprehensive according to the same kind of progress; for definitions ever take shape in harmony with ideas and conclusions which are adopted as knowledge. The scientist can never tell all that electricity is; but he may hope to become able, in defining it, to state much more of what is true about it than he can state now. The theologian can never declare all that God is; but he may hope to become able to define God more fully, more wisely, more satisfactorily. And likewise, the explorer of the soul, while certain that he can never in any definition tell all that it is, may hope to become able to set forth in his statement of what is true concerning it much more than he can, at present, formulate, or even vaguely suggest.

It is evident that he who speaks of the soul's nature should not speak dogmatically. Let him firmly declare what he firmly believes respecting the self-knowing substance; but let him not declare the same as if he were giving a definition for men of future ages. It were well if, before venturing to speak thereof, he should learn a lesson from the Sphinx concerning silence, and a lesson from ancient wisdom concerning comprehensiveness. Perchance,

even in that case, better far than his will be the words of some after-comer who shall treat the same subject.

It was not the intention of the writer of these pages to construct a formal definition of the soul. He aimed at something much more useful — namely, to specify and illustrate the more important ideas and conclusions which “the pressure of the general intellectual influences” of the passing period constrains one to express in such a definition. The purpose here mentioned will now be carried into effect.

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## VIII.

### THE INNATE DIGNITY OF THE SOUL.

“By the soul  
Only the nations shall be great and free.”

WORDSWORTH.

THE SOUL is by nature a superior entity. In other words, there belongs to it a high degree of innate dignity. Often it is treated as if it were inferior, unimportant, cheap, — perhaps as if it were of little more account than some leaf of paper which may fitly enough be scribbled on and blotted ; but, however ignobly it may be treated, it is never in itself ignoble. On the contrary, there is due it, from the first moment of its existence, a rare respect, on account of its elevated inborn rank. By comparing what we are conscious of as belonging to it, and what we observe to be its outer phenomena with what

we perceive to appertain to other finite things, and to be manifestations of their essence, we can settle the question whether the former is or is not by nature more estimable and more admirable than the latter. And who has never formed thus an opinion of the inherent superiority of the self-knowing substance? Who has never thus arrived at the conclusion that, in point of inherited nobility, that substance is worthy of a surpassing repute?

With a very great admiration men have viewed and contemplated the sun. In by-gone periods, there were fond beholders of it, who hesitated not to regard it as something inexpressibly majestic and sublime. As they saw that magnificent dispenser of daylight rising and setting to the world, illuminating the hills and the valleys, gilding with brightness the waters, imparting warmth to the soil, and causing luxuriance to spring up out of decay-smitten matter, strength out of dust, and beauty out of darkness, they were ready to honor it as an exalted thing in "the most ancient heavens." Some of them — the pagan saints of old Egypt, and even Pythagoras and his reverent pupils at Crotona, in Greece — deemed it to be divine, and worshiped it. Plutarch speaks of Eudoxus, an ardent explorer of nature, who wished and begged of the gods that he might once be permitted to see the sun near at hand, and to gain a knowledge of its form, its greatness, and its beauty, though he should be consumed while in the exercise of the privilege.

But what, after all, is the innate dignity of the sun in comparison with that of the soul? This is a question which we, who enjoy the information

afforded by modern science, are in a goodly measure qualified to answer. We know that that master-luminary, which Ronsard describes as

“ At rest without rest, idle without stay,  
Nature’s first son, and father of the day,”

is not divine. We know that it is a vast sphere of revolving matter about ninety-two millions of miles distant, and that it turns on its axis once in twenty-five days. We know that its surface is in a molten and hideously eruptive state, so that, though to us it seems to be quiet, there is a noise produced by its convulsions which exceeds a million-fold that of an earthquake. We know that, far above the boiling, raging surface of the sun, are vapors cooler than the matter which is beneath them, and that those vapors contain particles of iron, of copper, of sodium, and of other metals, which are evidences that the sun is composed of materials similar to those of our globe. We know that masses of glowing gas are in process of upheaval there, and that some of them—those of hydrogen—are thrown up to the height of two hundred thousand miles. And we have reason to conclude that there are specimens of those huge fiery gas-columns which, bearing with them metallic and mineral atoms, ascend at the rate of five hundred miles per second, and that these pass entirely away from the sun, and never return to it.

Such is that bright orb to which so many of the ancients paid daily adoration. It is only an enormous inflamed material bulk, formed of elements like the constituents of the earth. And accordingly, just as one feels himself compelled to regard the earth as

unspeakably inferior by nature to the soul, so he feels himself compelled to regard the sun as unspeakably inferior by nature to it. The soul has not to depend for guidance in action, as the sun does, on power which belongs to some other entity; it can guide itself. The soul, when disturbed and convulsed, is not obliged to continue in its wild state, as far-off, burning, blazing, heaving Sol must in his, till the calm might of some other entity shall assuage the tempest of fire, and bring peace; it can, in the time of its intense tumult, look back on its fierce lava-sea, and say, "Peace, be still!" It is innately royal. It is that which can calculate where an undiscovered continent should be, and then direct a ship across strange trackless waters to that continent's green outskirts; and it is that which can calculate where an undiscovered planet should be, and then take sight at the empyreal expanse through an adjusted telescope, and ken that very planet in its course. The soul! it is the home of quenchless longings, and the subject of endless stirrings. The soul! it is the one sublunary substance that can forecast distant futurity, that can weave the web of its own fortune, that can be "an adventurer for another world."

## IX.

## THE DISTINCTNESS OF THE SOUL FROM THE BODY.

“There is a spirit in man.”

BOOK OF JOB, xxxii. 8.

“The soul is an incorporeal substance.”

GREGORY NYSSEN.

CARLYLE makes his thoughtful Professor Teufelsdrökh assure us that man is never altogether a clothes-horse ; that under the clothes which he wears are always a body and a soul. One would hardly suppose anything could be said to the contrary. Certain it is, however, that the question whether beneath the garb of humanity there are two entities, a body and a soul, the one distinct from the other, is, in the estimation of some of the most busy and vigorous physicists and philosophers of the passing age, far from being settled. Men there are, such as Darwin, as Spencer, as Helmholtz, as Hæckel, as Virchow, as Huxley, as Tyndall, as Flint, as Hammond, as Youmans, as Maudsley, who are tirelessly exploring the depths of human nature, in order to determine whether it is true that there is a spirit in man, — a soul which is an incorporeal substance, — or true that he is only a living organism, having a class of organic functions that have been erroneously attributed to a spiritual entity. Let us glance at the materialistic and the anti-materialistic reasonings on this inquiry.

During the present life, that which is described as the soul never acts and never expresses itself,

except as it does so through the corporeal organism; are not, then, what are called the soul's acts and states, phenomena which are produced by that organism? In swoons there is no sign whatever of a soul's existence in the body; are not swoons, then, bodily states in which the corporeal organism is incapacitated to produce those phenomena which are called mental? In sound sleep there is a complete cessation of mental activity; is not sound sleep, then, a bodily state in which the corporeal organism is unfitted to give rise to sensation, perception, emotion, thought? By actual experiment, it has been demonstrated that feeling (for example, in the case of a wound) is propagated along the line of the nerves to the brain at the rate of about one hundred and twelve, and from that to two hundred, feet per second; so that, to cite an illustration given by Proctor, if an infant were born with an arm long enough to reach the sun, and if, while in the cradle, that infant were to stretch out its arm and touch the sun, it would need to become a hundred and thirty-five years old, before it could be conscious of the fact that the tip of its finger had been burned by that blazing orb. Again; it has been shown by experiment that, after an impression has been telegraphed along the nerves to the brain, an appreciable amount of time is required for the formation of an idea of that impression; and that, accordingly, in cases of a very quick exchange of impressions, such as occurs in winking, one fails to have any idea of the exchange, because there is not time enough for an idea of it to be formed. Moreover, it has been experimentally shown that when-

ever an idea arises, a change, which is of the nature of a movement, is wrought in the gray matter of the brain ; that this change occupies an appreciable amount of time ; that, without it, no idea ever springs up ; and that if there is an inadequate supply of healthy blood, an interruption of nerve-communication, a compression of the brain, or an exhausted, acidulous state of the nerve-element, the change or movement on which the upspringing of the idea depends, will not ensue. And, in addition to the foregoing statements, it may be said that physicists seem to have ascertained that there are physiological grounds for such conclusions as these : — that, in the case of recollection or the conscious retention of a past idea, there is always an existing tendency of the nerve-element to repeat the same movement which occurred in it at the time of the first rise of that idea ; that deficiency or disorder of memory is ever proportionate to deterioration of nerve-element ; that the reason why pain, when it has ceased, cannot be remembered as it actually was, is because the tendency to repetition of movement in the nerve-element, which resulted from the movement occasioned therein at the time the pain was felt, has been neutralized by the restoration of the nerve-element to a painless state ; and that the peculiar phenomena displayed by somnambulists and mesmerized persons are invariably attended by only a partial circulation of blood in the brain, and by an activity of that organ only in particular areas.\* Is there not, then, a good foundation for the material-

\* See the work entitled *Physiology of Mind*, by Henry Maudsley, M. D. (Appleton.)

istic theory of mental acts and conscious states? Is not the opinion entirely reasonable, that sensation, thought, emotion, volition, calculation, are not properly attributable to a free human soul distinct from the human body?

But pause here, reader.

A brief examination of the facts expressed in the foregoing statements will suffice to show that there is no need to deduce from them such inferences as those which have been mentioned. The reason why the soul, during the present life, acts and manifests itself only through the visible body, may be that it is somehow hindered from doing otherwise. Perhaps (as many great investigators have believed) it has a finely-constituted invisible inner organism, which in this life is incompletely developed and only slightly employed, but which it could wonderfully use if it had opportunity. Indeed, does not the case of Swedenborg seem to show, not only that the soul has such an interior organism, but that it may, even while this life is passing, become able to use the same to some extent as an instrument, in conjunction with the visible body? The non-exercise and the non-manifestation of the soul, in cases of swooning and of sound sleep, are completely accounted for, by supposing that, in such cases, it cannot, in its ordinary way, enter into conscious states. All that has been ascertained respecting the rate at which feeling is transmitted from an impressed nerve to the brain; respecting the time necessary for the upspringing of an idea after an impression on a nerve has been telegraphed to the brain; respecting the change, movement, vibration, or whatever it be

called, which occurs in the gray cerebral matter when an idea arises, and which does not occur therein unless an idea does arise ; respecting a residual tendency, as existing in the nerve-element in the case of recollection ; and respecting the cerebral conditions of somnambulistic and of mesmeristic phenomena, — all this leaves unshaken and unimpaired the doctrine that the soul is a distinct entity. Molecular constitution and motion are unquestionably concerned in some intimate manner in our present mode of entering into states of consciousness ; but what a leap is it to deduce from such a premise the conclusion that there is no soul ? Why may there not be within us a substance which, the moment it shall have opportunity, will be able to think and to recall ideas by means of an instrument very different from that now employed in the discharge of mental functions ? Reader, let not any premature inferences be imposed on thee ! And premature, certainly, is the inference of Carl Vogt, that thought is a secretion of the brain ; the inference of Haller, that ideas are impressions made on the brain ; the inference of Bonnel, that they are oscillatory motions of the cerebral molecules ; the inference of Huxley, that they are results of molecular composition, and that the power of producing them dies with the body ; the inference of Maudsley, that they are currents of molecular movement passing along nervous circuits ; and the inference of Tyndall, that they are physical phenomena produced by or associated with molecular motions in the cerebral organ.

In ability to judge fairly and correctly of scientific facts in their bearing on the question of the soul's

distinctness as an entity, that great man, Agassiz, was behind no physicist of modern times; and his opinion he plainly told in the remark :

“I shall not say, nor do I believe, the mental faculties are a product of these [the corporeal] organs.”

One strong natural evidence in favor of the conclusion that the phenomena known as mental are to be ascribed to an incorporeal substance, is the testimony of consciousness. I am certain that I exist, because I am conscious that I exist. I am certain that I who exist do not exist merely as a body capable of functional activities, because I am conscious of activities on my part that are totally and widely different from any of those which I know my body can perform. Why is it, if men are not spiritual entities in bodies, they should ever be conscious that they are such? Observe how, in various ages of the world, they have described human nature. The Pythagoreans and the Platonists (as we learn from Jamblichus, Nemesius, Sallust, and Laertius) represented man as “a compound of three differing parts,” namely, the body ( $\sigma\tilde{\omega}\mu\alpha$ ), the soul as to its less eminent capabilities ( $\psi\tilde{\upsilon}\chi\eta$ ), and the soul as to its pre-eminent intellectual potency ( $\pi\nu\epsilon\tilde{\upsilon}\mu\alpha$  or  $\nu\omicron\tilde{\upsilon}\varsigma$ ). “There are three things,” says Marcus Antoninus, “which belong to a man: the body, the soul, and the mind ( $\nu\omicron\tilde{\upsilon}\varsigma$ ).” St. Paul, in his First Epistle to the Thessalonians, adopts a like manner of speaking; for he uses the phrase,  $\text{‘}\sigma\lambda\acute{o}\kappa\lambda\eta\rho\omicron\nu \text{‘}\upsilon\mu\tilde{\omega}\nu \tau\acute{o} \pi\nu\epsilon\tilde{\upsilon}\mu\alpha, \text{καὶ ‘}\eta \psi\tilde{\upsilon}\chi\eta, \text{καὶ τὸ σ}\tilde{\omega}\mu\alpha$ , (“your whole spirit, and soul, and body.”) The same terms of distinction are employed by Ireneus, who says, “A perfect man consists of body,

soul, and spirit ;” and by Origen, who says, “ Man is composed of body, soul, and spirit.” The Germans, in their description of man, represent him as comprising a body and a soul, and represent his soul as comprising the ordinary conscious intelligence (*verstand*), and the reason (*vernunft*) ; meaning by the former the reflective or logical faculties, and by reason the intuitional faculty, or that by which truth is discovered without any experience of mental effort. The English-speaking nations usually describe man as consisting of body, intellect, sensibilities, and will, signifying by the three latter designations, not three separate, spiritual entities, but three great divisions under which respectively the capabilities of one and the same spiritual entity are classifiable.

This, then, is what is clearly revealed by the languages of mortals : That, from distant past times to the present hour, men have comprehensively described man as a living being with a body and a soul, the one distinct from the other, and have represented man’s soul as possessing different capabilities or faculties, some inferior to others. And why thus rather than otherwise ? Consciousness provides the answer. By this we are assured, — by this the men who shall live a hundred generations hence will be assured, — that the body is not the soul, and the soul is not the body ; that the body is not necessary to the continuance of the life of the soul, but the soul is necessary to the continuance of the life of the body ; that while the body is a vitalized organism the soul is in it, and when the body is dead the soul is out of it. By this we know, — by this the men of future ages will know, — that (as

Montaigne affirms) "the body, saving in greater or less proportion, has but one and the same bent and bias ; whereas, the soul is variable into all sorts of forms, and subjects to herself, and to her own empire, all things whatsoever, both the senses of the body, and all other accidents."

Consciousness does not help us to solve all problems about ourselves. Neither by this nor by any other means can we learn how the inner man is united to the outer. "The manner whereby souls adhere to bodies," says Saint Augustine, "is altogether wonderful and cannot be conceived by man." And says Beilby Porteus, "We can as easily conceive the connection and mutual influence of soul and body, as we can explain how two mathematical lines, indefinitely produced, can be forever approaching each other, and yet never meet." But consciousness certainly helps to solve the problem (declared by Tyndall to be the final problem), whether our intellectual and moral processes are or are not of physical origin and subject to physical laws ; whether "the will of man is free, or it and nature are equally 'bound fast in fate.'"

## X.

## THE SOUL THE REAL HUMAN SELF.

“The Self, the I, is recognized in every act of intelligence, as the subject to which that act belongs.” SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

“The man, most man,  
Works best for men; and, if most man indeed,  
He gets his manhood plainest from his soul.”

MRS. BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh*, p. 348.

WHAT is that which makes man veritably himself? Is it his body? No; for the moment the vital breath has gone out of that, it is a corpse, not a man. Is it life in the sense of vitality? No; for plants have that; yet plants, those “children of the earth,” — unlike men, those “children of the ether,” — are destitute of permanent, distinct, self-knowing selves. The self of man is that to which Socrates had reference when, discoursing to Alcibiades, he said to that handsome young listener :

“The man is that which uses the body; now, does anything use the body but the mind? Is not the mind, therefore, the man?”

He, of course, employed the term mind, in that instance, to signify what is now generally meant by the term soul.

The soul is the foundation of all man’s unfailing notability as an inhabitant of earth. The soul is the center whence emanates the real man-life and man-light. The soul is that which exerts the real man-power. The soul is the very man himself. Accordant with these declarations are the fine words of Guthrie :

"They say I am growing old because my hair is silvered, and there are crows' feet on my forehead, and my step is not so firm and elastic as of yore. But they are mistaken. That is not *me*. The knees are weak; but the knees are not me. The brow is wrinkled; but the brow is not me. This is the house in which I live."

The body of a fellow-being is entitled to receive honor, but never as if it were the fellow-being himself. That without which man could not be man, is something that cannot be measured in feet and inches, something that cannot be clad with visible garments. It is that in him which can say, "I am I;" that in him which, by means of his organic frame, sees, hears, touches, tastes, smells, goes, comes, seeks, speaks. This no foe can kill. It may be serene, though a tempest roars around it. It may be rich in acquisitions, though the visible form wherein it for a season dwells, wears a garb which is open at the elbows. Said a thoughtful man :

"When a stranger treats me with a want of proper respect, I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself he slights, but my old shabby coat and hat, which, to say the truth, have no particular claims to admiration. So, if my coat and hat choose to fret about it, let them. It is nothing to me."

And to these words he might well have added some pointed remark like that of which Carlyle is the author: "Courtesy is the due of man to man, not of suit of clothes to suit of clothes."

In reality, the fairest of persons is the one that has the fairest soul; the purest of persons is the one whose soul is the cleanest; the mightiest of persons is the one whose soul wields the most influence; the wealthiest of persons is "the millionaire of intellect." The real king of men is he who represents the kind

of kingship which, according to Ruskin, consists in *a stronger moral state, and a truer thoughtful state, than that of others, enabling one, therefore, to guide or to rouse them.*

A human being, standing on the earth, is like the auriferous ore which is gathered in the mountains. Just as the latter derives all its lasting importance from the gold substance that is in it, so the former derives all his or her lasting importance from the thinking substance that is inside his or her corporeal frame. Men pay a high regard to gold. They honor it with tributes of ambitious ardor and eager devotion; with vast outlays; with costly sacrifices. To obtain it, they have done who can tell what? they are ready to do who can imagine what? For its sake, some are bearing heavy burdens; some are daring the dangers of long journeys by land, or the perils of long voyages by sea; some are braving the pestilence; some are confronting beasts of prey and cannibal savages. And why do men, at so great cost, prosecute their quest after it? Evidently because it has so high a degree of intrinsic estimableness. Now, the soul is the gold of human nature. Consider how it enriches the outward man! Would not the most beautiful face soon become utterly poor were this precious thing to be removed from behind it? Consider what never-diminishing consequence goes with it! Do not the tallest trees, the grandest beasts, and even the eagle that cleaves with its mighty wings the clear air of the great cerulean expanses, seem less important than the least creature that has a human soul? When Burns, that poet "of Nature's own making," said,

“The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,  
The man’s the gold for all that,”

he had reference not to a form, so many feet by so many inches in stature, and having an outer skin composed of cloth; no, he had reference to the soul, that which shines through the body and renders it affluent; that which, whether it is located in a peasant’s brain or a prince’s, is the very man of the man, the real self of the being.

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## XI.

### THE CAPABILITIES OF THE SOUL.

“For never, that I could in searching find out, has man been, by time which devours so much, deprived of any faculty whatsoever that he in any era was possessed of.” SAUERTEIG.

THE SOUL, according as it is differently directed, becomes the subject of different stirrings and states, of which some are passive and some active. Referable either to the former or to the latter of these two classes, are the feelings which are known as pain and pleasure; the sensations connected with seeing, hearing, touching, &c.; the spontaneous experiences which are called instinctive; the operations suggested by the terms appetite, propensity, desire, affection, passion, perception, recollection, imagination, abstraction, judgment, argumentation, intuition, volition, hope, wonder, faith. The fact that these passive and active awakenings and pro-

cesses so readily occur, or are so readily brought to pass on the part of the soul from an early period in its history, has led men to represent them as its "functions." In harmony with this mode of speaking is that line in Pope's *Essay on Man*:

"As the mind opens and its functions spread."

A more familiar mode of representation, occasioned by the same fact, is that in which the soul is described as having powers, each of which, like each organ of the body, has its appointed office or work. Instead of the term *powers*, there is often employed the term *faculties*, frequently the term *endowments*, not rarely the term *capacities*, and sometimes the term *capabilities*. As a general designation, the one of these which is last mentioned is evidently the most convenient. But, be it understood, when the soul is said to have different capabilities, powers, faculties, or whatever they may be called, the meaning is not that it has different energies. Men affirm that the soul has a faculty, the office of which is to recall ideas; and they tell us the name of it is memory. What do they, when they thus speak, intend to signify? Certainly, they cannot well aim to express anything incompatible with this: that the conscious self, the *Ego*, is such by nature that it can and does recall ideas. Says an erudite writer (James Esdaile, author of the article on Logic in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*):

"It should be remembered that the mind is one and indivisible, and that what have been called its different faculties are nothing but the same energy directed to different subjects, and, on that account alone, designated by different names."

And Carlyle, in his *Heroes and Hero-Worship* (p. 95), remarks :

“What, indeed, are faculties? We talk of faculties as if they were distinct, things separable; as if a man had intellect, imagination, fancy, &c., as he has hands, feet, and arms. That is a capital error. Then, again, we hear of a man’s ‘intellectual nature,’ and of his ‘moral nature,’ as if these again were divisible, and existed apart. . . . We ought to know withal, and to keep forever in mind, that these divisions are at bottom but *names*; that man’s spiritual nature, the vital force which dwells in him, is essentially one and indivisible.”

A convenient illustration of the unity of energy or force, which exists in the case of the soul, may be found in the similar unity of energy or force which has been proved to exist in the case of external nature. All material substances consist of atoms or molecules, in a state of cohesion; and every material energy is reducible to a motion of material atoms or molecules. Take a piece of iron and heat it; take a needle and magnetize it; take a glass jar and charge it with electricity; and when you shall have performed these several acts, what, in reality, will you have done? Certainly, you will not have added anything to the piece of iron, to the needle, and to the glass jar. You will simply have given, in the case of the first, a certain motion to its atoms which is called heat-force, and, in the case of the second, a certain motion to its atoms which is called magnetic force, and, in the case of the third, a certain motion to its atoms which is called electric force. Vitality itself is but a motion of atoms; and, in the case of man, the prime cause of it is, in all likelihood, his soul. Now, though we cannot

attribute to the soul atomic or molecular motion, we can employ the unity of the seemingly separate energies of matter to help us in forming a conception of the unity of the seemingly separate energies of the soul.

The soul's capabilities may be enumerated under seven orders. There are, first, the *basal* ones. This order includes the instincts (among which are that of suction, that of deglutition, that of sympathy, and that of life-preservation); the power to feel pain and pleasure; the power to experience sensations of sight, of hearing, of touch, of taste, and of smell; the appetites; and the various powers known by the names amateness, combateness, destructiveness, adhesiveness, acquisitiveness, secretiveness, &c. There are, secondly, the *intellectual* capabilities, or those which are suggested by the term understanding. They are perception, memory, imagination, abstraction, judgment, the reasoning faculty, &c.\* There are, thirdly, the *egoistic* capabilities, or those which are related as no others are to the idea of the *Ego*, or self. They are self-love and the will. There are, fourthly, the *domestic and*

\* Some authorities (among them Reid, Hutcheson, Stewart, Royer-Collard, and those old-time metaphysicians, Philoponus and Michael Ephesius) have named *consciousness* as one of the intellectual faculties or capabilities. But Sir William Hamilton, in the first chapter of his *Philosophy of Perception*, shows clearly that consciousness is a condition of intelligence rather than a mode of the mind. He calls it "the complement of our cognitive energies." That is to say, it is the condition indispensable to complete cognition in the case of the exercise of any one of the cognitive faculties, such as perception, memory, &c.

*social* capabilities. This order includes the affection which results in marriage, the parental affection, the filial affection, the affection which exists between one child and another of the same family, the affection of friend for friend, the affection which is called patriotism, the capability entitled the love of approbation, and the capability known by the name of benevolence. There are, fifthly, the *spiritual* capabilities. Under this head must be mentioned idealism, veneration, conscience, hope, faith, and wonder — that faculty which leads one to acknowledge with rare emotions and expressions the new, the grand, and the sublime. There is, sixthly, the *intuitional* capability. The Germans call it the *vernunft* — that is to say, the higher reason in us, which acts without our being conscious of its action. The English and the Americans usually designate it by the name *common sense*. Sometimes it is termed *the faculty of first principles*. By this it is we see spontaneously the truth of those succinct sayings which are known as axioms. It is at its best in women and in men of genius. Goethe, speaking with reference to the high degree of it which is exhibited by fine females, applies to it the title of “the eternal womanly.” Some particular allusions to it have place in Agassiz’ lecture on Vital Characteristics. He refers to it as “a superior power which controls our better nature, solves sometimes suddenly and unexpectedly — nay, even in sleep — our problems and perplexities, suggests the right thing at the right time, acting through us without conscious action of our own, though susceptible of training and elevation.” A good instance illustrative of it is that of the inventor, Mat-

threw Murray, of Leeds. When perplexed in his attempts at invention, it was his custom to rest night and day, so far as it was possible for him to do so, from all voluntary effort. And in the moments of his quiet, the idea he wanted "would steal in and look at him, and light on him, and stay, as birds used to light on the old hermits, no more afraid of them than of the trees under which they sat." Wordsworth doubtless alludes to the same power in those lines, where, excusing himself to his "good friend Matthew" for sitting and dreaming, "for the length of half a day," on an old gray stone by Esthwaite Lake, he avers —

"That we can feed this mind of ours  
In a wise passiveness."

And adds the words:

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum  
Of things forever speaking,  
That nothing of itself will come,  
But we must still be seeking?"

"Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,  
Conversing as I may,  
I sit upon this old gray stone,  
And dream my time away." \*

\* An excellent friend of the author — a man of fine, pellucid mind and of rare spirituality — relates, in a letter, as follows, the method whereby he is accustomed, in moments of perplexing doubt, to open the way fully for some enlightening outcome from the same capability: "This is my way of solving difficulties and getting light on dark points. I fix my mind upon the subject, look at it with the present light I have, and then lift up my spiritual sense toward the Source of all light and wisdom, and holding it attent, say, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth;' and I have thus often verified the promise, 'If any man lack wisdom,' &c. My mind is thus often led to conclusions which satisfy me, and

But to resume: there is, lastly, the *magnetic* capability. By this I mean the power which the soul has of evolving through the eyes and through other bodily channels a certain something which is called magnetism, and which creates around one an aura or atmosphere, either attractive or repulsive. (For further particulars respecting it, see the chapter entitled "Presence and the Presence-Force.") \*

Now, the rule of Nature relative to the capabilities thus classified is, "Occupy till I come." It implies all that is meant by such specific directions as these:

Make the most thou canst of each one of thy powers. Develop and improve thyself.

Study, think, investigate, learn. Remember, however, that "it is not the knowledge stored up as intellectual fat which is of value, but that which is turned into intellectual muscle."

Out of dull and selfish seclusion go forth.

Regulate with care thy basal endowments.

Prove thy strength, and render it sure.

which I am sure I never should have reached in the use of my logical intellectual faculties alone. The answer comes through the intellect, and yet, but for that spiritual direction and quickening given it, the result would not be attained. There is a pre-science which goes before science, and blazes out the way for science to follow."

\* There is ground, I think, to believe that great capabilities of the soul, not mentioned in the foregoing classification, are yet to be defined and catalogued by psychological inquirers. The truth is slowly dawning on the explorers of man's nature, that the soul, in union with its invisible inner form, is the source of the life of the body, including all tissue-weaving and other vital processes. It is reasonable, therefore, to infer that the time will come when there will be enrolled in the list of the soul's powers *the capability of vitalization*.

Deliver thy conceptions from narrowness, thy charity from scrimpness, thy purposes from smallness.

Refuse to live the faint life of the mere spectator or reader, of the sickly dreamer of dreams, or the fanciful seer of visions.

Find not thy delight in luxury or ease, in hollow shows or frivolous pursuits.

Deny thyself, and take up thy cross.

Do and dare, love and suffer.

So shalt thou build a character that will abide all the tests which future years or ages may bring.

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## XII.

### THE ENDLESS IMPROVABILITY OF THE SOUL.

“It is for God and for Omnipotency to do mighty things in a moment; but degreely to grow to greatness is the course that He hath left for man.”

OWEN FELTHAM, A. D. 1650.

“Truth . . . is not progressive; though finite beings may be forever progressive in acquiring truth.”

HORACE MANN.

To the conscious human self there belong possibilities of such moment, that no one can well study them without being either thrillingly impressed or made to experience unusual emotions. Some of its powers—I mean those to which are referable the leading kinds of mental activity—were obviously designed for an ever-continuing education. Let them be once roused, and (to quote the language of a scientist) “their development has no assignable

limit." The conclusion is, therefore, unavoidable, that every soul can become great. By processes of culture to which it is able to subject itself, it can perpetually increase in wisdom, in strength, and in nobleness; it can endlessly stretch forward toward higher realizations and conditions. It is its innate and inalienable prerogative to approach, by a never-ceasing advancement, a state of dignity like that of its uncreated Maker. Indeed, Nichols, in his *Architecture of the Heavens*, ventures to express the idea that man, by reason of the unlimited and unremitting growth of his faculties, may one day become as that Being who, from the battlements of His own royal abode, can see beneath His feet the mighty motions of the entire stellar creation, proceeding in unbroken harmony.

In Jean Paul's quaint, rich romance, called *Titan*, occurs a delineation, the vague, mystical, immense meaning of which fits it to be suggestive of the ineffable greatness to which the soul is heir. He describes his hero, Albano, as having climbed to the top of a thick-limbed apple-tree, where, lingering in still thought, he poetically conceived the same tree to be expanded to gigantic proportions. To his imagination it appeared growing alone in the universe, as if it were the tree of everlasting life,—its roots piercing far down into the abyss, the white-red clouds hanging as blossoms on its twigs, the moon pendent as fruit amid its foliage, the stars glistening like dew on its illuminated surface. And Albano, in that vast youthful vision, saw himself reposing in the tree's sublime and infinite summit, while by a storm that summit was swayed "out of Day into

Night, and out of Night into Day." Does not the description seem to have been intended to intimate the immeasurableness of the enlargement possible to the ever-improvable human soul?

The soul's chief capabilities may, for the sake of elucidation, be represented as so many different rooms within itself, each of which can be made to have a spaciousness equalled by no material amplitude ever yet ascertained, and each of which, so long as it is kept in the process of growth, is and will be susceptible of fresh furnishing. These apartments of the inner man are too wonderful to admit being depicted either by a writer's pen or by a painter's brush. Their most distinguishing characteristics can, at best, only be indicated. Who can tell how much knowledge can find place in them, or what volumes of feeling they can contain? Who can declare the magnitude of the grandest traits that, in them, can have freedom to thrive and bear fruit? Who can estimate the length and the breadth, the height and the depth, of the loftiest inspirations or of the noblest joys that, in them, can be experienced? To give a full expression to the utmost intelligence, potency, amiability, purity, meritoriousness, and majesty that can reside in the capability-rooms of a human soul, would be equivalent to picturing the unimaginable or to portraying the infinite; and to do either the one or the other is impossible. We are accustomed, it is true, to speak of persons of ill-developed minds as having "limited capabilities." But, in employing such phraseology, we invariably talk in a relative, not in an absolute manner. No reasoning person exists, whose prin-

cial capabilities, how much soever they may seem to be doomed to smallness, are, in the sense of being positively confined to their present dimensions, circumscribed or limited. They who have small faculties which continue to be small, are persons who, by neglect or by misuse of their souls, stifle their mental energy and withhold themselves from mental growth. They habitually go their dull way, with a half-fed, lean, jejune thinking nature. Perhaps they have an inveterate shrinking toward contractedness and contemptibleness. Perhaps they have literally established their souls in a "pungent, acrid, awfully intensified, and talented littleness." Certainly they are entirely destitute of that passion for self-improvement which led one of the Greek poets to say, —

"I seek what's to be sought,  
I learn what's to be taught,  
I beg the rest of heaven."

One may be sadly indifferent to the value of his soul's foremost capabilities, may inadequately exercise them, and may secure to them merely a dwarf-like compass; but there is never a time when they cannot be made to transcend the limits of development to which they have attained. Their possessor can educate them forever. He can unceasingly add to their roominess and resource. In all time to come he can cause them to continue to exceed breadth after breadth. Are they small to-day? He can render them large, and then larger, and then still larger. Oh, who can conceive how great his mental being is able to become? Who can comprehend how elevated a life it is possible for him to live?

Who can be liable to overrate the vastness of the destiny for which he was created? The dullest of those who pass their days with earth-bound desires, having no cultivated hunger and no cherished thirst for anything divine, can become so developed in mind as to have admirable thoughts and to be familiar with exalted delights. "Honor all men," says one of the Christ-sent apostles. Even the unlettered peasant, whose costliest luxuries are bread and cheese, is entitled to receive honor. The conclusion that it is due him, rests on solid ground; for it rests on the fact that he has a soul which is susceptible of a never-ending development — a soul which can be made to be as great as that of

"The starry Galileo with his woes;"

or as that of Bacon, who "effectually taught the sublime art of creating sciences;" or as that of Shakespeare, whose genius was believed by Coleridge to be superhuman. He can progress interminably, from attainment to attainment, along a course of self-training in which activity will become ever more and more facile and free, and in which experience will ever increase in blissful sweetness. The intellectual character possessed by Sir Isaac Newton might seem unsurpassable. But there is no undistinguished rational being, toiling and scrambling on the monotonous level of commonplace life, whose more important capabilities cannot be so educated as to give him, at some period of that duration through which his existence is to run, an intellectual character even greater than that which was the source of Newton's glory and grandeur.

It is interesting to observe in what various ways meditative scholars have made references to the mental possibilities. Hughes, one of the contributors to *The Spectator*, says: "Our case is like that of a traveler on the Alps, who should fancy that the top of the next hill must end his journey because it terminates his prospect; but he no sooner arrives at it than he sees new ground and other hills beyond it, and continues to travel on as before." Addison, using words applicable to every person who is heedless of those possibilities, says:

"Thou talk'st like one who never felt  
The impatient throbs and longings of a soul  
That pants and reaches after distant good."

Horace Mann remarks: "No natural impediment forbids our turning what is now divine knowledge into human knowledge. We may ascend Pisgahs after Pisgahs, and enter Canaans after Canaans, yet forever see before us new Pisgahs to be ascended, and Canaans flowing with the milk and honey of a diviner wisdom, to be made our own." Carlyle represents great men as "prophetic tokens of what may still be," and declares that he who does not see or rationally conceive, and with his whole heart passionately love and reverence, their greatness, cannot but be little. And, says Victor Hugo, "There are in the world men — are they men? — who distinctly perceive on the horizon of dreamland the heights of the Absolute, and have the terrible vision of the mountain of the Infinite. These are men of genius — the Swedenborgs, the Pascals."

It would be passing strange if there were to be

found in the Scriptures no unmistakable allusions to the more wondrous results which are attainable to a soul bent on making the most of itself. But the truth is, they contain hint after hint at such results; and hints they are which are always striking, and sometimes startling. Consider a few examples. On the page where reference is made to Enoch, with what a mysterious yet suggestive brevity, as if there had been exemplified in the case a greatness too divine for words, is there mentioned a transcendent excellence, as having marked that primitive saint, and as having rendered him fit even to be carried to heaven without seeing death! Further on, how one is left pondering with amazement over that representation concerning Moses, in which he is described as coming down from the place of his solitary intercourse with Deity, having such a brightness in his countenance that it was necessary for him to put a veil thereon, in order that he might be able to talk again with men! According to Conybeare and Howson, the averment of David, quoted by Saint Paul from the eighth Psalm, and usually given in the words, "For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels," should stand thus: "For a little while Thou hast made him lower than the angels." And if this translation is correct, then how strongly does that Davidian declaration suggest an inconceivable unfoldment of mental capabilities, as in reserve for man when the "little while" of his earthly sojourn shall be ended! Says Horace Bushnell:

"Here they [the Scriptures] drive us out in the almost cold mathematical question, What shall it profit a man to gain the whole

world and lose his own soul? Here they show us, in John's vision, Moses and Elijah, as angels, suggesting our future classification among angels, who are sometimes called chariots of God, to indicate their excelling strength and swiftness in careering through His empire to do His will. Here they speak of powers unimaginable as regards the volume of their personality, calling them dominions, principalities, powers, and appear to set us on a footing with these dim majesties. Here they notify us that it doth not yet appear what we shall be. Here they call us sons of God. Here they bolt upon us, 'But I said ye are gods,' — as if meaning to waken us by a shock! In these and all ways possible, they contrive to start some better conception in us of ourselves, and of the immense significance of the soul; forbidding us always to be the dull mediocrities [mediocres] into which, under the stupor of our unbelief, we are commonly so ready to subside."

The neglect and the abuse of capabilities of the soul, which can be endlessly developed and trained, constitute an explanation of what may be called the Christ-sorrow for the world. This was that holy consuming grief which, propagating from the greatest of all man-saviors, repeated itself in the evangelists and the apostles, and especially in him who, traversing the lands of the Gentiles, proclaimed to remote nations the possible expansions and exaltations of human nature. They, and the old Hebrew patriarchs and prophets before them, and Confucius, and Zoroaster, and Socrates, and Ochino of Siena, and Luther, and Knox, and Fénelon, and John Howard, and Wesley, and Whitefield, and Livingstone, illustrated the meaning of Mrs. Browning's words, —

"Who,  
Being man and human, can stand calmly by  
And view these things, and never tease his soul  
For some great cure?"

The thought of the soul's endless improvability is

well adapted to quicken torpid virtue and to revive drooping aspiration. It tends to scatter the gloom resulting from disappointed endeavor. Let it but have a star-like clearness in the mind, and there will spring from it an ever-new interest in life and being. We know that the paths of usefulness and affection must sometimes be strewn with smitten leaves and faded bloom, and that the heart must sometimes be chilled by harsh changes, even as the face of nature is chilled by rude winds. We know that we are doomed to find thorns in roses, and to suffer from "thorns in the flesh." We know that there are for us hours when the sunshine without must be darkened by shadows within; when we must be pierced by trials; when we must be humbled by afflictions. Yet, so we but duly ken our mental possibilities, how much there is to animate us and to make us hopeful! Well may we go our way, with a high ambition and with good cheer! Well may we prize, as a stage of action, this old stone-ribbed earth, whereon we can behold the beauty of emerald meadows and of blossoming plants, and can hear the songs of russet-bosomed robins and the prattle of children, the voice of the vernal breeze, and the sound of the summer rain! Oh, who that ever muses on the soul's heirship to the divine can wish he had never been born? I am grateful for my existence. I rejoice that I have place amid the bright-bordered mysteries which surround me. I glory in the shifting scenery of the seasons. No flaw do I find in the sun, the moon, or the stars. No prayer have I to make that the grass which grows at my feet may be fairer than it is, or that

the mornings and the evenings may be more attractive. Let me know as I may, and feel as I should, the truth that I am endlessly improvable, and I am assured that the Soul of the universe will somehow sweeten every bitter allotment that falls to me, will "charm my pained steps over the burning marl," which belongs to the course of probationary experience, and will assist me joyfully to approximate the greatness of His own infinite and tranquil character.

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### XIII.

#### THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

"A man may, for twenty years, believe the immortality of the soul, — in the one-and-twentieth, in some great moment, he for the first time discovers with amazement the rich meaning of this belief, and the warmth of this naphtha-well." JEAN PAUL.

THE SOUL is an ever-enduring entity. Unlike the clouds and the snow-heaps, the fluids and the liquids, the rocks and the metals, — unlike all the generations of living organisms, — it neither wastes away nor loses its distinctiveness. Nay (for all that nature teaches to the contrary), it outlasts every possible transmuting process, and, as a self-identifying self, is endlessly living.

It is true that, respecting this point, men have in no age of the world been universally like-minded. Job, that great Oriental Gentile, so confidently believed in the deathlessness of the thinking substance, that he could say he knew, though after his skin

worms should destroy his body, he should, without his flesh, see God.\* But Epicurus, Lucretius, and some other ancient authors, maintained that the soul follows the fortunes of the body, declining when it declines, dying when it dies. Said true-hearted Samuel Johnson to one who had propounded to him the question, "Have we not evidence enough of the soul's immortality?" "I wish for more." Some, giving place to a frigid, keen-edged sort of pantheistic contempt for the very idea of an eternal continuance of human personality, use words like those icicles of speech attributed by Werner, in his *Sons of the Valley*, to Robert d'Herdon:

"This shallow self of ours,  
We are not nailed to it eternally.  
We can, we must be free of it, and then  
Uncumbered wanton in the Force of All."

Some refuse to believe the soul to be immortal, by reason of having acquired such a character as makes them dread a future existence. They have quite unfitted themselves to wish for anything better than annihilation — that which "it is the most abject thing in the world to wish;" and their wish for it is father to their deduction of the certainty of it. The truth is, there are to-day, and there have ever been in past ages, a scale of degrees relative to faith in the soul's immortality, and a scale of degrees relative to unfaith therein; and there are to-day, and there have ever been in past ages, representatives of every degree of each. They who say, "I am fully

\* Job xix. 26. [According to the best critics, the words rendered in the ordinary Bible "in my flesh," should read "without my flesh."]

persuaded that the soul is immortal," are at one end of the former scale ; and at the other end of it are persons who say, "I believe the soul is immortal, yet often need help for my unbelief." But they who, after the manner of Huxley and such as he, say, "I am not satisfied with the evidence that is offered me in behalf of the soul's immortality," are at one end of the latter scale ; and at the other end of it are persons who, on account of their depravity and wretchedness, hate the words "endless life," and love the words "extinction of being," — persons whose heart-cries are like the cries which Coleridge ascribes to restless Cain :

"The mighty One that persecuteth me is on this side and on that ; he pursueth my soul like the wind, like the sand-blast he passeth through me ; he is around me even as the air ! O that I might be utterly no more ! I desire to die — yea, the things that never had life, neither move they upon the earth — behold ! they seem precious to mine eyes. O that a man might live without the breath of his nostrils. So I might abide in darkness and blackness, and an empty space ! Yea, I would lie down, I would not rise, neither would I stir my limbs till I became as the rock in the den of the lion, on which the young lion resteth his head whilst he sleepeth. For the torrent that roareth far off hath a voice, and the clouds in heaven look terribly on me ; the mighty One who is against me speaketh in the wind of the cedar grove ; and in silence am I dried up."

Now, be it observed that the lack of universal like-mindedness concerning the question of the soul's immortality, has never tended and never can tend, in the least, to determine how that question should be decided. Education, association, or experience, can produce either a strong bias in favor of the affirmative of it, or a strong bias in favor of the negative. Faith in immortality may become, by

culture, so strong as to enable one to speak of an after-life, as did the dying Lady Hastings, who said, "O the greatness of the glory that is revealed to me!" and unfaith in immortality may become by culture so persistent as to make it easy for one to express, as did Harriet Martineau, a readiness to accept annihilation. What, then, should be allowed by a deliberate reasoner to settle for him the inquiry whether the soul is or is not a deathless entity? Surely this—the preponderance of evidence. And on which side has always been the preponderance of evidence? Unquestionably it has always been on the affirmative. Hence, in sixty centuries ago, dark though many of them were, the belief in immortality survived all the doubters and all the deniers of it.

The preponderance of evidence on the affirmative, is what qualified Job virtually to say he knew his conscious self was immortal. What made Pherecydes of Scyros such a believer in immortality that he went lecturing in behalf of the doctrine in Greece? What brought Epicharmus to maintain that "man, dying, returns from whence he came, his earthy part to the earth, his spirit upward"? "Is it not strange," said Socrates to his friends, "after all that I have said to convince you that I am going to the society of the happy, that Crito still thinks this body, which will soon be a lifeless corpse, to be Socrates? Let him dispose of my body as he pleases; but let him not at its interment mourn over it as if it were Socrates." Said the elder Cyrus to his children, "For my own part, I never could think that the soul while in a mortal body lives, but when departed

out of it dies ; or that its consciousness is lost when it is discharged out of an unconscious habitation." How did it come to pass that that Greek philosopher could thus speak ? — how that that Persian conqueror and ruler could thus discourse ? Here is the answer : the preponderance of evidence on the affirmative. Sir John Davies could sing :

"The soul, though made in time, survives for aye,  
And, though it hath beginning, sees no end."

And Wordsworth could sing :

"We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind,  
In the primal sympathy,  
Which, having been, must ever be ;  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering ;  
In the faith that looks through death."

And the reason why was this : the preponderance of evidence on the affirmative.

I will set forth some arguments for the soul's immortality. And, first in the list shall be presented that one, the force of which must have been repeatedly felt by all who have given adequate scope for the exercise of the *vernunft* or higher reason. I mean the intuition, or rather the intuitive foresight, of a life after death. Cicero alludes to it in the passage :

"There is, I know not how, in minds a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence ; and this takes the deepest root and is most discoverable (*in maximis ingeniis altissimisque animis*) in the greatest geniuses and the most exalted souls."

The eminent Muretus of France, "for whose

equal as a Latin orator, we must [so says Sir William Hamilton] ascend to Cicero himself," adduces this general intuitive foresight of a life to come, as a strong and weighty evidence of the soul's immortality. In our clearer moods, if we look futureward and contemplate death, we naturally think ourselves to be ever-enduring, endlessly-living. Let one say to his own mind, "I am destined to outlive my body," and his mind, if it be unclogged and unrestrained, will intuitively ratify the affirmation. It will not be able to do otherwise. Now, this spontaneous, irresistible ratification by the mind, of the affirmation of a future existence, is to be taken as a natural testimony in behalf of the certainty of immortality. For what is an intuitive mental act but a prompt telling by the mental substance, of some truth or some fact appertaining either to itself or to something else? In one point, intuitions and instinctive actions are alike,—they both have reference to certainties which are present or prospective. There is an instinctive effort for life-preservation, and it is correlative to a life made to be preserved; there is an intuition of a future existence, and it is correlative to immortality.

The intuitive foresight or presage of a life to come is intimately connected with some great human feelings. It helps largely to explain that disposition which leads the thoughtful mourner to visit the grave of his departed relative or friend, and there "lift his yearnings from the dust," and look heavenward, and with an expectant fondness muse on a coming time of reunion. It helps largely, also, to explain why man desires, as he does, the perpetua-

tion of his name. He longs for reputation, perhaps for fame. He feels that

“ ’Tis sweet to be remembered,”

and, in the keeping of cherished fellow-beings, thoughtfully deposits mementos of himself. Such things as distinguishing wreaths and honorary badges, medals and titles, memorial tablets and monumental structures, are, in his idea, worth years of costly vying. How he strives that he may leave behind him something—it may be a book, it may be an invention, it may be a model of fine art, it may be a great estate—that shall commemorate him! And the explanation of all this is, that he has an intuition of a life after death, together with a love of the approbation of beings of his own kind, and the one intensifies the other.

I present next the argument for immortality, which consists in the unlikelihood of the soul's destruction or annihilation. Substances that we know to be material undergo striking alterations, which result in the decomposition of their parts and the dispersion of their atoms. In no instance, however, are their atoms, so far as we can see, destroyed or annihilated; hence, it may be concluded that these have a natural persistence which will eternally prevent their being destroyed or annihilated. Now, the soul does not appear to be subject to any decomposing or dispersing alterations whatever. Indeed, it does not appear to be by any means divisible. Therefore, there is much less reason to suspect destruction or annihilation to be the destiny of the soul, than there is to suspect it to be the destiny of

matter. But it may be claimed that, in this course of reasoning, too much is inferred, since there is inferred the natural indestructibility of matter — a position which is untenable. For, was not matter produced by a miraculous exertion of omnipotent power? and does it not owe the continuity of its existence to the unremitting exertion of that power? Let us suppose it to have been thus produced and to be thus continued in existence; what follows? Certainly it does not follow that matter, because it is not naturally indestructible, is doomed to extinction. If a miracle had to be wrought to bring matter into existence, a miracle will be necessary to obliterate it; and there is nothing whatever, in the course of things, to show that a miracle will ever be performed for that purpose. And if it is unlikely that matter will ever be destroyed or annihilated by a miraculous exertion of omnipotent power, much more unlikely is it that the soul, which is ineffably superior to all that is known to be material, will ever be thus destroyed or annihilated.

It is an irrefutable argument for immortality, that the soul is illimitably improvable; for this is a fact which is perennially suggestive of endless life. Man shrinks from believing that a thing which can so surely advance without limit under culturing processes, should, after a short series of fleeting years, be obliged to sink down in the waters of oblivious death. Why was the soul so wondrously endowed, if made to live only for so little a while? Why were such valuable, such ever-improvable faculties implanted in it, if it were to have no adequate time for developing and training them? “How can it,”

inquires Addison, "enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, should fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created?" There occurs in the writings of Cicero an imaginary dialogue, in which he ascribes to the elder Cato these impressive words:

"This is my firm persuasion, that since the human soul exerts itself with so great activity; since it has such a remembrance of the past, such a concern for the future; since it is enriched with so many arts, sciences, and discoveries, it is impossible that the being which contains all these should not be immortal."

I go on to name an argument or two further.

In the present course of things, vice is punished and virtue is rewarded; but the punishing and the rewarding are not perfectly adjusted to human deserts. Vice is often highly favored, and virtue is often sorely vilified and persecuted. Hence, men naturally come to think that (as Plato says) "vices, when they escape the discovery and cognizance of human justice, are still within the reach of the divine, which will pursue them even after the death of the guilty;" and that virtues which suffer the pains of calumny and revilement on earth, shall fail not of a great hereafter of divine recompense.

Again; there are deaths, there are dreams, there are cataleptic trances, and there are magnetic transports, which furnish one common argument for immortality; and it is the argument which consists in an extraordinary inner lucidness, or, in other words, a præternatural mental illumination, prevailing more and more as the influence of the body on the soul diminishes. Not unregarded, in any historic period,

have been the different orders of instances wherein this argument has been from primeval years illustrated. Shakespeare has the lines :

“They say, the tongues of dying men  
Enforce attention like deep harmony.”

“It is observed,” remarks Sir Thomas Browne, “that men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves; for then the soul, beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality.” And says Victor Hugo, “There is a dilatation peculiar to the vicinity of the tomb; and to be near death, makes a man see correctly.”

Who has never, at a time of dreamful sleep, found himself speaking, reading, reasoning, calculating, or perhaps inventing, with a transcendent ease and a masterly directness, which it was astonishing to contemplate? What is to be said of the wonderful inner lucidness experienced at such times? Shall we not say it shows what is “natural to the faculties of the mind, when they are disengaged from the body?”

A man there was whose name was William Ten-  
nent. He was for three days thought to be dead. His neighbors had assembled to pay a final tribute of respect to his body. But just as the funeral was ready to begin, he awoke and looked out of his eyes again. Afterward he testified that, during those days, he saw and heard things unutterable. “I was transported,” said he, “with my own situation, viewing all my troubles ended, and my rest and glory begun,

and was about to join the great and happy multitude, when one came to me, looked me full in the face, laid his hand upon my shoulder, and said, 'You must go back.' These words went through me. Nothing could have shocked me more. I cried out, 'Lord, must I go back?' With this shock I opened my eyes in this world." Such was the trance, such the lucid vision-state, in which William Tennent, well known for many years as a Presbyterian minister, did once at New Brunswick, in the State of New Jersey, about the middle of the eighteenth century, pass three of the days of his lifetime. A man there was whose name was Emanuel Swedenborg. He was a celebrated Swedish scholar and dignitary, the author of remarkable books and the founder of an abiding church. He was born at Stockholm, on the twenty-ninth day of January, 1689. After graduating at the university of Upsal, he acquired distinction as a mineralogist, an anatomist, a theologian, and a philosopher. When he was twenty-eight years old, he was made the chief mine assessor in the kingdom of Sweden; and when he was thirty years old, he was advanced to the rank of a Swedish nobleman. According to the testimony of Count von Hopken, who knew him to the heart, he was uniformly virtuous, was free from fretfulness, was diligent, was frugal without sordidness, was gifted with a most happy genius, was fitted to shine in whatever scientific pursuit he chose to apply himself, was sound in judgment, and was, withal, one who "saw everything clearly, and expressed himself well on every subject." In 1743 he became the subject of an inner lucidness which was sur-

passingly extraordinary. He himself ascribed it to an opening of his spiritual sight. It occurred on his part at frequent intervals, during a score and seven years. It is reasonable to believe that it was some exalted state of magnetic ecstasy. By him, however, it was adjudged to be far superior to any experience of that kind. Sometimes it made his eyes shine like bright flames. In the moments of his exalted inner lucidness, he could certainly see with a preternatural vision in earthly directions ; for he was able at one time, when in Gottenburg, to disclose the particulars of a conflagration in Stockholm, even two days before the news of the burning was brought by the post. According to his own continual professions, his state of illumination was such that it qualified him to perceive the "spiritual world." In a letter, written near the close of his life to the Duke of Hesse, he solemnly declared that it had been granted him continually, for twenty-seven years, "to see the heavens and many of their wonders, and also the hells, and to speak with angels and spirits."

Now, soul-illumination or inner lucidness, when it is of any one of the high and notable species that have been mentioned, can be accounted for on no superficial hypothesis. Call it an abnormal phenomenon of no practical importance, and you have still to explain why it is at all times so wonderful, and why, forsooth, it is sometimes so amazing. Say that it is the effect of some curious freak of human nature, and you have still to grapple with the fact that it is a state in which the very highest mental faculties are supremely engaged and concentrated.

It certainly signifies some great change in the relationship between the inner man and the outer. It is evidently the result of a partial emancipation of the former from the latter ; and I do accordingly say it tends to prove that the soul is immortal.

(For the Scriptural arguments relative to the question of a future existence, see the Scriptures themselves.)

Immortality is, on the whole, an amply-warranted belief. And it meaneth—what? Does it imply only this: That the soul is not to be annihilated? Reader, think not so. The belief has great depths of significance. Look down into them! It implies unending personal existence. Nay, more; it implies unending personal identity. Nay, more; it implies the eternal onward-rolling of a personal life-stream, to which every mental capability shall forever be a tributary, and wherein thoughts, feelings, and volitions shall forever merge. Immortality! What a “rich meaning” there is in this belief! what a warmth there is in “this naphtha-well!”

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#### XIV.

##### THE VALUE OF THE SOUL.

“His nature no man can o’er-rate.”

YOUNG.

FEW topics are more gravely important than that of the soul’s value. It demands to be discussed thoughtfully and sedately, yet, so far as possible,

strikingly and penetratingly. He who thus discusses it will take care to avoid commonplace averments and cold, crystalline generalities. He will not say the soul is a valuable entity; for so to say would be to deal out a mere truism. He will not declare it to be a thing of superior worth; for such a declaration, how great soever its import might be, would be too much lacking in concreteness, too little like words of the class that seem to be alive. There is a Scylla of trite teaching, and there is a Charybdis of cold, dry, abstract instruction; and both these should be shunned forever. Reader, come thou with me; I will specially endeavor to keep clear of each of them.

In entering on a treatment of the topic before us, I at once raise the inquiry, What is the value of the soul? It is an inquiry which can be positively but not definitely answered. Let investigation respecting it be adequately prosecuted, and it will inevitably result in the deep deduction that the soul is worth so much we can never, save approximately, ascertain how high an estimate it behooves us to set upon it. Condensing the same deduction into the fewest words possible, we have this aphorism: The value of the soul is so great as to be incalculable. Now, to see the validity and to feel the force of the comprehensive statement here presented, my reader has need to view it as a thesis which is to be proved, and to consider the reasons or arguments that go to establish it. I will assist him in so doing.

*The value of the soul is so great as to be incalculable.*

One argument for this proposition, is the immeas-

urable extent to which the value of the soul exceeds that of the body. In unfolding and elucidating it, the admirableness which belongs to man's living frame is, of course, to be unstintedly acknowledged. Surely, of all the goodly organic structures on earth, that frame is the most excellent. Spinoza did never more wisely speak than when he said, "This fabric of the human body exceeds infinitely any contrivance of human skill." Novalis pronounces it the form than which nothing is holier — the "Revelation in the flesh" to which reverence is done when men bend before men. Jean Paul alludes to it as "the greatest of all temples." Such are its parts and their interconnections, such are the processes which go on in it from day to day, such is its life when it is awake, and such is its life when it is asleep, that, as long as it breathes, it silently tells an awe-inspiring story of a Power, independent of humanity, mysterious, imperturbable, sublime, by which it was originated, and by which, acting concurrently with the human soul, its vital stream is driven along. That saying of the peerless psalmist of Israel, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made," might well be repeated by every man, as often as he turns his attention to the pulsating house of his thinking self. At more than a myriad points, the body bears the unmistakable impress of a Master-guide operating behind the processes of the organizing principle that inhabits it. How apparent is this on every part of the twinkling eye, and of the labyrinthine ear, and of the pliant hand with its sensitive finger-tips, and of the humble yet elaborate foot! And, in the awful interior of the frame, how plainly the same impress abides on

every division of the wondrously throbbing heart! How vividly it is fixed on the strange walls of those lung-cells to which the dark venous blood comes to be cleansed and brightened! Ah, who would not, instead of being disposed to teach a person to despise his vitalized fabric, be disposed to teach him to regard it with a solemn interest, since it is dignified by so many marks significant of "a Some One" that designed it, and that, in coöperation with the human soul, made it to be what it is?

When, however, we bring the body into comparison with the soul, we are obliged to deem it an object of inferior value. In that case, the representation of the poet seems but just:

"Our gross investiture of mortal weeds."

What is it more than a vivified vehicle which nature has carefully provided for the soul, that the soul might therein travel to the end of its earthly journey? It is subject to be scarred by sudden blows and to be maimed by accidental falls. It is a short-lived structure. Disease, that serpent-like foe to the "living dust," steals an attack on it, and in some one of its parts or organs plants a destroying venom; and soon the corporeal glory passes away; the rubicund color of the lips and the cheeks fades; the eyes surrender their attractive luster; the limbs, once able and agile, exchange their strength for a hopeless impotence, and their adroitness for a pulseless immobility; and the form, that used to walk the earth erect and elastic, becomes a prostrate, unexpressive, disenchanted object. When the soul leaves the body, life leaves it; and when life has

gone out of it, it is bereft of all its interesting significance, and is fitted for nothing but to collapse and dissolve, and become mingled with the common earth.

Now, we are well assured that no such desolating changes are possible to the soul. This cannot be touched by any of the entities which have power to wound or to cripple the body. Human flesh can be pierced through with the sword or with the dagger; but no material blade can be brought into contact with the human self. Man's form can be perforated with the missiles of fire-lock weapons; but no projectile, whether of lead or of iron, whether driven by gunpowder force or by any other force, can be made to enter man's spirit. "Then only," says Epictetus, "are you [i. e., your soul] hurt when you think yourself so." And says Marcus Antoninus, "Things themselves cannot affect the mind; for they have no entrance into it to turn and move it: it is the mind alone that turns and moves itself." The soul is not short-lived. What can cause it to disintegrate? What can reduce it to the condition of scattered atoms? "When thou hearest," says Chrysostom, "of the death of the soul, imagine not that the soul becomes extinct."

We say of our departed friends whose absence we lament with sighings of disconsolateness and with longings of affection, that they are *dead*. But it is a mode of expression which is but an instance of popular inexactitude in speech. Those friends themselves are not dead; for the soul, in the sense of becoming like a clod of the valley or like a sepulchral ruin, cannot die. From the disease-worn

and death-smitten body this escapes. Perhaps it does so with an exalted composure, the token of perfect triumph. Leaving the house which it has ceased to illuminate behind it, and, rising to the border of the "undiscovered country," it goes to its own place.

Now, the body is held by all enlightened men to be unspeakably valuable. No one would deliberately barter his corporeal inheritance for the opulence of merchant-princes or for the precious gems which glitter amid royal decorations. And if the soul is so far superior, in every respect, to the body, the conclusion is unavoidable that the value of the soul immeasurably exceeds that of the body. And from this spontaneously springs the corollary that the value of the soul is so great as to be incalculable.

Another argument for the proposition under discussion is, the immeasurable extent to which the value of the soul exceeds that of all known matter external to human nature. In every case in which man's self is compared with the physical objects which exist outside of him, the former, by reason of the innate nobility and the potential grandeur that give it its preëminence, makes the latter seem poor. Let us glance at the striking differences between them. The most remarkable of those physical objects are of no higher inherent importance than such things as we are able to handle with our hands, to break in pieces with mallet or maul, or to weigh in the receiver of a balance. But who can lay hands on the soul? Who can smite the soul into fragments? Who can put the soul into a

balance-basin, and determine its weight in pounds or ounces? What is there in the fairest, the rarest, the sublimest material thing external to man, that, in dignity of essence and in improvableness of capability, resembles the soul? The beautiful flower with its welcome fragrance, the handsome tree with its graceful foliage, the flying wind with its wonderful elasticity, the refulgent sun with its splendid beams, the trembling star with its far-sent shimmerings — what do these things know? what can they feel? what can they do? They are incapable of cognizing their own existence. They cannot choose what they will be or what they will have. Unendowed are they with power to see, or to hear, or to touch, or to taste, or to smell. They cannot in any way direct themselves. They cannot by any means free themselves from the tendencies which are in them. They are senseless, feelingless, knowledgeless. They are, save as they depend for improvement on some being superior to them, utterly unsusceptible of any change for the better. But, turning to the soul, we find that in each of the points here named it is amazingly unlike them. The soul can perceive by means of senses. The soul is self-conscious and self-directing. The soul is a substance that can think — that can choose — that can form purposes and accomplish them — that can manifest sympathy — that can hope and fear, laugh and sigh, rejoice and mourn. The soul can endlessly improve itself. The soul can intentionally set in action causes, the effects of which will be felt in distant parts of the earth. The soul can evolve ideas that will tend to revolutionize communities or

to transform nations. The soul can make discoveries in planetary spaces and stellar realms. The soul can worship Deity and anticipate eternity. Says Pascal :

“ Man is but a reed, the feeblest in nature ; but he is a thinking reed. The entire universe need not arm itself to crush him. A vapor, a drop of water, suffices. But though the universe should crush him, man would still be nobler than that which slew him, because he would know that he was dying ; while of the advantage which the universe had over him, the universe would know nothing.”

Now, we are accustomed to regard the value of material things which are outside of us, as very great. We speak of the immense worth of precious metals and of precious stones. We imagine that we understand what a high estimate we should place on the air which we breathe, on the light which cheers our eyes, on the water which refreshes our lips, on the soil which lies deep and fertile around us, and on the nourishing products which spring therefrom. But if, in every case of comparison between such things and the soul, there are to be discovered distinctions so surpassingly important in favor of the latter, then we must conclude that the value of the latter immeasurably exceeds that of the former. And this conclusion is fitted to give rise to the belief, that the value of the soul is so great as to be incalculable.

One argument further for the same proposition remains to be considered. It is the argument that consists in the immeasurable extent to which the value of the conscious human self exceeds that of

the conscious self of the most knowing of the vertebrate beings on earth that are other than human. These all are representatives of a kind of soul which, save in point of improvability, is substantially similar to our own. "If I am not mistaken," says Agassiz, "we can trace in all vertebrates mental powers akin to those of man." The creatures which are generally known by the term *animals*, evince sensation and perception, appetite and propensity, desire and affection, memory and will, wonder and curiosity, caution and constructiveness, the power of imitation and the power of profiting by experience. They can anticipate pleasure and they can dread pain. They are capable of anger and hate, of trust and loyalty. The dog (so says an acute contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*) sometimes has a feeling of shame as distinct from fear, and sometimes a feeling very like modesty. A great dog, by its scorn for the snarling of a little dog, shows magnanimity. Dogs and horses give proof in their dreams that they have imagination. The chimpanzee cracks nuts with a stone, and thus exhibits some knowledge of tool-using. The dog, by its action in regard to its bone, and the bird, by its action in regard to its nest, indicate an idea of property.

That the vertebrate beings under consideration are, in a degree, capable of reasoning, is an opinion which, from ancient times, has had able accepters and advocates. Chrysippus, a distinguished Greek philosopher, referring to the logical process whereby a dog determines which one of three ways to take, describes it thus:

"I have traced my master to this place; he must of necessity have gone one of these three ways: he has not gone this way nor that; he must then infallibly have gone this other."

Agassiz maintains that we cannot, without shutting our eyes to the plainest and most unmistakable facts, deny to the more elevated orders of brute-vertebrates "some degree of argumentative power." And he not only attributes to them this, but declares that "in their moral relations they give evidence of a natural sense of right and wrong, as keen, if not as susceptible of higher development, as that which we find in some men."

From what has been advanced, it is to be inferred that the saying quoted by Bayle, *Deus est anima brutorum* ("God is the soul of brutes,") \* is untrue. The instinctive movings of brutes are, in all likelihood, actions to which God's energy spurs them; but surely their conscious self, their soul, is an entity distinct from God. It is also to be inferred that the affirmation of Huxley, that "the only conclusion at which there seems to be any good ground for arriving is, that animals are machines, but that they are conscious machines," is to be regarded as having an insufficient foundation. Unsafe, certainly, for a general rule, is the conscious-machine deduction. There are numerous facts with which it appears to be totally irreconcilable. Plutarch relates of the elephant which King Porus rode in his battle with Alexander the Great, that this beast, when he found his master ready to sink under the darts which had entered his flesh, kneeled down in the softest man-

\* See Addison's Essay on Animal Instinct. (*The Spectator*, No. 121.)

ner to prevent the pierced rider from falling off, and afterward, with his proboscis, gently drew every dart out of his master's body. Could a conscious machine have performed such acts?

The brute-vertebrates (to say what none will deny) have in their kind of soul something which makes them far superior by nature, both to inanimate material forms and to living but impersonal physical organisms. The crystal is striking, but it knows nothing — it is stolid: therefore, in itself considered, it is a thing of lower order than the squirrel, that sagaciously gathers food in autumn whereon to subsist in winter. The flower is beautiful, but it is incapable of perception or of feeling, of recollection or of volition: therefore it is inferior by nature to the bird, which can see and choose, go and come — the bird which has a mental nature in union with its organized physical frame. Any vitalized body that is stirred, and moved, and lighted up by the powers of a soul dwelling in it, as the eagle's soul dwells in the eagle's body, or as the horse's soul dwells in the horse's body, is to be regarded with an interest deeper than that which is due to a mountain or to a tree. For wherever there is such a thing with such another thing in it, there is intrinsic superiority in the scale of being, there is natural ground for a surpassing valuation.

But here let us turn to institute a comparison between the conscious self of the brute-vertebrate and that of man. I will suppose that some highly intelligent representative of beast-souls is made an object of study by the side of some highly intelligent representative of human souls. We contem-

plate the perceptive power revealed by the one, and then the perceptive power revealed by the other. We compare the memory, the imagination, and the will evinced by the one, with the memory, the imagination, and the will evinced by the other. We notice the ingenuity displayed by the one, and then the ingenuity displayed by the other. We take into consideration the reasonings of the one, — those logical processes which at best we find to be only slight, — and then we take into consideration the reasonings of the other, — reasonings proceeding along some extended line of powerful thought and victorious combination. We prosecute the double study yet further. Indeed, we go on comparing till the comparison must end. And what then? We have, as the result, a conviction fadelessly clear and abidingly strong; and it is the conviction that the human soul, since it immeasurably exceeds in improvability the beast-soul, does also immeasurably exceed the same in value. Once in possession of this, the mind needs but a lightning-like moment, to pass from it to the more significant deduction, that *the value of man's soul is so great as to be incalculable.*

## XV.

## THE NEEDLESSNESS OF STATIONARY MEDIOCRITY.

“The soul is a kind of rough diamond which requires art, labor, and time to polish it. For want of which many a good natural genius is lost, or lies unfashioned like a jewel in the mine.”

THE SPECTATOR, No. 554.

THERE has long been rife in the world the erroneous notion, that some persons can afford to pass through life without any special efforts to educate themselves. This notion is a conclusion deduced from certain reasonings which have proceeded from false premises. The fact is well known that human beings are commonly regarded as divisible into the two classes — the *gifted* and the *ungifted*. Mistakes have widely obtained, concerning the real differences existing between the classes thus designated; and it is to them the ill-founded opinion, already mentioned, can be traced. I propose here to offer a plea in behalf of the portion of mankind that bear the disparaging title of *ungifted*. It shall be my aim to show the indefensibleness of that low estimate of ordinary mental endowments wherein the same title had its origin. And I begin by affirming that *no human soul, in possession of the usual thinking faculties, has need to resign itself to a condition of stationary mediocrity*. This thesis is one that can be maintained by irrefutable proofs. The reader's attention is solicited to the argumentative endeavor now to be undertaken in support of it.

What is it to be an incarnated human self, capa-

ble of perceiving, of comparing, of judging. of putting forth volitions, of conveying ideas, of realizing purposes? I answer that it is to be an embodied intelligent entity, outvying in inherent importance all wealth that is merely earthly, and all glory that is wholly material. Men greatly err when they conclude that the innermost substance of humanity, even though it be in its lowest stage of development, is of little worth or of trivial account. The least distinguished human soul is a marvelous creature. Would you call it ungifted? Examine the manifestations which it makes of its hidden nature, and you shall find that it has priceless gifts. Would you almost ascribe to it an inferiority like that of the soul of the brute? Look downward from its innate rank, and notice the distance which yawns between its knowing power and that of the most intelligent specimen of bruteness! Compare the claims to respect which mark the one with those which characterize the other! The former, not the latter, can think in the higher sense of thinking — can reason in the higher sense of reasoning — can improve in the higher sense of improving. The former, not the latter, can discover the existence of Deity — can pray and adore — can keep a Sabbath-day holy — can anticipate a life after death.

The most ill-conditioned man, in any nation of the world, is, in spite of all that can be said to the contrary, a wonderfully significant living being. Survey him and read the evidences of his inherited preëminence! Study the points appertaining to his nature, which from his birth-hour have entitled him to regard! Up from the helplessness of infancy

he has come to the strength of adult years. In youth, he sang and laughed, leaped and sported. As the days of a maturer age passed, like bright pageants, by him, he had feelings which originated in deeper recesses of his soul. He was conscious of expectations which were clouded by disappointments, and of joys which were skirted with sorrows. Having grown to be a man, he found himself able to hold counsel with his own faculties; able to commune with beings of his own race in friendship; able to exercise kindness and gratitude; able to rejoice with those that rejoiced, and to weep with those that wept; able to act the part of an honorable, God-fearing, patriotic, useful mortal. And, in the light of facts like these, how can such a one be deemed the possessor of unimportant capabilities? Is there not in him something which, in its essence, is akin to the mind of Socrates, the mind of Shakespeare, and the mind of Newton? Is there not in him something which, if estimated as "God in Nazareth" estimated every such thing, would be declared to be worth more than all the opulence that shines in palaces and all the diamond emblems that glitter in imperial crowns?

Amid the bustle and the whirl of practical life, men are not apt to set a correct valuation on ordinary souls. They are slow to discern and to acknowledge the native consequence of that substance which is endowed with reflective faculties and intuitional power. Hence a strong prejudice has come to exist against the capabilities of a large proportion of the inhabitants of the world. There are those who are wont to point to the idle, the ignorant, the super-

stitious, and the servile, and, with the confidence of a disdainful pride, to ask, "What right to any estimation whatever have such specimens of inferiority and wretchedness?" But to all who are inclined thus to express themselves, it may be said that, even the lowest, meanest, vilest members of the human race have something inexpressibly valuable in them. The drunkard, wallowing and soaking in the wayside gutter, has that in him which, intrinsically considered, is of more worth than gold or precious stones. The condemned perpetrator of crime, who is awaiting the hour when he must be swung from the gallows, and the wrinkled, faded crone whom vice has blighted and misery has blunted, and whose home is some underground den or some gloomy, leaking hovel, within the city's bounds,—each of these has a soul; and that soul, though it is in a deplorable state, consists in a kind of substance the importance of which exceeds that of the brightest stars in the heavens. There is a sense in which the uncouth tatterdemalion and the listless organ-grinder are owners of real wealth. They have human eyes, ears, and hands, together with a human memory, imagination, reasoning faculty, and conscience. By their eyes they have learned, at least, how to spell the words on a sign-post; and this is more than any of the brute animals can do. By their ears, they have learned, at least, how to distinguish the articulate sounds of a widely-spoken language; and this is something no brute animal ever did. By their hands, they have become able to ply with success, at least, a dozen useful tools; and this is to have gained a greater skill than any beast of the field or

any fowl of the air ever exhibited. By their memory, they have been enabled to store in their minds a myriad weighty facts and truths, and by their imagination to rear many a fair mental form, and by their reasoning faculty to calculate times and distances, to estimate quantities and values, and to draw conclusions from compared propositions, and by their conscience to apprehend immutable moral distinctions,—all which are acts that are almost entirely outside the life-range of the most knowing brute creatures. And is it not clear that what these dependent, dreamy, ill-living human beings need, to break the hold which their beggarly environments have on them, and to raise them to the mental state and the physical level of honored members of society, is the development of their slighted capabilities? They surely need, above all things, to educate themselves.

The reason why some persons can wield no tool higher in rank than a wood-saw or a spade, an ax or a hoe, is not because they are not endowed to do it; it is because they have had no culture fitting them to do it. A similar explanation solves the riddle why so many college graduates, who are to-day wondering at the distinction acquired by persons that have, perhaps, never seen the inside of a college, are, notwithstanding all their fine scholarship, on the plane of mediocrity, and there seemingly content with

“The flat experience of the common man.”

Self-development! this is the great method whereby to secure relief and rescue from slavish conditions.

The devotees of dirt, the plodding peddlers, the lounging hostlers, the groveling vagrants — all can become admirable mortals. That which is adequate to make them such is an educative activity in the better regions of their being. There are thousands of persons who do never more than partly bestir themselves. In certain territories of their mental nature they are either almost or utterly inactive or dormant. Though they go, and come, and see, and hear, and speak, yet one can detect a species of continual slumber, by looking into their expressionless eyes and by listening to their vacant talk. Their nature-soul is awake, but their spirit-soul is asleep. They are *psychically* astir, but are *pneumatically* motionless. What is that that will cure the torpor in which their nobler mental potency is now wrapt and bound? What is that that will give them the use of their unused valuable capabilities? It is self-development.

Wonderful and glorious is the effect which follows when knowledge is received into some neglected province of the soul, and is there appropriated as nutriment. How it stimulates! How it brings into action latent power of mind and of heart! How it causes meanness to depart and majesty to take its place! The beginning of human salvation, in the secular sense as well as in the religious, is the digestion of needful knowledge in the soul. That which can produce a complete reformation on the part of one who has become so degraded as to be an object of contemptuous pity even to the vicious; that which can deliver the most unworthy man or woman on the whole earth, from the track of a shameful career,

and from the liability to a dark and frightful end, is genial and salubrious knowledge, assimilated in regions of the conscious self, where precious capabilities have been lying torpid.

No slavery, by whatever name it may be known, can long maintain its bondage-grip, under the salvatory influence of the right kind of information, so turned to account as to result in self-development. Behold the case of the slave of superstition! He has been nurtured amid scenes of barbaric idolatry. His dearest delight has been realized in paying homage to gods of wood or of stone, of earth or of metal. A good thing has seemed to him to have been done, when some infant has been flung into the throat of a rushing river, with a view to appeasing the wrath of a vengeful deity, or when all the attractions of social life have been exchanged for the dreary seclusion of an ascetic hermit, or when an erring mortal has pierced and mutilated his body by way of doing penance for his sins. But see how he starts toward a new condition of being, and how quickly the chains of his servitude fall from his soul, when truth, such as is suited to work an expansion of his faculties, once becomes lodged in his rational nature! Behold the case of the slave of vice! An evil appetite has been his bane. Intemperance has hatched in his frame and in his mind its brood of woes. He has been cast out of men. The good, when they look on him, are horror-stricken; and the bad, when they pass by him, have a thrill of disgust. But see how he betakes himself toward that which is high and holy, and how he schools his feet to shun the path of abject life, when his con-

scious self is once brought into a process of true growth by well-adapted instruction! And again, behold the case of the slave who crouches in the presence of a human taskmaster! Long has he borne on his back the marks of the lash, and long has he shown in his countenance the degree in which he has been unmanned under the cruelties of arbitrary domination. But see how soon the tenor of his way is changed, how he rises out of his low, cowering tameness, and how he prepares to exchange the condition of a bondman for that of a freeman, when knowledge, fitted to be meat and drink to his dormant capabilities, once begins to result in their development!

Thus it is with all debasing bondages, whether they be physical, intellectual, social, or moral: their sure destroyer is suitable mental food, so assimilated as to give rise to mental stir and expansion. And this goes to prove that the education of a soul of very ordinary endowments is no wasted outlay of attention and foster-care. Be it ever remembered that all men, not excepting the least talented, are capable of high attainments. If a dumb animal can be trained to praiseworthy habits and performances, who will deny that the most unpromising human soul can form a character too excellent to be deemed poor, and too noble to be considered middling? It is certain that the very smallest degree of mental development is a benefit. Better is it to be slightly educated than to be stupidly ignorant; better is it to be a half-scholar than to be a blundering ignoramus. And, furthermore, it may be emphatically said that mental development, with a view to

making the most of one's self, is just as much a duty, as to supply any damaging external deficiency is a duty. The person who is without eyesight, is excusable for not being able to see ; but would he not be pronounced a drowsy drone if he should never seek to make compensation for his lack, by acquiring special aptitudes of touch and of hearing ? And, to apply the illustration, if a person finds he has not inherited any remarkable mental gifts, he will be blameworthy, provided he does not continually and manfully endeavor to supply the want, by cultivating the unremarkable ones which he possesses.

It is indisputable, not only that ordinary men have, by educating themselves, risen above mediocrity, but also that such men, when educated, are generally highly useful and estimable actors in the world. They are living proofs that education tends to make mortals, however commonplace they may be, admirable. In the age when Virgil wrote his poems, there were, all over Italy, men, not numbered in the so-called gifted class, who were well-informed and well-cultivated ; and this fact is, unquestionably, the reason why his *Georgics* proved to be, as they did, the means whereby the whole system of agriculture in that country was reconstructed. Numerous quiet farmers were, then, high-toned scholars. It seems to have been the custom of the mass of people to pay more regard to intellectual pleasures than to mere animal enjoyments. Obscure towns and remote rural districts were blessed with the steady presence of persons of superior intelligence and merit, who were, perhaps, entirely unknown to the heralds of historic fame. Men that

were doubtless regarded as ungifted had a trained sense of propriety, and a refined feeling as to personal honor, which would not let them submit to incivilities from such as were publicly recognized as gifted. An evidence of the correctness of this statement may be found in the instance of Scipio Nasica, who, being a candidate for the office of an edile (a representative of a species of Roman magistral authority), took a plain countryman one day by the hand, and, finding it somewhat toil-hardened, accosted him with the rude question, "Prithee, friend, do you walk on your hands?" The result was that the farmer, deeming that his dignity as a man and as a citizen had been infringed, made complaint to the people, and Scipio failed to secure the edileship.

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## XVI.

### SELF-DISRESPECT, AND WHAT COMES OF IT.

"It is rarely that men have respect and reverence enough for themselves."

QUINTILIAN.

"There is nothing so handsome and lawful as well and duly to play the man; nor science so hard as well to know how to live this life; and of all the infirmities we have, 'tis the most savage to despise our being."

MONTAIGNE, *Essays*, Book III., Chap. XIII.

THE SOUL is liable to enter into states in which it will come to have a habit of rating itself low. Numerous, in all periods of history, have been they that were so modest as to have no faith in them-

selves, and they that were so ashamed as to look with a continual derision on themselves. There are two kinds of self-disrespect. One of them is implied in that cringing diffidence which proceeds from the constant imputation to one's self of inferiority ; the other is implied in that remorse which is inseparable from the consciousness of guilt. These both, in all instances in which they are habitual, war sadly against the soul's well-being. They shall be discussed in the order in which they have been mentioned.

Persons who are cringingly diffident are wont to receive but little esteem from others. Timothy Titcomb calls them "shying people ;" and he declares that an individual of this class is sure to be shunned at last, and that he will well deserve his fate. In the sight of others we are usually what we are in our own sight. If one accounts himself a fool or a coward, others will speedily learn to account him likewise. Under-estimate yourself, and the inevitable consequence will be that those who are around you will under-estimate you. This is one of the lessons illustrated by the ten Jewish spies, who, having accomplished their retreat from the land of Canaan, said to Moses :

"And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak which come of the giants ; and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight."

It is easy to tell what would have been the result, had Napoleon, while conducting his grenadiers over the bridge at Lodi, or had General Grant, while making the bloody march through the Virginia wilderness, concluded that he was incompetent to com-

mand an army in a time of great peril. The staff-officers and the division leaders, together with the whole host of the rank and file, in either case, would very soon have arrived at the same conclusion, and have acted accordingly. See how it was with Alexander the Great! He had set out to meet and to conquer the Persians and their king Darius; and he had crossed the Hellespont, and had come to the Granicus. His subalterns raised the question whether the latter stream could be safely crossed by his troops through the waters. Parmenio remonstrated against making the attempt. Alexander replied: "The Hellespont would blush if, after crossing it, I should be afraid of the Granicus." Then, dashing with thirteen brave horsemen into the river, he advanced to encounter the enemy on its opposite bank. The rest of his army promptly followed him. Why should they not have done so? Is it not ever the truth, that when one is discovered to believe in his own ability to do a thing, others quickly learn to believe in it, too?

If one will be as an eagle or as a lion in his own sight, he will be as an eagle or as a lion in the sight of others; and if one will be only as a grasshopper in his own sight, he should not be surprised to find himself to be only as a grasshopper in the sight of others. We are, to a great extent, responsible for the manner in which our fellow-mortals rate us; for they are wont to adopt what they perceive to be our own manner of rating ourselves. If we feel that our nature is of goodly extraction, that we were made for no mean place among men, and that we cannot afford to sell at any price our birthright to fine in-

spirations and noble acquirements, then we will hardly fail to impress those whom we daily meet with a style and a force of character, which will cause them to take us to be just what we feel that we are, and to award us favor and honor. People cannot but have respect for one who respects himself. Such a one will so influence others as to make their antipathies or prejudices toward him, if they have any, gradually dwindle, and finally fail. But if a person habitually adjudges himself to be weak and inferior, or incapacitated and worthless, he will be similarly adjudged by those who share in his society.

Self-rating has much to do both with self-making and with self-unmaking. There results from it either an ardent desire of superiority or a settled servility of soul; either the heroic unrest of one bent on realizing high possibilities, or the sickly content of a stagnating conservative. Become accustomed to respect yourself, and you will have fulfilled an important requisite to success; become accustomed to disrespect yourself, and you will have got ready for miscarriage and defeat. Caleb and Joshua, Miltiades and Marius, and all the other great souls that have lived, grew to their greatness — how? Certainly not by counting themselves cheap, and aiming at low marks. Where is he that, in whatever circumstances his lot may be cast, is to prove “a slave by his own compulsion”? Where is he that is to show himself a superficial time-server, always seeking to be numbered with some majority? Where is he that is to be a dependent imitator, constantly devoted to the customary and the fashionable, and

never daring to manufacture an opinion, or to institute a mode for himself? And where is he that, out of all the contests in which he may choose to engage, is to emerge stigmatized as a cowardly capitulator, or satirized as one better qualified for flight or retreat than for winning a victory? Answer: they each belong to the class that have become used to setting a mean estimate on themselves. O fellow-soul, whosoever thou art, look not down on thyself! Up, and perceive what thou canst be! Why shouldst thou consent to remain plebeian and dim? I bid thee triumph over thy self-disrespect, and become fine and crystalline! I bid even him who herds with the coarse and tough populace, to remember that (as Ruskin teaches) street-mud contains clay which can become a sapphire, sand which can become an opal, soot which can become a diamond, and water which can become a star; and that as with those rude ingredients, so with the souls of the street-crowd!

The other species of self-disrespect — that which is implied in the remorse inseparable from the consciousness of guilt — will now receive attention. This, be it understood, is entirely distinct from that dissatisfaction with self which is connected with penitential humiliation, with mournful regret for some mistake, omission, or failure, or with “despair for some public disgrace.” Lucretia, when her virgin virtue had by force been violated, stabbed herself, but not because she was remorseful. Apollonius Rhodius, when he had badly recited certain specimens of his poetry, banished himself from his country and

his friends, but not because he was influenced by remorse. Sophocles, when one of his tragedies had been hissed off the stage, killed himself (so it is written), but not because remorse had taken possession of him. Aristotle, when he found himself baffled in his attempts to explain the motion of the sea between Eubœa and Bœotia, drowned himself (so it is recorded), but not because there was remorse in his heart. Would you know what painful self-dissatisfaction one can have, without any feeling of remorse? Read, then, the words of Marshal de Montluc. His son, whose virtuous character he admired, and for whom he had a deep and strong affection, had died on the island of Madeira; and he was sorrow-stricken because he had not been familiar enough with that son, to let him know how he prized his excellence, and how he loved him. Said he :

“The poor boy never saw in me other than a stern and disdainful countenance, and is gone in a belief that I neither knew how to love nor to esteem him according to his desert. For whom did I reserve the discovery of that singular affection I had for him in my soul? Was it not he himself who ought to have had all the pleasure of it, and all the obligation? I forced and wracked myself to put on and maintain this vain disguise, and have by that means deprived myself of the pleasure of his conversation, and, I doubt, in some measure, of his affection; which could not but be very cold toward me, having never other from me than austerity; nor felt other than a tyrannical manner of proceeding.” \*

Certain it is, then, that a person can be ruefully self-dissatisfied, without being remorsefully self-disrespectful. He who accuses himself in affectionate grief, has one feeling; he who derides himself in

\* See *Montaigne's Essays*, Book II., Chap. VIII.

view of his deep-dyed and continuing turpitude, has quite another feeling. He who goes crestfallen with chagrin, has one sort of experience; he who goes slinking with compunction as if he would flee from his own conscience, has quite another sort of experience. There is a gnawing pain which unmans a man, as does nothing else. Only wrong-doers have it, and it obliges them to scorn themselves. Cain was made by it to take to fugacity and vagabondage. Charles the Ninth was made by it, when he died, to grin and gibber at his own horrible heart. Shakespeare tells some thrilling episodes of Macbeth, who was so affected by it, that, thinking he saw at a banquet which he gave, the ghost of Banquo, whose murder he had procured, he exclaimed :

“Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!  
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with.”

Take, here, a glance at the case of Herod. He had been summoned to Rome to answer charges which had been presented to the imperial government against him. Before his departure, being passionately fond of his wife Mariamne, and intensely averse to the thought of her marrying in the event of his condemnation some one else, he constrained Joseph, the Jew whom he had appointed to direct public affairs in his absence, to promise under oath to kill Mariamne, if he himself should be sentenced to die. She, being informed of this by Joseph, became, as was but natural, incurably set against her base husband. He was acquitted. On his return, finding himself an object of scorn to her, and learning that

she had been made acquainted with the promise exacted from Joseph, he put Joseph to death, and threw Alexandra, his wife's mother, into prison. Afterward, he contrived to have Mariamne arraigned, convicted, and executed. Then began in him a remorse such as few mortals have ever felt. He tried, by having recourse to dissipating indulgence, and to various acts of violence and cruelty, to drive her image from his soul; but in vain were his efforts to effect its banishment. The remembrance of her beauty constantly harrowed and roused the foul depths of his nature. He often called aloud to her. At intervals, he flew away into solitude, as if he could prevail on lonely rocks and woods to relieve him of her memory. After returning from the haunts where he had unavailingly lingered in seclusion, his malignant spirit, more disturbed than ever by the consciousness of guilt, was wont to break forth in wild displays of bestial fierceness and of demon-like frenzy. It was as if the recording angel had said to him :

“There are shades which will not vanish,  
 There are thoughts thou canst not banish;  
 By a power to thee unknown,  
 Thou canst never be alone;  
 Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,  
 Thou art gathered in a cloud;  
 And forever shalt thou dwell  
 In the spirit of this spell.”

Take next a glance at the analogous yet more horrible case of the Roman emperor, Caligula.\* Conceive him as moving amid the rich, brilliant, and

\* Some account of his career is given in the last chapter of this book.

variegated scenes of a magnificent palace ; and imagine him as wearing smiles on his countenance, and as sending out echoes of laughter from his lips ! But what meanwhile was the experience within him ? Let the words of Suetonius be an answer :

“But above all he was tormented with nervous irritation, by sleeplessness ; for he enjoyed not more than three hours of nocturnal repose, nor even these in pure, untroubled rest, but agitated by phantasmata of portentous augury ; as, for example, on one occasion he fancied he saw the sea, under some definite impersonation, conversing with himself. Hence it was, and from this incapacity of sleeping, and from weariness of lying awake, that he had fallen into habits of ranging all the night long through the palace, sometimes throwing himself on a couch, sometimes wandering along the vast corridors, watching for the earliest dawn, and anxiously invoking its approach.”

In his Boston lectures, Joseph Cook speaks of a state of the soul in which it has to hear the laughter of itself at itself. “It results,” he remarks, “from the very nature of things, that those who do that for which they cannot forgive themselves, never cease to hear the laughter of the soul at itself.” That to which he refers, is what I mean by the self-disrespect of a guilty soul conscious of its guilt.

Let us examine this matter to the core.

The lesson is taught not only in the Scriptures but also in the every-day history of humanity, that the righteous rejoice, while the wicked are ashamed. The former, as they tread the course of life, are usually buoyant and songful ; the latter, as they travel the same course, are usually depressed in spirit, and destitute of musical gladness. However men may differ concerning doctrines and dogmas, they universally agree in the belief, that along with

virtue and piety there goes a high and serene confidence, while their opposites, vice and irreligion, are accompanied by a disquieting and emasculating sense of condemnation. The wrong-doer, it is true, has seasons of delight. "Who ever saw," says Chrysostom, "a covetous man troubled in mind when he is telling of his money, an adulterer mourn with his mistress in his arms?" Those creatures of vanity and deceit, waywardness and extravagance, who flit about now in silk and now again in satin, at one time in scarlet and at another time in velvet, and who worship not God but Fashion, have their emotions of pleasure and their thrills of glee. Lemnius does, indeed, aver that the guilty, even in their greatest delights, their singing, their dancing, and their dalliance, are "tortured in their souls;" but the saying is applicable only to rare instances. Generally, the torture, the gnawing pain, the remorse of such persons, is felt not in their delights, but after them. This point, however, is not the paramount one. The consideration of most moment is the fact that they *are* remorse-disturbed and ashamed. Wickedness invariably produces guilt, guilt gives rise to remorse, and remorse and shame go together, and are inimical to human welfare. These two last were originally so wedded as to make their divorcement impossible. The fittest emblem of a guilty soul seems to be a plant, which, by reason of having something corrosive at its roots, is unthriving and limp-leaved. Who has ever trampled on the principles of purity and rectitude, without becoming the cowed and quailing object of his own derision? Who has ever bowed himself again and

again to the foul waters of sin, and lapped them up, without making self-disrespect a deplorable habit of his being?

There is no one who has not learned by experience the nature of that scorn for one's self, that base shame, which has its more remote origin in willful transgression. Look back along the path of your past life, wherein you made so many footsteps which you have had to lament, and mark the time when you committed the sin that consists in telling a lie. What were the effects on yourself of that wrong act? Were there not among them a sense of ill-desert, a cowardly uneasiness, and an intense self-loathing? Did you not feel as if you had been suddenly let down to a despicable level? To tell a lie is to render one's self the wretched recipient of his own withering reproaches. He who has ever got by any test-point in the course of his life, by dropping from his lips a big round falsehood or a little two-penny one, did doubtless, in the next hour, find his soul almost completely shorn of courage, and himself ready to pocket insults with the utmost tameness and submission. Tell a real lie outright and designedly, and you will have a moral sickness that will be far worse than any possible gastric nausea. You will be disqualified for the maintenance of a manly bearing. Your best strength will desert you, and you will skulk in the broad daylight. Indeed, you will seem to yourself fit only to walk the earth, a slave of slaves and a keeper of swine.

Now, from the unmanning shame which results from the guilt incurred by lying, one can form some idea of the degree of similar shame which springs

from the guilt incurred by any sin of more atrocious character. He may even gather a sufficient basis of thought, to enable him to imagine that dreadful self-disrespect which must have existed on the part of Haman, and of Nero, and of Benedict Arnold. Think of Theodoric, that Gothic king, who, because he had murdered Symmachus and Boethius, was wont to shrink with terror from such a small sight as a fish-head ! Think of Richard the Third, who, because he had established himself in the throne at the cost of staining his way thereto with the blood of several of his near kindred, felt ever a secret agony which told itself in his dreams ! All intelligent persons have read the story of him who was once numbered with Christ's disciples, and who lost his discipleship by his iniquitous acts. It is well known how he surrendered himself to his lust for money, and how he let himself be hired to print a traitor's kiss on the most sacred face that had ever beamed on the world. And what was the full measure of his shame ? What was the sum of his self-disrespect ? Who can express it in words ? O think of him as fleeing from the haunts of men, and, with his soul rendered life-weary under its own mad derision toward itself, as seeking relief in suicide ! Should a person, at some still hour of the night, go stealthily to his neighbor's house and set fire to it, and immediately begin to retrace his steps — what then ? Though no unnatural darkness would enshroud his way, yet all things he would meet or pass would seem to him to look strangely dismal ; though the earth beneath his feet would show no discomposure, yet he would almost conceive it to be opening its

long-shut jaws to swallow him up; and though the rocks, standing out in his vista, would be as they had been, yet to his shame-stricken soul they would seem as if just ready to fly in pieces, and to shiver him to atoms with their scornful fragments.

The gratification of wrong appetites, desires, or passions, results in an unmistakable let-down and impairment of the soul, whereof the soul itself cannot but be sufficiently aware to disrespect itself. He who continually incurs guilt has his hopes. One of them is, perhaps, the hope that there will be time enough for moral renewal and amendment in old age, or, at least, before the last sickness shall have finished its desolating work on the vital energies of the frame. Another, it may be, is the hope of annihilation. But what shall be said of hopes such as these? Surely, they excite no ennobling emotions. They give no uplift to thought. They are associated with no beautiful ideals of future attainment. They are hopes that signify an inward degradation. The same person has his fears. But they lead toward nothing good. They are not of the kind that serve as motives to a wholesome change of action or of drift. They are followed by no repentant disposition, no reformatory strife. They make the subject of them shrink, and grovel, and tremble, and quake. They cause him to turn with pallid face from every exhibition of divine majesty. They are unholy fears. They are remorseful fears. They are fears that signify an inward degradation. That person has also (according to what is said on a previous page) his delights. While devoting himself to selfish ends, he finds a sort of gladness, and is doubtless often dis-

posed to say, "How sweet it is to go the way wherein carnal inclination can have its longed-for indulgence! How sweet to spend the day or the night, without minding any nice questions about right and wrong, responsibility and destiny, eternity and God!" But, admitting that he does experience delights, one may well ask how much are they really worth? Are they fine and healthful felicities? Do they truly refresh both the outer and the inner man? These are questions which can be readily answered. Unquestionably, some of them are enjoyments which are genuine, rich, and productive of good results. But most of them are delusive pleasures, which encourage evil proclivities. Most of them are pleasures that signify an inward degradation. And of the disrespect for one's self which goes with that degradation, what need is there to say more? I add but this: He in whom it has become habitual, exemplifies, in a sad sense, the meaning of the words of Seneca, *In divitiis inopes, quod genus egestatis gravissimum est*, — "Poor in the midst of riches, which is the most insupportable kind of poverty."



## A PRINCELY POSSESSION.



“O well for him whose will is strong!  
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;  
He suffers, but he will not suffer wrong:  
For him nor moves the loud world’s random mock,  
Nor all Calamity’s hugest waves confound,  
Who seems a promontory of rock,  
That, compassed round with turbulent sound,  
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,  
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crowned.”

TENNYSON.



### CHAPTER III.

## THE IMPELLING CAPABILITY; OR, THE POWER OF PUSH.

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### I.

THAT WHENCE SPRINGS ALL TRUE PERSEVERANCE.

“He appeared to aim at pushing away from him everything that did hang upon his individual will.”

GOETHE, *Wilhelm Meister*, Book VI.

“There is a Socratic courage which converts all Xanthippean shower-baths into refreshing rain; there is a hero-mood that breaks the chains it finds too heavy to be borne.”

MISS BREMER.

“O how I like those words, ‘I can,’ and ‘I will’!”

DR. EDWARD THOMSON,

*Essay entitled The Conflicts of Mind.*

A CERTAIN capability of the soul there is, without which human effort could in no case be heroic, and human life would in all cases be a failure. It is the capability that impels one onward, and holds him to his course, till his enlisted energies have gained the goal which is sometimes called triumph, but more often called success. Men refer to it when they use the words *force of will*, and also when they employ the compound term, *will-power*. They usually designate it by the simple name, *will*. It is what bore

up and urged on the soul of Samuel Johnson, during the seven years' lonely toil which resulted in his monumental dictionary. It is what enabled Tous-saint L'Ouverture to have that practical invincibility which won for him the encomium, "This man makes an opening everywhere." There was a celebrated English preacher of the last century, who quite strikingly exemplified it. I mean him who, when asked how he had patience to chide a block-head twenty times for profanity, answered that if he had done it but nineteen times he would have failed of his object. Its most noticeable effect is mentioned by Shakespeare, in that place where he attributes to one of his characters the words :

"Perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honor bright."

Milton hints at the same, in the sinewy line :

"Still bear up, and steer right onward."

And Jean Paul alludes to it (or rather to what it is in the case of a certain typical style of manhood) when he says: "What often seems vengeance is merely the determined, soldier-like tread wherewith a man who can never flee and fear, but only knows how to advance and stand his ground, tramples down larks' eggs and ears of corn." That capability is, forsooth, the hidden spur whereby is to be explained all noble continuity in exertion, all that unrelaxing persistence in pursuit, which is suggested by the phrase, *pressing forward*, or by the kindred phrase, *pushing onward*. Accordingly, there seems to be perfect propriety in terming it THE POWER OF

PUSH. By this title is expressed the entire sense of every other designation which has been employed to denote the capability; and besides, it is much better fitted than any other to convey a vivid idea of what the capability practically effectuates.

The Power of Push is, at bottom, identical with the will. Hence, in some degree of development, it is in every soul, and has a just claim to be included in the Great Fortune of Humanity. In cases wherein it is manifested as a prominent and distinguishing characteristic, it is the will in a form or state in which it has an uncommon strength, constancy, and effectiveness. To illustrate the Power of Push, will, therefore, be to elucidate possibilities which appertain to the will. When I read in Holland's *Kathrina* the words,

“For fiends of water, and earth, and fire,  
Are baffled and beaten by the ire  
Of a dauntless human will,”

I know that by “a dauntless human will” he meant just what I shall mean, if I shall anywhere on these pages speak of a dauntless *power of push*.

Throughout the present chapter, the important capability here occupying attention is to be viewed almost solely in its relation to perseverance in effort, and the results thereof; but, in the last chapter, it will be examined in some other interesting relations. Moreover, throughout the present chapter, it is to be discussed in a manner spontaneous and free, and for the most part unmarked by any rigid conformity to method; whereas, in the last one, it will receive

a treatment involving a degree of systematism and a measure of particularity.

In all ages, it has been a problem how to rise above the level of that in character or in performance which is almost nothing, to the level of that which is decidedly something. Now, there is a plain rule for solving it, and it is this: The Power of Push must be so developed and trained, that, acting with other educated and disciplined faculties, it will move the individual out of the company of the seeming ciphers of the world, and impel him on through difficulties and over obstacles, from one elevated and honorable goal of joyful realization to another. This capability may be described as the mental locomotive which enables one to ascend the rugged incline that leads to shining attainment. Its might differs from that of the railway locomotive, since the former is personal, while the latter is impersonal. As to mode of operation, also, there is a difference; for in the one case, the might which produces the onward movement acts in the rear, in the other case it acts in front. In the one case it is a *pushing* force, in the other a tractive or drawing force.

Immense is the meaning which lies wrapped up in the old proverb, "Where there's a will, there's a way." Why does progress ever take place in science or in art? Why is business ever marked by a wholesome quickening or a splendid expansion? Here is the answer: Because there are souls that form fresh and broad purposes, and that, as soon as they have formed them, are moved by the Power of

Push to accomplish them. Alexander the Great, had he not possessed an indomitable will, could never have conquered, in such manner as he did, the world; for he could never, even if he had undertaken to gain that end, have persevered till he had reached it. What a will was that which pushed to success the genius of Themistocles! One day, having discovered a number of brilliant bracelets and chains of gold glittering on some dead bodies cast up by the sea, he said to another, "Take these things for yourself, for you are not Themistocles;" then, turning his face away from the rich ornaments, he went on to attain some higher height of fame. John Sebastian Bach, after he had risen to his enviable distinction as an organist, said: "I was industrious; whoever will be equally sedulous will be equally successful." But in these words he told only a part of the secret. Certainly, to succeed as he did, one must have an impelling capability equal to his in lasting vigor and brave tenacity. Thoreau says:

"What a wedge, what a beetle, what a catapult, is an earnest man! What can resist him?"

He doubtless meant by "an earnest man," a man who is in earnest, not merely in wish but in will. Such a one, be he whosoever he may, will prove to be, in a sense, irresistible. What could resist Napoleon the First—what but Providence? Visionary in any other man (remarks Bushnell) would have been his vast and daring plans; but, "with him, every vision flew out of his brain a chariot of iron." Yea, and when it went forth therefrom, it went in the direction he had intended it should take,

for it was moved by a will which was a kind of magnificent driving engine.

“‘I cannot do it,’” says Hawes, “never accomplished anything; ‘I will try’ has wrought wonders.” Let not honor, in cases of triumphant genius, be paid to genius alone. Let it also be paid to the Power of Push, that without which genius could scarcely do more than perform spasmodic and extravagant efforts. “The man,” says William Arthur, “who has genius without perseverance, may run the career of a rocket, but can never be a star; . . . he that has genius and perseverance will be the sun of his own system.” The truth is, genius, unless steadied and impelled by a well-trained will, is wayward, fickle, and wild. Jean Paul, speaking of the love which genius gives, represents it as “that alternation of flying heat and flying cold, that fire which, like the electric, always twice destroys — in the stroke and in the rebound.” There have surely been numerous instances that have afforded some ground for such a representation. Genius, when it is in love, seems to be unregulated by the will, just as thought, in time of dreaming, is unregulated thereby. Gilfillan, pointing out the extent to which they who have genius and who exercise it, ever depend for consistent action and for admirable efficiency on a strong impelling capability, says:

“Men of genius fluctuate like the wide, uncertain ocean; men of will pass on and pierce it with an iron prow.”

When one in whom the Power of Push is potent, speaks, his voice, though it be of quiet tone, has a

sound which secures attention; and his words, though they be few, have a terseness which commands respect. But when one who has a weak will speaks, his utterance is either unheeded, or is taken as the sign of a cowering and subservient soul. "Servitude," says Cicero, "is the obedience of a subdued and abject mind wanting its own free will." How many there are who are in this condition, yet who would declare themselves to be not in it! Some persons could in no event be made slaves to others. If Julius Cæsar had been put in chains, would he not have been a master in them? How was it with Joseph, that sublime son of Jacob, when, on account of Potiphar's wife's lies, he was confined in Pharaoh's state-prison? Did he not show that, if he must be a prisoner, he could only be a masterful one? Diogenes Laertius tells of Anaxarchus, a Greek philosopher, such a story as this: that when, by the order of the tyrant Nicocreon, he was put into a stone mortar and pounded with iron mallets, he exclaimed again and again:

"Strike, batter; 'tis not Anaxarchus, 'tis but his sheath that you pound."

Of what avail thus to bruise and break that body? Blows of tyranny could no more reduce the man himself, who was in it, to a truckling underling, than Xerxes' lash-strokes could humiliate the might of the sea. But it must be averred that there are ten thousand men who, unlike the irrepressible souls that I have named, are much of the time cowed and servile mortals, ready to be domineered over. They have nominal liberty; but they have not, and

will not have, will-power enough to render them unsubject, unconquerable freemen. "Servitude," says Seneca, "seizes on few ; but many seize on her."

The ancient Greeks honored the Power of Push, by conceiving it as a person, and by attributing to the personal image of it which they formed, the dignity of a father and king of gods and men. What was their supreme deity, Zeus, but an ideal representative of force of will? The outline of his history, as related in pagan mythology, is simply this: He was the son of Saturn and Rhea, and was born and bred on Mount Ida, in Crete. When he had grown up he dethroned his father, and divided between himself and his brothers his father's kingdom. He chose for his empire the earth and the air. He waged a war with the giants, that were the sons of Titan and the earth; and having, with his great weapon, the lightning, overcome them, he imprisoned them under the waters and the mountains. The immense benefits he conferred on mankind resulted in his being called *Zeus-Pater*, or Jupiter, (i. e., Zeus-Father,) and in his being made a recipient of divine honors. He was celebrated as the father of the Muses and the Graces; of Mercury, the god of eloquence and commerce; and of Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, war, and the liberal arts. It was the custom to describe him as the compeller of the clouds (*Nephelegeretes*) and the dispenser of their contents, and as holding the lightning in one hand and a scepter in the other. There was attributed to him sometimes a look of calmness and benignity, and sometimes a look of agitation

and anger. By the artists of old he was invariably represented with majestic hair, eyebrows, and beard. By ancient poets he was depicted as the monarch-thunderer among the gods of Mount Olympus. Whenever he did but give his nod (so Homer assures us),

“High heaven with trembling the dread signal took,  
And all Olympus to the center shook.”

Now the entire foregoing account is in harmony with the supposition, nay, with the belief, that the god Zeus, or Jupiter, was an ideal being, framed by the Greeks on a clear idea of the potency of a great will. Not as one consummately righteous and good, did those Greeks regard him. In the circle of domesticity, as well as in other circles, he had his times of ill-humor and unwisdom. But he was, in their view, always consummately superior in power. He could inflict punishment by letting loose furious flames accompanied by thunder-sounds. The tallest trees of the forest could be quickly overthrown by him. He could sit on the clouds, and make them shed refreshing showers of rain, or yield ruinous outbursts of hail. He it was that delivered the Cyclops from the fetters with which Saturn had bound them. He it was that emancipated the hundred-armed Uranids. The inhabitants of Libya worshiped him under the form of a ram. And this they did, doubtless, on account of the fitness they thought there was in choosing that animal as a symbol of the impelling strength which they conceived Zeus, or Jupiter, to possess. Is it not, then, on the whole, quite evident that he was none other than a human will apotheosized?

In the later ages, mortals have withheld themselves from deifying the Power of Push. They have not, however, failed to acknowledge its importance by honoring those who have been impressive instances of it. All over the world, a profound reverence is paid to the names of men that have persevered through great difficulties and over great obstacles to great successes. Among such names is that of Columbus, that of Luther, that of John Knox, that of Wellington, that of Washington, that of Franklin, that of Daniel Webster, that of Sherman, that of Grant, that of Moltke.

Some eminent contemplatists have set so high an estimate on the Power of Push, as even to think it to be that which constitutes the human personality. "The will," says Swedenborg, "is the very essential constituent of man." And, in another place, he avers yet more distinctly, "The will is the man himself." Novalis says, "A character is a completely-fashioned will." And Coleridge, in a conversation with Emerson at Highgate, London, 1833, said: "The will is that by which a person is a person; because if one should push me in the street, and so I should force the man next me into the kennel, I should at once exclaim, 'I did not do it, sir,' meaning it was not my will." \*

Start a hoop along the ground, and continually

\* This opinion respecting the will, notwithstanding the fact that it was advanced by so acute a thinker as Coleridge, cannot well be adopted. The real person is the self-knowing substance, and the will is one of the properties of that substance. If not so, then it must be maintained that all the cognitive faculties — perception, memory, imagination, &c. — are properties and faculties of the will, — a position one cannot easily conceive to be tenable.

apply to it the force of the hand, and it will continually make progress ; withdraw from it the force of the hand, and it will quickly stop and fall. Now, the Power of Push holds, in any path of endeavor, the same relation to human achievement that the force of the hand, in the case mentioned, holds to the progress of the hoop. There are hundreds of mortals who, like an unurged hoop, have stopped and fallen, because, in an evil hour, their impelling capability slackened and dwindled, leaving them to lapse into the unmanning embrace of appetite, of passion, of immoderate grief, or of dreamy indolence. When the Power of Push ceases to be effective in a man, the power of stagnation enters into him. Better is it to be extravagantly intense, with a vigorous will behind the eye, as is usually the case with unflinching fanatics, than to sink into worthlessness for want of vigor of will. It is related of Sarah, the Duchess of Marlborough, whose impelling capability was almost the only characteristic that entitled her to respect, that at one time, when she was suffering from a fit of illness, and was apparently so feeble she could neither speak nor recognize impressions made on her senses, she heard her physician say to the attendants at her bedside, "She must be blistered or she will die ;" whereupon she started, like a lightning-flash, from her lethargy, and in an ugly, spiteful tone of voice exclaimed, "I won't be blistered, and I won't die !" And, notwithstanding the precariousness of her condition, she fulfilled the fiery promise which went forth from her pallid lips.

## II.

A COMPARISON, AS TO THE IMPELLING CAPABILITY,  
BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND THE AMERICANS.

“The people have that nervous-bilious temperament which is known by medical men to resist every means employed to make its possessor subservient to the will of others.”

EMERSON, *English Traits*, p. 83.

“Them we know, the high-souled, natural, unaffected, the citizen heroes.”

EDWARD EVERETT.

AS A PEOPLE, the English may be said to exemplify a customary pushing force of mind, or, in other words, a qualification for perseverance, which is specially noteworthy. In them the will is a stout, strenuous faculty, which causes them to evince a sedate patience in doing, and an iron sternness in daring. Whatever their hand findeth to do, they do it with their might; for they do it with true will-power, and this is their might. How slow they are to think it possible for them to fail! They always expect success, because they invariably give the “par of exchange” for it. It cannot well be doubted that they have inherited from ancestral sources peculiarities of natural constitution, which greatly promote on their part the development of the impelling capability. Their blood is strongly fertilizing. It flows through their frames a vigorous stream, wherein commingle properties which have come down from far-off springs, and which are exactly fitted to feed the energies and to sustain the temperament most conducive to the acquisition of will-power. Furthest back were those aborigines of the island, the Celts.

They were sturdy producers, and "had an alphabet, astronomy, priestly culture, and a sublime creed." Their religion was Druidism. The Belgic Goths, a hardy people whose progenitors were from Scythia in Asia, entered the island from Gaul, and drove the Celts before them. It is reasonable to suppose that, in process of time, there was some commingling of Celtic with Gothic blood. When Julius Cæsar, fifty-five years before the birth of Christ, came with an army to conquer the Britons, he found them divided into confederacies which, according to Tacitus, were "powerful nations." Strabo, speaking of their personal characteristics at that period, describes them as having so high a stature that many of their young men were "half a foot taller than the tallest men." They were marked by honesty, dignity, and individuality. Cæsar had but moderate success in his attempts to subjugate them, and would by no means have succeeded as well as he did, had they not, by reason of lack of military discipline, fought each by himself rather than unitedly. In the days of Claudius, one of their chiefs, whose name was Carac-tacus, was captured and carried to Rome as a prisoner. Being brought before the throne, he appeared so undaunted and majestic, that the emperor was moved to order his fetters to be struck off, and him and his family to be treated with unusual attention. In the fifth century, the powerful Saxons, Angles, and Jutes, going forth from Germany, invaded the land, and established themselves in it. To know what they were, one may study the careers of the brothers Hengist and Horsa, of Cerdic and his son Kenric, of Egbert and Ethered, of Alfred the Great and

Edward the Elder. In the eighth century, the Danes and the Normans (or Northmen) swarmed into Britain from the shores of the Baltic, and occupied certain parts of the country. And to know what they were, one may study the careers of Swein and Olave, Canute and Harold. The appellation England (*Anglia*) resulted from the predominant influence of the Angles in the island; and the title "Anglo-Saxon," which, according to Trench, originated before the name *Anglia*, shows that the most powerful of the ancestors from whom descended the English of this day, were the Angles, and the next most powerful of them the Saxons.

The English are an ungarrulous, serious people. With a silent, deliberate firmness, they go right on in their way. Madame de Staël, speaking of them, says :

"Happy the country where the authors are melancholy, the merchants satisfied, the rich gloomy, and where the middling class of people are contented !"

But see some of the things which are said of them by Emerson, in his noble book entitled *English Traits*.

They have sound bodies, and supreme endurance in war and in labor. They are rather manly than warlike. They delight in the antagonism which combines in one person the extremes of courage and tenderness. They walk and ride as fast as they can, with their head bent forward, as if urged on some pressing affair. The English game is main force to main force, the planting of foot to foot, fair play and open field,—a rough tug without trick or dodging,—till one or both come to pieces. Their mind is

not dazzled by its own means, but locked and bolted to results. They are bound to see their measure carried, and stick to it through ages of defeat. They are heavy at the fine arts, but adroit at the coarse. The Frenchman invented the ruffle, the Englishman added the shirt. They have impressed their directness and practical habit on modern civilization. Their drowsy minds need to be flagellated by war, and trade, and politics, and persecution. They attempt no more work than they do. They would rather not do anything at all, than not do it well. If all the wealth in the planet should perish by war or deluge, they know themselves competent to replace it. The very felons have their pride in each other's English stanchness. The Englishman is he of all men who stands firmest in his shoes. He has stamina; he can take the initiative in emergencies. He is never betrayed into any curiosity or unbecoming emotion. A Frenchman may possibly be clean, an Englishman is conscientiously clean. They hate innovation. They avoid pretension, and go right to the heart of the thing. They like a man committed to his objects. In mixed company they shut their mouths. They are headstrong believers and defenders of their opinion. They have extreme difficulty to run away, and will die game. They stoutly carry into every nook and corner of the earth their turbulent sense, leaving no lie uncontradicted, no pretension unexamined. More intellectual than other races, when they live with other races they do not take their language, but bestow their own. They assimilate other races to themselves, and are not assimilated. No nation was ever so rich in able

men. They are capable of a sublime resolution. They have a steady courage that fits them for great attempts and endurance. They take hold of things by the right end, and there is no slipperiness in their grasp.

Interesting is it to notice how the English are spoken of by some of their own representative men. "As for my part," says one of the contributors to *The Spectator*, "I am as much surprised when I see a talkative Englishman, as I should be to see the Indian pine growing on one of our quickset hedges." Addison says:

"To favor our natural taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our thoughts, we do it in the shortest way we are able."

And he avers that it is on account of this that the English language abounds as it does in monosyllables; that in so many of its words which are of Latin origin, the length of the syllables is contracted by rapidity of pronunciation; that such words as 'drowned' and 'arrived' are shortened into 'drown'd' and 'arriv'd'; that the termination 's' is, in numerous cases, substituted for that of 'eth'; that the letter 's' is, on many occasions, used at the end of words as an equivalent for 'his' or 'her'; and that two words are often drawn into one, as in the case of the epitomization of 'may not' into 'mayn't,' of 'cannot' into 'can't,' and of 'will not' into 'won't.' Thomas Hughes, the author of *Tom Brown's School-Days at Rugby*, represents as dear to every Englishman "the consciousness of silent endurance, — of standing out against something, and not giving in." Alluding to the

pluck which characterizes even the youths of his nation, he says :

“ It’s very odd how almost all English boys love danger ; you can get ten to join a game, or climb a tree, or swim a stream, where there’s a chance of breaking their limbs, or getting drowned, for one who’ll stay on level ground, or in his depth, or play quoits or bowls.”

That same author, I may add, forcibly illustrates, in his style of composition, something of the English relish for short, forcible terms. In the second sentence of his book, he has thirty-seven or thirty-eight Anglo-Saxon words ; and on the tenth page of it, in a sentence of ninety-six words, there can be counted ninety-four that are Anglo-Saxon, and that, with the exception of twenty-four of them, are monosyllables.

I am proud to pay honor to the English greatness of will ; for I know that the descendants of the American founders that toiled so well in the seventeenth century, and of the American revolutionists, that fought so well in the eighteenth century, are inheritors of English blood and Anglo-Saxon speech. Those mother-country Britons, with their plump, stocky bodies and their somewhat melancholy souls, are the most long-enduring men on the earth. Though they excessively love the real, and unduly distrust the ideal, they plan and perform things which no other people can equal. We of America are more energetic than they ; but we are inferior to them in constitutional fitness for vast, quiet, sublime toil. We are the more ingenious, they are the more powerful. While we are doing many fine things, they are doing some one mighty thing which

they alone are fully adapted to do. They advance slowly toward results; but they admirably compensate for their lack of rapidity in approaching them, by insuring to them such magnificence and such perfection. How grand is that indifference to duration which characterizes English achievers! They hurry nothing to completion. All their distinguished works seem to inculcate the lesson:

“Learn to labor and to wait.”

Sir Christopher Wren held himself for thirty-five years to his stupendous task, St. Paul's Cathedral; and at last the finished product of his genius and skill stood forth, bearing the motto, “If you seek his monument, look around.” James Watt, having set himself to improve the steam-engine, worked thereon as if many years were a few days. He kept himself calm and cool, avoided getting either fidgety or impatient, ate long at his meals, put “a solid bar of sleep between day and day,” and finally secured to the world a locomotive machine, whereby all the aspects of civilization were to be changed. When the Great Eastern first sailed down the Thames, it was not only great but consummate. It was a moving symbol of the national strength — a vessel capable of floating seven thousand full-grown elephants.

The Americans, in respect to the exemplification of true will-power, are not to be considered as much excelled by the English. Certainly there have been on the western continent not a few famous instances illustrative of the worth of the impelling capability. This it was that kept the strong-brained New Englanders from taking any backward steps

after they had fired that defensive shot which was "heard round the world." It is the principal explanation of the unparalleled growth by which the North American republic, once only an infantine confederacy, has become a nation of adult proportions — a nation "mirrored in the Atlantic and the Pacific, the stateliest of earthly sovereignties."

What persevering Americans there have been! Long ago, it was set down in foreign books, that the American whalers, navigators, and mariners have no superiors. The first milled nail, the first lightning-rod, the first steamboat, the first quadrant, the first cotton-gin, the first specimen of vulcanized India rubber, the first photograph,\* the first sewing-machine, the first seed-planting machine, the first reaping-machine, and the first phonograph — each owed its existence to an American, whose will was wont to push him on and on in toilsome processes. The strength of the Power of Push, in true representatives of our Republic, was well illustrated by Washington, who showed mankind, in a life of constant fidelity to right principles, how "by the smallest means to attain the greatest ends." I will name other illustrators of it: Franklin, who, rising from the obscurity of a tallow-chandler's son to the eminence of a peerless political ambassador and a distinguished scientific discoverer, "tempered the rigor of human government, and drew from the thundering atmosphere its fiery dangers;" Fisher Ames, who, being left fatherless in early boyhood, grew up amid taxing circumstances to be an orator

\* Professor Draper made the first one, though Daguerre first showed how to turn photography to practical account.

equal to Sheridan; Thomas Blanchard, who, in courses of protracted intellectual application accompanied by careful handiwork, produced his wonderful lathes; and Abraham Lincoln, who, in his earlier years, toiled with the ax and on the flat-boat, and in his later ones, won the veneration of nations by his sterling statesmanship.

Not far can one go on these lands between the ocean and the ocean, without meeting numerous notable works, which refer for their origin to the impelling power, not less than to the productive ability, of American souls. It is a people that have reared up smooth, magically-acting things where there were rough and unenchanted things. It is a people that have wrought out a myriad times a myriad new forms, wherein to make serviceable old forces. Travel across the States, and see what may be seen! There are the strange machines that hum or roar in the shops of the unresting men of Massachusetts and of Connecticut, and that, meanwhile, turn out by the car-load products which the world needs. There is the Hoosac tunnel, twenty-one thousand feet in length, which, in the years that saw it take form beneath the mountain's huge rump, progressed to completion by the smallest fractions of an inch, yet progressed as surely as the Gulf Stream flowed down the seas. There are the immense coal-mining methods and operations of the Pennsylvanians. There is the Erie Canal. There is the electro-magnetic telegraph, with its more than a hundred thousand miles of wires. There is the magnificent suspension bridge below Niagara Falls. There are the vast bridges which span the Missis-

issippi and the Missouri. There is the awe-inspiring Hoe cylinder printing-press, which is adequate to the making of forty thousand newspaper impressions in an hour. There is the Monitor war-ship, with its iron-clad hulk and its revolving battery. There is the great solemn columbiad, in which are combined the gun, the howitzer, and the mortar. There is the railway over the Rocky Mountains. And there is Chicago, built again on the ashy ground of her ruined glory. These, I affirm, are monumental achievements which celebrate the Power of Push as exemplified by Americans.

It is true that this people, like the English, are extremely devoted to definite reality and utility. Too little exercise do they give to veneration, hope, ideality, and the other spiritual capabilities. They are not enough inclined to elevating speculation. Victor Hugo, in *Les Misérables*, makes his Bishop Myriel say :

“ The beautiful is as useful as the useful ; more so, perhaps.”

This truth the Americans, like the English, seem to forget. They cultivate their nature-soul much, their spirit-soul not enough. The ancient kings of Persia (so says Plutarch) refused to drink any water but that of the river Choaspes. The American people seem more sadly self-limiting ; for they generally withhold their mind from refreshing itself anywhere apart from the bounds of the tangible and practical. Ever are they on the alert for something that can be weighed or measured, something that can be summarily put to use or promptly turned to profit. At Crystal Palace they are seen taking notes of labor-

saving machines. Amid Niagara's grandeur they are disposed to exclaim, "What a waste of water-power!"

It is true, also, that the Americans tend more than they should, to motion and hurry. Herein they are unlike the English. The tendency shows itself from youth up. The typical lad of the great Republic nervously says, "Read me a story to make the time pass quick." What knows he by experience of the meaning of the word "moderate," or of the phrase, "keeping the head level?" A certain American mother is said to have, in one instance, commanded her noisy, playful son, James, to "sit down quietly for the next hour," and to have received the reply, "Why, mother, I can't keep still; I'd burst right open, I know I would, if I couldn't run, and laugh, and get the noise out of me." There was another boy of the nation, who, on being required to sit down and keep still for a little while, pretty soon said, "Oh, dear! how stones must ache keeping still always! I ache now in this little speck of a time." From the inclination to motion and hurry, thus illustrated, comes the liability to what is known as American fast life.

Now, be it understood, the two faults I have pointed out as appertaining to our people, are not chargeable to the Power of Push in them. They are over-utilitarian — why? Because they let themselves be so. They are marked by inordinate stir and impetuous onward-goingness — why? Because they guard not themselves, as they might and ought, against being so. The fast American, whether young or old, is what he is, not in consequence of the fact

that his impelling capability drives him to excesses in spite of himself, but in consequence of the fact that he himself has chosen the way of folly, and left himself to be pushed onward therein, at a break-neck rate, by that capability.

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### III.

#### GREAT IMPELLING CAPABILITY INDISPENSABLE TO GREAT TRIUMPHS.

“The man who distinguishes himself from the rest, stands in a press of people. Those before him intercept his progress; and those behind him, if he does not urge on, will tread him down.”

SIR RICHARD STEELE, *The Spectator*, No. 374.

“When a firm, decisive spirit is recognized, it is curious to see how the space clears around a man, and leaves him room and freedom. . . . A conviction that he understands and that he wills with extraordinary force, silences the conceit that intended to perplex or instruct him, and intimidates the malice that was disposed to attack him. There is a feeling, as in respect to Fate, that the decrees of so inflexible a spirit *must* be right, or that, at least, they *will* be accomplished.”

JOHN FOSTER, *Decision of Character*.

To attain to any magnificent result of individual energy, whether it be a discovery or an invention, a victory over hindering circumstances or a conquest over hostile men, one must have a mighty will. The Power of Push in him must have such efficacy, that it will prevent him from shrinking back from what he has attempted. It must be accustomed to act firmly, indefatigably, prevailingly. The history of human progress abounds with records which amply

confirm this statement. The impelling capability, it is true, is not a faculty which peers into mysteries, or which plans undertakings. It neither kens the unattained, nor devises how to find way thereto. Harvey's will was not that in him which gave him his conception of the blood-circulation, and Newton's will was not that in him which gave him his idea of the gravitation-law. Nevertheless, it is a warrantable influence that, without great will-power, Harvey would never have made his ascertainment respecting the sanguineous process, and Newton would never have seized hold of his deduction respecting the spheres.

The Power of Push, so developed and so trained as to be exhaustlessly able, is a requisite to civilization which, in all the generations of this rolling world, has shown itself entitled to emphatic acknowledgment. But for this, what treasures of nature, tangible and intangible, would have remained unknown ! But for this, what forces would, from century to century, have acted for the bewilderment of mortals, rather than for their benefit ! But for this, how gloomy and barren would be the paths of scientific research and of mechanical activity ! Independently of this, men would doubtless have thought of such things as ships, colonies, manufactories, railroads, newspapers, asylums, colleges, reforms, and exploring expeditions ; but they would have gone dreaming about them,—they would not, it is reasonable to believe, have seen them as facts. The truth-seeker is, by this, urged on till he comes to the truth. The unraveler of perplexities is, by this, held strong in his struggle with kinks and knots, till, under his

steady eye, the intricate becomes plain and the crooked straight. The student of common objects is, by this, empowered to have success in turning them inside out, and rifling them of their hidden meanings. Without this, never yet did any man prove to be a representative of true kingliness, or an instance of invincible courage. "The natural king," says Carlyle, "is one who melts all wills into his own." And Gerald Massey says :

"They've battled best who've boldliest borne."

When a human soul applies itself to some waiting task, with a concentration and a continuity attributable to and sustained by an unfailing will, then look for some great result ! Who were the victorious toilers that left their light tingeing with tranquil glory the historic sky ? They were persons who were wont, with a tremendous earnestness, to say, "I will !" Would you know, reader, how the renowned finders of nature's secrets made their discoveries ? I will tell you. Ten thousand times had superficial and irresolute minds surveyed the region where the wonderful hidden thing was, and regarded it as unattractive and sterile. But one day a mind, thoughtful and inquiring, penetrating and careful, began to employ its faculties and energies within the bounds of that seemingly unpromising territory. Impelled by the capability which gives rise to perseverance, it fixed its piercing gaze on the dull externals which were there, saw little by little into them, perceived at length, as "through a glass darkly," the precious wonder which lay partly in them and partly beneath them, and finally, after a noble endurance in en-

deavor, captured that wonder and gave it to mankind. When Leopold von Buch was making his geological discoveries, he traversed all Europe on foot, and once went from Berlin to Stockholm to see a fossil shell. Lyonnet spent years exploring in respect to a certain caterpillar, which had for its haunt the wood of the European willow. In order to secure drawings to illustrate his discoveries, he learned the art of drawing; and in order to secure engravings of his drawings, he learned the art of engraving. Thus, by reason that a great will pushed him on, he found out facts and produced delineations relative to insect metamorphosis, which astonished the scientists of the world. Thomas Young, the originator of the undulatory theory of light, was urged by a powerful impelling capability in prosecuting the vast solitary investigations which resulted in that theory. Impossible, without that, would it have been for him, in a time when such an explanation of light could bring him no honor, to perform, as its evolver and elucidator, so immense a service to science.

It is interesting to watch the progress of a superior mind, made self-reliant and persevering by an ever-efficacious will, as that mind, with the fixed intention never to cease its strivings save at the point of triumph, fights against obstructing and resisting circumstances. Men, beholding such an instance of exerted genius and impelling capability, feel that triumph in the case is sure. And, to speak humanly, it *is* sure. Soon the apparent Impossibilities which confront the warrior-intellect, will be grappled with and turned aside. Soon the rugged,

puissant monster, Difficulty, which is encountered by the daring assailant of impeding actualities, will be pierced to the quick, and left disabled and quivering by the way.

From the books which tell how departed illustrious men wrought and struggled, and from those other books known as living discoverers, inventors, and achievers, there may be gathered a weighty lesson; and it is the lesson that the cost of a great triumph is invariably earnest effort, brought by a great will to bear in a single direction, and rendered by the same continuous in spite of all obstacles and all antagonisms. Whoever will pay this cost, he shall in the end have renown. And, be it remembered, he who is qualified to pay it, can never be in want of a noble task. Science, art, literature, politics, religion, society, commerce — each of these will open to him some field wherein he can do a true and admirable work. The known has no extreme limit, no Ultima Thule, beyond which such a one cannot make a way for himself as an explorer. He can enter untried regions of things, and all along his pioneer path can ascertain new relations and principles, new processes and forces. Thus can he necessitate a reclassification of positive knowledge, and a reconstruction of long-entertained theories and hypotheses.

To him whose intellectual faculties are languidly waiting for something to do, well might it be said: Why art thou, day by day, incurious and aimless, while, in the wide kingdoms of being and life, so many treasures lie unreached, and so many marvels lie hidden? Dost thou not know that every leaf,

every pebble, every sunbeam, every walking, flying, creeping, throbbing thing has a history? Go and write that history! Go, at least, and learn a few of the unrecorded facts which belong to it! Train thine eye to be more keen, thine ear to be more susceptible, thy mind to be more studious, and thy will to be a strong, manly, and ready power, adequate to impel thee from attempt to attempt, and from effort to effort, and thou shalt come to know some of the concealed facts which appertain to those little entities. Thou shalt see beauties such as no limner has penciled. Thou shalt hear music such as no man-made harp has sung. Thou shalt, perhaps, discover and render available more than one secret of nature that will change the look of the world.

“Stranger! henceforth be warned; and know that pride,  
Howe’er disguised in his own majesty,  
Is littleness; that he who feels contempt  
For any living thing, hath faculties  
Which he has never used; that thought with him  
Is in its infancy.”

WORDSWORTH.

## IV.

RELATION OF THE IMPELLING CAPABILITY TO  
SUCCESS IN COMMON LIFE.

“The true question is not, Whose son are you? — What kind of a dress do you wear? — How much cash are you worth? But this is the true question: How much executive power do you wear under your hat? — How much ‘can do’ walks in your boots?”

E. L. MAGOON, *Lyceum Lecture*.

“There are three kinds of men in the world, — the Wills, the Won’ts, and the Can’ts. The first effect everything; the others oppose everything. ‘I will’ builds our railroads and steamboats; ‘I won’t’ don’t believe in experiments and nonsense; while ‘I can’t’ grows weeds for wheat, and commonly ends his days in the slow digestion of bankruptcy.”

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.

BETWEEN some persons and others, there is a difference respecting success in common life, which will be found to correspond exactly to the difference existing between them in force of will. The truth is, men and women, viewed in relation to progress and prosperity, in the ordinary courses of human endeavor, belong either to the one or to the other of these two classes:

*The efficient persons, who undertake an occupation or an enterprise, and by a steady advance attain to the object they wish for and aim at.*

*The inefficient persons, who make attempts to gain what is desirable, but rarely, if ever, accomplish anything worthy of mention.*

Emerson, speaking to an audience of students, once said: “I conceive that success is in finding what it is that you yourself really want, and pursu-

ing it. The remark is a deep one, and its meaning may be declared to be illustrated in the lives of the first-named class of mortals. Visit them in the places where they daily move, and observe their characteristics and their modes! The obvious, salient facts which appertain to them in general, will be found to be greatly instructive. Their faculties and energies, though not extraordinarily applied, are applied availingly—or rather prevailingly. They insure to themselves a life-long series of happy realizations. They thrive. Let their pursuit be what it may, and let what may occur along the line of it, they press ever surely on to gain their purpose. Scarcely do they know by experience what it is to shrink back, with unnerved hands and a countenance expressive of failure, from a task which they have once deliberately set out to perform. For hardships they have no dread, but a kind of real liking, which is proof that they draw something sweet out of them, just as bees draw honey out of thistles. Never do they go begging for success. It comes to them naturally, spontaneously. It seems, forsooth, to dart into existence as if to greet their very finger-tips, somewhat as electric sparks spring into being when the point of a metallic conductor is held near a charged cylinder of glass. Do they find their surroundings unfavorable, and do they perceive no feasible or honorable alternative but to make the most of the situation they occupy? If so, then, waiting not for time or for Providence to produce a change for the better, they coolly, yet vigorously, begin a work of improvement. Against the jagged, gnarled things which are in their way, they

deal out strokes of manly violence. They hack down bad circumstances, and supply their places with good ones. Instead of saying "I can't," they say "I will!" How impediments diminish and wither about them! How difficulties relax to tameness before them! They are not long in effecting bright clearings on the territory of wild and appalling besetments. Herein, they may be likened to those pioneer toilers who founded new seats for civilization in the American forests of two hundred and sixty years ago. Let us suppose a few possibilities. Should one of the class of mortals, now under consideration, be constrained, by what is called Fate, to settle on a bleak, stony hill-side, or in a valley infested by ferocious beasts, he would, at least, contrive somehow to gather there the materials for a living. Should one of them, with a view to a permanent stay, build his sheltering roof on a desert shore, he would in due time evoke from the sterile soil gladdening verdure and blossoms as fair as the flower of the rose. Should one of them, by a strange concurrence of events or influences, be led to locate his domicile on a spot so dismal, that Hope might be said to have fled from it, and Despair might be conceived to brood over it, he would, even there, soon have the unmistakable signs of progressive and prosperous life springing up around him.

The great multitude of folk are wont to regard with wonder the success of such persons. But would they know the prime secret of it? Let them understand, then, that it is not accident, not luck, not any special propitiousness of Providence. It is the Power of Push, rendered valorous and effective

by a true training which was begun in youth, and which has been continued uninterruptedly from youth upward. This is that whereby human energy is enabled to make dreary places take on an abiding pleasantness, arid ground become fruitful, and beauty spring up where desolation keeps its silence and spreads its mildew.

Behold yonder enterprising farmer ! His grounds, as a hundred men have observed, yield him, year by year, handsome harvests. His house is snug and fair. His barn is commodious and well-preserved. His fences are so strong that no headstrong beast can break them down, and so high that lazy persons can hardly climb over them. But there is another farmer not far away, who, with just as good natural opportunities, complains that his land brings forth scanty crops ; who dwells in an old dingy structure which he calls a house ; who stores the produce of his fields in a barn, the roof of which shockingly leaks, and the basal sills of which are rapidly going to decay ; and who has fences that are so poor and so low a grasshopper could overleap them, much more a horse, a cow, or a sheep. Behold yonder enterprising merchant ! There is a genuine bustle from day to day about his counters. He is blessed with an incessant influx of money into his tills. Moreover, he, from time to time, finds it needful to provide fresh room for his ever-expanding business. But, just across the street perhaps, there is another mercantile man, who began trade with an equal amount of capital and with equal advantages of situation, yet who scarcely reaps any profits, and who feels himself forced annually to shorten the diameter of

his circle of operations. Now, what is that which, in all such cases, is the chief reason of the difference so strikingly apparent? The answer is, it is difference in force of will.

“ Take this for granted, once for all,  
There is neither chance nor fate ;  
And to sit and wait for the sky to fall,  
Is to wait as the foolish wait.

“ The laurel longed for you must earn,  
It is not of the things men lend ;  
And though the lesson be hard to learn,  
The sooner the better, my friend.”

ALICE CARY.

John Foster relates an instance that may fitly be cited by way of pointing the meaning already expressed. In presenting it, I will omit some of the minor particulars. It is substantially this :

A young possessor of a large patrimony had, in two or three years, wasted his inheritance in profligate revels. In his condition of want, he went forth one day with the intention of putting an end to his life. As he wandered about, absorbed in gloomy reverie, he came to the brow of an eminence, from which, looking abroad, he beheld his lost estates. He sat down, and for a number of hours remained fixed in thought. When he arose, he did so with a sudden start, and with a vehement, exulting emotion. He had resolved that all those estates should be his again. His will instantly began to push him on to the accomplishment of his plan. Seeing a heap of coals lying on the pavement in front of a house, he offered himself to shovel or wheel them into the place where they were to be deposited, and

was employed. He received a few pence for the labor, and, having made request for some food, received that also. He then sought another opportunity for earning some money, however small the sum might be. With indefatigable industry, he went through a succession of servile employments in different places, all the time avoiding the least expense that was not absolutely necessary. Thus, after a considerable period, he gained means enough to purchase a few cattle. These he sold at such a price as to secure in the bargain a goodly profit. He advanced by degrees to larger transactions. He obtained incipient wealth. He added money to money, riches to riches, and even more than recovered his lost possessions. Foster, after mentioning the fact that the man died an inveterate miser, worth sixty thousand pounds, says: "I have always recollected this as a signal instance, though in an unfortunate and ignoble direction, of decisive character, and of the extraordinary effect which, according to general laws, belongs to the strongest form of such a character."

## V.

RELATION OF THE IMPELLING CAPABILITY TO  
HUMAN JOY.

“On the whole, she [Nature] . . . hardens her genuine children against the pains and evils she incessantly prepares for them; so that we name him the happiest man who is the strongest to make front against evil, to put it aside from him, and in defiance of it go the road of his own will.”

GOETHE.

PLEASURE is cheap, but joy is costly. Concerning the former, shouting Folly and simpering Vanity, gushing fops and dainty demoiselles, may be said to know much; but concerning the latter, only persevering workers and battlers can be truly said to know anything. I believe that Tubal Cain, the inventor of iron-forging, was a man of joy, for I cannot doubt that, in his patient strivings in his antediluvian workshop, he fulfilled the conditions of a joyful experience. Undertake things worthy of yourself, and persevere till you have accomplished them, then you will have joy. You will not have it otherwise. Swedenborg says: “Food for the body is given to every one in heaven, according to the use which he performs, — magnificent to those who are in eminent uses; moderate, but of exquisite relish, to those who are in uses of middle degree; and mean to those who are in mean uses; but none to the slothful.” Somewhat so is it, in this world, respecting happiness. The indolent have it not; they who are active, but are of weak will, have it only in low degrees; and none but firm-minded strivers have it

in any of those high degrees in which it amounts to joy or bliss.

There was Archimedes. How familiar with human joy was he! According to Plutarch, he was wont to be "transported with intellectual delight." And why? Because he used to attempt noble work, and bend his soul to the doing of it till it was done. He went through great processes of thought, as a geometrician and as a philosopher. Kepler was a joyful man. And the reason why was this: he applied himself to tasks proportionate to his powers, and finished them. Joy was the crown wherewith his persevering toil, as an astronomer, was crowned. So dear to him was one of his discoveries, on account of the delight whereof it had been the occasion, that he once declared he valued it, at the time of making it, more than he would have done the possession of the whole electorate of Saxony. Such prevailing workers as Archimedes, Kepler, Bacon, Boyle, and Sir Isaac Newton, are not apt to be in danger of committing suicide because of not being able to be happy. There was David Hume. Some people have imagined that, since he was such a skeptic as regards the Christian religion, he must have been a joyless man. But the truth is, he was an indefatigable thinker and writer. He gained, by perseverance in effort, ends which were to him dear-bought triumphs; consequently they were to him occasions of joy. We must believe that, so long as his valiant will pushed him on in intellectual strivings, he was a man of high delights. Indeed, this belief is amply confirmed by testimony. The averment of those who knew him, was to the effect that he bore, in

“the jolly openness of his countenance,” the proof of a mind accustomed to elevated enjoyment. The eminent Adam Smith even went so far as to represent him to have been, in his personal qualities, “as near to perfection as the lot of humanity will admit.” All this, of course, makes nothing for that infidelity which doomed his name to come down colored to after-generations. It simply goes to establish the lesson which has been advanced, — namely, that whoever has a will so strong as to keep him in its own chosen track of exertion, and to hold him patient and courageous therein up to the triumph-point, he will be joyful.

And now, courteous reader, take for a sequel to the treatment of the present topic, some simple lines, which have a direct bearing on the foregoing thoughts, and which, in their first form, were composed by this writer in his college years. They will not ask to be prized save for what they suggest. This is their caption :

#### THE STRIVER'S HOLIDAY.

In Truth's still field behold a stranger striving!  
His brow is knitted, for his will is strong;  
Of balmy ease himself he is depriving,  
To bring to pass what men have needed long.

Dull idlers gaze on him with dreamy wonder,  
And weaklings watch him with a stupid stare;  
They fancy he hath made a sorry blunder,  
To count upon a thrill of gladness there.

Time rolleth on. His taxing labor endeth,  
And he from his lone work-place cometh forth;  
From strain severe his firm mind he unbendeth:  
A triumph he hath wrought of passing worth.

Mark, now, in his clear eye that strange fine luster —  
 The sign of feelings wondrously elate!  
 See the fair smiles which round his flushed lips cluster!  
 Surely his soul is in a blissful state.

Thus doth the manly one, the earnest-hearted,  
 After some triumph grand, oft take his way;  
 Thus to his mind joy often is imparted,  
 And his high faculties hold holiday.

He loseth sight of all that breedeth sadness,  
 He scarcely sees save with the inner sense;  
 His bright thoughts seem to clap their hands for gladness,  
 His speech, whate'er its form, is eloquence.

At such a time the soul of man is glorious:  
 Its rapture seems to be an upward flight,  
 In which, o'er earthly din and clouds victorious,  
 It floats and revels in a purer light.

How poor it then doth deem all fleshly pleasure!  
 And the extolled delights of wealth, how tame!  
 Its joy is deep, is great, is without measure, —  
 A bliss it is for which earth hath no name.

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## VI.

### EXCESSES OF THE IMPELLING CAPABILITY.

..... Id arbitror

Adprime in vita esse utile, ne quid nimis.

("I take it to be a principal rule of life, not to be too much addicted to any one thing.") *TERENCE, Andria, Act. I., Scene 1.*

"Nothing so good but it may be abused."

*BURTON, Anatomy of Melancholy.*

THE WILL, or, in other words, the Power of Push, when it has once acquired the habit of giving rise

to great perseverance, is liable to be extremely urgent and strenuous. Hence it is that there are so many earnest persons in the world, who, in their courses of effort, find for themselves too little leisure. Man was designed for play as well as for work; and if he commands himself as he ought, he will have due proportions of each. Certainly, he will never, except in circumstances which necessitate it, be seen with a physical constitution pleading in vain for time in which to undergo a process of recuperation. Hundreds of gifted achievers there are whose impelling capability disallows them the diversion they truly need, and holds them incessantly strained in nerve-wearing pursuit. The result is that they are workers whose work draws ruinously on their vital energies. After a few years, they will be obliged to "give up," because they will be worn out. While every man should see to it that his will is strong, he should also see to it that it does not deny him what Macaulay calls "hours of careless relaxation." It is a serious mistake to let the Power of Push get the better of one's very self. Its true place is that of a potent helper, not that of a ruler. It should be so disciplined and regulated, that it will readily serve to render the soul indomitable, and will readily slacken when bidden by the soul to yield. Woe to that mortal who lets his will make him its subject! To be absolutely governed, in a life of zealous action, by one's impelling capability, is to be like a slave who is forced and goaded by an exacting and merciless master.

The tyranny of the will explains why so few great Englishmen and great Americans have been instances

of long-lasting bodily vigor and wholeness. Think of the aspiring students, the assiduous authors, the devoted lovers of scientific research, the able and far-sought practitioners at the bar, and the "sons of thunder" in the ranks of the clergy, that are, at this hour, surely tending, in consequence of the same kind of tyranny, to the fate of the prematurely blighted! The list of hero-thinkers who have been reduced to invalidism, or who have been exhausted to death, by an excessive urgency and strenuousness of the Power of Push, runs parallel with the record of the toilful ages of civilization. When they should have checked and held back that power, they left it free to exercise itself in rigorism and oppression. When they should have ungirded and recreated themselves, they suffered the mighty mental engine which impelled them toward their object, to press their overtasked frames to the point of break-down. Such persons are self-made martyrs. William Pitt, Sir Samuel Romilly, Hugh Miller, Rufus Choate, Theodore Parker, Henry J. Raymond, Edwin Stanton, Hiram Mattison, John McClintock, Edward Thomson, Davis W. Clark, Horace Greeley, Samuel Bowles, — each departed this life too soon (just as did ten thousand others that might be named), on account of not reining in the impelling capability, and protecting the body against it.

Most of the excesses of the will are illustrations of the folly of having too much gritty tenacity. This is what was exhibited by that Irish gardener, who is mentioned by Robert Collier in his lecture on *Clear Grit*. Having been shot by an Irishman from another county, he refused surgical aid, alleg-

ing that he wanted to die in order that the other man might be hung. Mr. Collier declares that the injured son of Erin realized his wish: he himself died of his wound, and his assassin died on the gallows. To persevere with an unwise resolution, even in a course of action which is compatible with honor and chivalry, is to make a rueful sort of progress. Columbus might have failed to discover the New World, had he — at that time when the mutinous crews of his fleet informed him that he must order the vessels turned back, or take the alternative of being thrown overboard — let himself have a surplus of gritty tenacity. He saw the situation as it was, perceived at once how foolish it would be for him to show that he meant to adhere to his undertaking in defiance of such a league of desperate sailors, and, softening to a conciliatory mildness, he said, "Give me but three days more," &c. The French, in the time of the Franco-Prussian war, should not, after the beleaguering of their capital, have defied and withstood, as they did, their puissant besiegers. It was no inevitable necessity that compelled them to eat horse-flesh soup, and to prize as delicacies crumbs and crusts such as, in all ages, have appeared on beggars' tables. They brought themselves to partake of poverty's crude, hard fare, because they chose to be haughty when they should have been humble, and chose to be persistent when they should have been yielding. Thus they illustrated the folly of having too much gritty tenacity.

Better is it to allow a person the last word in a dispute, than to go on wrangling with him or her all the day. Better is it to drop the rod and try

“moral suasion,” than to flagellate an unruly lad till his flesh shall have become numb, and his skin shall be covered with purple lines of inflammation. There was a man in the town of Medina, in the state of New York, who killed a lad in this way, and had to be sent to prison for child-slaughter. A suitable amount of abstemiousness is indispensable to the cure of disease ; but let the invalid beware lest he allow his will to become accustomed to resist, with an iron severity, the replenishing of the daily wants of his body ! “ To starve ourselves,” says a writer, “ as a cure for disease, is to be afflicted with two evils instead of one : the disease torments us on one side, and the remedy on the other.” Resolute self-defense against intentional aggression or abusive insolence, is just and proper ; but to pursue an inflicter of injury, however deserving of punishment he may be, with a heart hot with desire for vengeance, a hand drilled for the summary execution of a vindictive threat, and an unrelaxing impelling capability driving that heart and that hand on to the direful triumph of malevolent hate, — this is to seek satisfaction for an offense, not after the manner of a wise man, but after the manner of a wild human beast. Religion, as a personal possession, is absolutely essential to the highest style of manhood ; but it is possible to be righteous overmuch ; and the Hebrew preacher (Eccl. vii. 16) says : “ Be not righteous overmuch. . . . Why shouldst thou destroy thyself ? ” That is, why shouldst thou suffer thyself to be driven, by an unduly urgent and strenuous will, to a ruinous excess of religious devotion ?

In short, just as the French, in their beleaguered

metropolis, prepared a cup of misery for themselves by holding out so unwisely against the Prussians, and just as the fighter of a duel brings dishonor on himself by running the risk of getting buried in a fool's grave, so a needless loss of comfort or of credit is invariably incurred by every one who exemplifies *the folly of having too much gritty tenacity.*

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## VII.

### SUMMATION.

“A man is made great or little by his own will.”

SCHILLER.

“The secret of influence is will, whether good or bad.”

ROBERTSON.

THE reader may now be presumed to be ready for some condensed presentment of the leading thoughts which have been evolved in the different divisions of the foregoing discussion. An epitome or summation of them may prove profitable, even though it be not formed in any manner strictly precise or strictly methodical.

The Power of Push, in its effective state, is the fountain of all true perseverance. There can be no genuine advancement or genuine thrift in life without it. Without it, energy is scattered in the service of wayward impulse, time is squandered in fitful and inadequate exertion, faith is weak and wavering, and courage is little more than an empty name. Without it, a young man is a dreamer

rather than a doer, and an old man is a disappointed dreamer, whose heart is slowly sinking in the gloom of miscarried expectations and entombed hopes. He who, however well developed may be his other capabilities, has an ill-developed impelling capability, will prove true in no course of trying experience. Where firmness is wanted, he will evince a pitiful instability; where strength is needed, he will show a deplorable impotence; where fidelity is required and expected, he will manifest the disposition of a self-excusing weakling, whose chief aptitude is an aptitude for miserable delinquencies and for shameful failures.

The Power of Push, in its effective state, is that which enables the aspiring toiler to "labor and to wait" till the hour of achievement has fully come. It is that which supports the courage of man when he wages war with difficulties or with antagonisms, and lets not his courage wane in the least, till resistance has surrendered, and the object of endeavor is reached and seized. It is that without which no person can ever be fitted to gain one noteworthy triumph or one passable success; to carry into effect a single manly resolve, or to withstand admirably a single hard ordeal; to give rise to any true stir in the world, or to secure any deep-felt thrills of intellectual joy. Finally, it is that which prevents the great processes of civilization from having an end, and saves this planet whereon we tread from becoming a vast theatre for the futile operations of despair-stricken visionaries and sluggards.

## THE EVER-LIVING PRODUCE.



“Shadow of death, what art thou? Man’s thoughts survive;  
can he then be no more?”

MADAME DE STAËL, *Corinne*, Book XIII., Chap. III.



## CHAPTER IV.

# INFLUENCE.

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### I.

#### ITS SUCCESSION OF GENERATIONS.

“Achieve the good, and godlike plants possessed  
Already by mankind, thou nourishest;  
Create the beautiful, and seeds are sown  
For godlike plants, to man as yet unknown.”

SCHILLER.

“His reflections have given birth to thousands of new reflections.”

MADAME DE STAËL, *concerning Montesquieu.*

THE French comedy-writer Molière speaks of a person who, on betaking himself, at a late period of his career, to the study of grammar, was amazed to find that he had, from his youth up, been using substantives, adjectives, adverbs, and the other classified parts of speech, without knowing it. Is there not many a mortal who, if he should be made to see that he has, ever since he began his active life, been scattering an ever-living produce, would in like manner be amazed to find that he has year after year done this without being aware of doing it?

True is the Latin aphorism, *Nemo solus sapit*, “No one is wise alone.” True, also, is the averment of

the author of *Tom Brown's School-Days at Rugby*, that "One coward makes many." There is a sense in which every person sows seed from which others have to reap harvests, and in which every person reaps — nay, must reap — harvests from seed which others have strewn. The scholiast on Aristophanes quotes the proverb, "One soweth, but another shall reap;" and Jesus (as one will see by adverting to John iv. 37) quoted the same. It is applicable forever to influence. What human character in this world has no part in the production of any other human character? What mortal ever became conspicuously good or conspicuously bad, without being able to say truly that another or others had disseminated undying thoughts, good or bad, some of which found a lodgment in his soul, and that he had gone his way afterward reaping of the same?

Influence has its succession of generations; and a succession it is which, after being once started, seems to run on endlessly. Let thine influence go forth in something said by thee or in something done by thee, and who can ever know all that will spring therefrom? Surely, none but He who knoweth all beginnings and all endings. Dispense it by a smile or by a frown, by a pathetic sigh or by an earnest tear, and who can ever trace the entire line of its prospective progeny? Certainly none but He who foresees all future outcomes, all destined evolutions. "Things past," says Livy, "may be repented of, but never erased." Cain's bloody deed could never be as if it had never been done; nor could Abel's excellent act of worship ever be as if it had never been performed. That fratricide and

that pious offering, each contained a seed whence speedily sprung a harvest, which extended even to the heaven of heavens, and which is yet being reproduced. Victor Hugo avows the belief, that when two persons, mutually attached by the sacred tie of love, approach each other and exchange the "ineffable kiss," it is impossible the transaction should not be followed by a tremor in the immense mystery of the stars.

What a wonder of wonders is the propagation of influence! Even the uncultured common man, with all his inward lack and all his outward crudity, gives rise to a produce which will go on multiplying into eternity; and much more so does the master-man, the true star among souls. "Great men," says Sydney Smith, "hallow a whole people, and lift up all who live in their time." If influence can but have a soil to sprout in, it will germinate and reproduce itself through the ages. The celebrated English traveler, Lord Lindsay, accidentally found, in the vicinity of the Egyptian pyramids, a mummy, in connection with which was an inscription two thousand years old. Having unwrapped the dry form, he discovered in one of its closed hands a small bulb. This he planted in a warm spot, where dew and rain could come to it; and in a few weeks it grew, and budded, and became a beautiful blooming flower. So with influence. Sometimes it is put forth in a vehicle which long lies hidden, but which is, in process of time, uncovered. Then it grows and multiplies. There was Poggio Bracciolini, that restorer of literature who lived in Florence in the fifteenth century. See what he did for the influence

which, for more than thirteen hundred years, had lain unproductive in the language of certain valuable manuscript works of Quintilian and other great Roman authors! Finding those works buried in the obscurity of a dark and desolate tower, where they were covered with filth and rubbish, he brought them into the light of day. And quickly enough, when he had done this, did the thoughts which were in the words of them burst forth and begin to reproduce themselves.

But here we will turn our attention to points more specific, concerning that important part of the Fortune of Humanity which is the theme of the present chapter.

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## II.

### SILENT EXPRESSION.

“Silence is often an answer.”

ARABIC PROVERB.

“There is a language of the human countenance which we all understand without an interpreter, though the lineaments belong to the rudest savage that ever stammered in an unknown barbaric dialect.”

O. W. HOLMES.

“The thought that is bound up with our passion is as penetrating as air — everything is porous to it.”

GEORGE ELIOT, *Daniel Deronda*, Book VI.

THE soul many times each day, without doing any other outward thing, looks through the body wherein it dwells. In the process of thus looking through its corporeal house, it inevitably tells more or less of what there is in itself. Men are accustomed to designate the still mode in which it does so often each

day communicate its thoughts, its emotions, and its feelings, by the name *silent expression*. Every person goes about disseminating influence, either good or bad, by means of the phases of his face, and especially by means of those of his eye. There is a kind of speech which is composed of bodily elements, but not of bodily sounds; and in it seeds are effectually conveyed to soil which is immortal. Consider the case of the little child that, during the entire day, is under the watchful eye of its mother! Does not that mother, by the outlooking or silent expression of her soul over the tender, breathing object of her care, ceaselessly shed on the plastic soul of her little loved one influence, such as is fitted to give rise to traits that will be amiable or to traits that will be disagreeable? Who would not answer this question affirmatively? By reason of the law which is usually stated in the words, "Like begets its like," it is to be inferred that a look of impatience, often repeated over a child, will cause it to acquire an impatient disposition, and that a look of anger, often repeated over a child, will cause it to become either quick-tempered and fiery, or prone to sullenness and revenge. "The very handling of the nursery," says Bushnell, "is significant; and the petulance, the passion, the gentleness, the tranquillity indicated by it are all reproduced in the child." It is safe to say that nearly all grown persons received the seeds out of which grew their dispositions in their infancy, and that those seeds were conveyed to their hearts, not in words and not in deeds, but in expressions of soul silently made over them by their mothers. Away back in

the unremembered days of thy helpless littleness, when thou didst daily draw nourishment from the bosom of her that bore thee, then it was that thy leading bent germinated and took root in thee; for then it was that thy mother, chiefly by looking into thy face, sowed in thy nature the invisible kernel whence sprung that enduring offshoot.

Believe me, the seed of a harvest great as destiny itself has, oftener than we know, been conveyed in a penetrating glance. Chaucer says:

“For by my troth, I vow, and by this book,  
You may both heal and slay me with a look.”

And in one of Spenser's poems are the lines:

“And mighty hands forget their manliness,  
Driven with the power of a heart-burning eye.”

Not too much is it to affirm, that wrong-doers have been turned into saints and saints into wrong-doers, by the influence flung forth by a soul, silently peering out through its own chosen windows, the orbs of vision. Who has not read and re-read of the result of that look which Jesus gave to Peter, when the latter, after his series of base denials, appeared face to face before him whom he had so shamefully wronged? There is reason for thinking that no look mightier than that has ever been given in this world. The thought, the feeling, nay, the seed, which it bore, was revolutionizing. Saint Luke narrates the incident thus:

“And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how he had said unto him, ‘Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice.’ And Peter went out and wept bitterly.”

Oh, that sad, rebuking expression of the wondrous Master! Silent though it was, there passed in it from him to Peter something that melted the heart of the latter, and that would have melted it even if it had been made of stone!

It is authentically related that a single look of John Fletcher, the excellent vicar of Madeley, so impressed a certain man who had shocked him by the use of profane language, as to occasion at length a complete change in that individual's manners and life. For a moment, the swearer was struck dumb by the look. After retiring from Fletcher's presence, he went to sea. But, while voyaging over the fickle ocean and while traveling amid various scenes beyond it, the powerful meaning transmitted to him in the holy glance, continually and profoundly disturbed his soul. The words which had accompanied that silent expression were forgotten by him; but he remembered, as if it were every day repeated to him with all its original vividness, the silent expression itself. He settled in the State of Louisiana, and there, after becoming a good man, related how the influence conveyed to him in Fletcher's look had gone with him over the world, annoying him in all his sins, and how, from it, had finally sprung a moral transformation of his nature.\*

Instances can also be cited to show that in evil expressions of the soul which are silent,—in the noiseless outglancings which are prompted by corrupt impulses, desires, or passions,—the seeds of results, correspondingly great, though of an opposite

\* See marginal note in Stevens' *History of Methodism*, Vol. II. p. 261.

character, may be borne to adjacent mental soil. One writer, describing that gifted but wicked little woman, Lola Montez, aptly represents her eyes as "masked batteries of passion." And who shall ever tell — who but the recording angel? — how many were deprived of the strength of their hearts, and how many were made to lose their hold on purity and virtue, by the influence which went forth — nay, which was shot forth — from that woman's beautiful, contaminating eyes, as they trembled and shone in their sockets, while with her restless spirit she was going her way in one clime and another?

There are possibilities of silent expression which it is interesting to contemplate. May we not well muse, here, on some of Swedenborg's and on some of Schöberlein's teachings? Souls, in another life (so the former tells us), instantly know, not only the character of another's mind, but also that of his faith. As soon as any spirit in that life comes to another, he perceives his thoughts and his affections — in short, all his present state, as if he had been ever so long with him. All that are there show by looks and gestures the acts of their will. There is an aura or sphere, surrounding each one, which immediately reveals his internal quality, and enables others who have at any time before known him, to recognize even at a distance his identity. The faces of all are effigies of their ideas and feelings.

But observe a few lessons, much greater and finer, which are taught by that masterly theologian of Göttingen, Ludwig Schöberlein. The vital germ of a true spiritual body is formed in the soul during its stay on the earth. The natural fleshly body is

simply the receptacle, the womb, in which this interior form is invisibly generated and qualified, up to the hour when, the crude flesh falling away, it passes into the heavenly state, there to spring forth into its full beauty and actuality. It will be completed in the "transfigured world," which is to be man's ultimate theater of action; and, when completed, it will be like the shining form wherein Jesus appeared to Peter, James, and John, on Mount Tabor. The peculiar traits of spiritual beauty which occasionally beam out from the persons of ripened believers, are actual reflexes of the transfigured corporeity which lies potentially within them. The consummate body in which the soul will lead its high future life, after once entering fully into its destined resurrection-state, will be a body of light, a heavenly body. It will be imbued with the spiritual element, and therefore will be immortal. The fleshly and the psychic in man will be exalted into the pneumatic. On his outer features will be stamped the free harmony of his soul with the divine Spirit originally inbreathed into him; and the material elements of his form will be thoroughly pervaded and etherealized by his habitual spirituality. His ever-enduring body will reveal and manifest to the universe the very finest shades of thought and sentiment existing in his soul. It will be such as to afford perfect communication between him and others.

## III.

## WORDS.

“How forcible are right words!”

BOOK OF JOB, Chap. vi. 25.

“A wingéd word hath stuck ineradicably in a million hearts, and envenomed every hour throughout their hard pulsations.”

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

AMONG the leading modes wherein influence is disseminated, is that universally familiar one which consists in the use of words. These, the world over, belong either to the former or to the latter of two great classes of syllabic forms, namely, those which are emitted from the mouth under the title of uttered or oral speech, and those which are formed on paper or any other material basis under the title of written or printed language. Words of the first-named class have been described as “mouthfuls of spoken wind;” and words of the second-named class have been represented as “vessels in which thoughts ride at anchor.” But applicable alike to the former and to the latter is the definition: *Words are vehicles in which influence is conveyed from soul to soul.*

The invisible kernels which are contained in the terms of sentences audible, and of sentences visible, are of innumerable varieties; and there result from them harvests large and small, bitter and sweet. That little word, No, has often carried a signification which has made the living die; and that little

word, Yes, has often carried an import which has made the dying live. Would you conceive what a weight of influence there may be in a monosyllable composed of no more than five letters? Think, then, of the word *ought*! Says Joseph Cook:

“God is in that word ought, and therefore it outweighs all but God.”

Utterances, so far as their physical substance is concerned, are, it is true, only “mouthfuls of spoken wind,” only effluxes of vocalized breath. But when considered in their relation to thought, to sentiment, to influence — then what are they? Certainly they are, then, much more than is implied in any such description. They are bearers of meanings; and those meanings are in their nature either pleasant or painful, either wholesome or pernicious. Every utterance, deliberately made by one person in the presence of another, conveys something born of a soul — mayhap something fitted to produce a pang of disappointment or a thrill of horror. A word may be an oral exhalation, which will be found to be cheerfully warm with love, or one which will be found to be chillingly cold with treachery. It may be an out-sent syllabified breath in which envy lives and lurks like venom beneath a serpent’s fang, or one in which wrath seethes like hot steam fretting through a leaky conduit. Idle words do doubtless seem to many people to be empty words, which are doomed to drop quickly into nonentity. But they are not empty. Each one of them is the vagabond transporter of an unprofitable meaning. Carlyle fervidly exclaims:

“Fool! thinkest thou that because no Boswell is there with ass-skin and black-lead to note thy jargon, it therefore dies and is harmless? Nothing dies, nothing can die. No idlest word thou speakest but is a seed cast into Time, and grows through all Eternity!”

Could mortals neither speak nor write, they would live under the necessity of being only partially understood, and would, perhaps, die with the inevitable prospect of being quickly forgotten. “Language,” says Ben Jonson, “most shows a man.” And among the things said by Charles the Fifth, is the suggestive declaration, “A man is just as many times a man as he has language with which to express himself.” How effectually have a thousand authors, by the far-circulating pages which have borne abroad their ideas and convictions, their principles and sentiments, been enabled to impress mankind with what appertained to their innermost being! The dwellers in a hundred million homes can, to-day, see the feelings of David’s heart and the thoughts of Paul’s soul. The great penmen of past centuries are, by their works, now acting, now doing good or evil, now perpetuating their ideas, now making their power widely and deeply felt in the world. Milton says of books, “They do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them.” And says Thackeray, “A man’s books may not always speak the truth; but they speak his mind in spite of himself.” Shakespeare’s famous writings will speak his mind till history shall end; and so will Dante’s *Divine Comedy* speak his, for “the fiery life of it endures for evermore among men.”

But to make a book speak one's mind for ages, is to make it convey in its words one's influence for ages. It is well to reflect sometimes on the immense results, the outgrowths many-branched and massive, which, during the rolling years of by-gone eras, have sprung from the seeds put forth in the contents of poems, of chronicles, of biographies, of sciences, of philosophies, of sermons, of commentaries, of hymnodies, and of the Bible. "No one who can read," says Dickens, "ever looks at a book even unopened on a shelf, like one who cannot." Not merely great harvests of enjoyment, but great harvests of thought, of energy, of strength, and of fervor have been reaped from the influence conveyed in the words of published pages. The martial odes of Tyrtæus, a Grecian bard, inspired the Spartan soldiers, and by so doing contributed largely to make them invincible in strife and struggle. Sir Phillip Sydney declares concerning the old English ballad of *Chevy Chase*, that he had never heard it without finding his heart "more moved than with a trumpet." Thomas Hood's *Song of the Shirt* gave a remarkable impulse to the endeavors which had been begun in England for the relief of poor and distressed needle-women. Wordsworth's *Excursion* and other poems brought into existence the taste which secured to his works permanent admiration and fame. That vigorous, magnificent, and sublime offspring of the genius of Bailey, the book entitled *Festus*, has been pronounced by Gilfillan "the chaos of a hundred poetic worlds." In George Eliot's story of *Daniel Deronda* Kate Meyrick is represented as speaking thus of Erckmann-Chatrian's *Histoire d'un Conscrit*:

“It is a bit of history brought near us with a strong telescope. We can see the soldiers’ faces : no, it is more than that — we can hear everything — we can almost hear their hearts beat.”

What productive vitality, what propagating force, must there be in the seeds contained in such a volume ! When Byron’s passionate poems went forth from the press, the influence which traveled in the vivid, fascinating words of them speedily produced immeasurable results. An outgrowth of feelings and tendencies, for the most part selfish and corrupt, grew, like germs starting under June showers, from that influence. Indeed, Byron may be said to have, by means of his wild voluptuous effusions, Byronized thousands of minds, both in the British domains and in the virgin lands of America. Says Macaulay, speaking of the young men who eagerly perused the writings of that gifted young lord :

“They bought pictures of him ; they treasured up the smallest relics of him ; they learned his poems by heart, and did their best to write like him, and to look like him. Many of them practiced at the glass in the hope of catching the curl of the upper lip and the scowl of the brow which appear in some of his portraits. A few discarded their neckcloths, in imitation of their great leader.”

The same author adds that many undergraduates and medical students drew from Byron’s poetry “a system of ethics, compounded of misanthropy and voluptuousness — a system in which the two great commandments were, to hate your neighbor, and to love your neighbor’s wife.” It is painful to dwell on the case. Let us turn to another.

John Flavell’s little treatise, entitled *Keeping the Heart*, gave rise to results such as he himself, while engaged in composing it, doubtless never ventured

to anticipate. The bookseller Boulter relates that there came one day into his store a gay gentleman, who inquired for play-books. He informed the customer that he had none, and then showed him that little production, written by Flavell, entreating him to read it, and assuring him that it would do him more good than such books as he was seeking. The gentleman, after noticing the title of the volume and glancing over several pages of it, exclaimed, "What a damnable fanatic was he who made this book!" But the effort was continued, notwithstanding his profane outburst, to induce him to take the volume and peruse it. Finally, he so far yielded to the persuasion brought to bear on him as to purchase the treatise. He emphatically affirmed, however, that he should not read it. "What will you do with it, then?" asked the tradesman. "I will tear and burn and send it to the devil," answered the purchaser. "If so," said the bookseller, "you shall not have it." The individual, after being again plied with expostulatory words, promised to peruse the work; and Mr. Boulter pledged himself to return to him, in case of his disliking its contents, the money he had paid for it. A month later, the man reëntered the store, and said:

"Sir, I most heartily thank you for putting this book into my hands; I bless God that you were moved to do it; it has saved my soul. Blessed be God that ever I came into your shop."

He then bought a hundred copies of that treatise for free distribution.\*

\* The incident is narrated in the Presbyterian magazine, *Our Monthly*, for October, 1873.

A good book is defined by Milton as "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." Applicable is this definition to his own *Paradise Lost*, and to Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and to Johnson's *Rasselas*, and to Butler's *Analogy*, and to Chalmers' *Astronomical Discourses*. The "life beyond life," which is secured by such books, is the continuance of influence illimitably beyond the end of that little life which Shakespeare describes as "rounded with a sleep." They enable their authors to be, for an indefinite number of years, teachers, reprovers, comforters, guides, inspirers, reformers; and they do this by reason that the words in them have nuclei, which continue from epoch to epoch alive and productive. Why is Montaigne's influence, in all these years, an ever-multiplying produce in civilized nations? John Sterling tells why: Because he left a mantle behind him, not only inscribed as are the magic garments of romance with many strange characters, but showing the familiar folds and twists of the short and stout-bodied old Gascon; in sharp light, and with endlessly daring strokes, he painted himself, as the one great certainty in a world of doubt; himself, a living being, a person, a man, bright-shining, like an enchanted head; a human image of brassy flame in Rembrandt's wizard cave of blackness. Emerson, also, tells why: "Cut these words [he means the words of Montaigne's books], and they would bleed; they are vascular and alive."

Ruskin says :

“If you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter, — that is to say, with real accuracy, — you are for evermore, in some measure, an educated person.”

In another place, he remarks :

“No book is worth anything which is not worth much ; nor is it serviceable, until it has been read and re-read, and loved, and loved again, and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armory, or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store.”\*

Attend thus to any worthy volume, and, though its contents be a thousand or several thousand years old, you will feel its author’s influence germinating in you. The writings of Confucius have made him potently live in the world, since his burial, for more than twenty-three centuries. Longfellow sings :

“I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;  
For so swift it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it, in its flight.

“I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;  
For who has sight so keen and strong  
That it can follow the flight of song?

“Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow still unbroke ;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found in the heart of a friend.”

Could the noble author of these lines, a hundred years after his decease, return to America, he would not fail to find many of his songs still living, fresh as sprouting seed-grain, in human hearts. Thus

\* See his work, entitled *Sesame and Lilies*, pp 21 and 49.

live, to-day, a myriad verses of Homer; thus live unnumbered sayings of Shakespeare — him whom Emerson calls “the one unparalleled mind;” and thus live the sentences, the words — who shall tell how many — comprised in the hallowed writings of the inspired “shepherds, fishermen, and homeless wanderers” of the old ages of faith.

In this study of syllabic forms considered as vehicles of influence, some meditation is due in relation to those important seed-bearers, the utterances which are produced in conversation. Persons are elevated and persons are debased by meanings conveyed in talk. Historians relate that Cleomenes, the Spartan king, was once visited by Aristagoras of Miletus, who hoped to induce him to join the Ionians in an expedition against the Persians. Cleomenes asked him how far it was from the Ionian Sea to Susa, the Persian metropolis; and, being told that it was a three months’ journey, he at once declined the proposition and ordered Aristagoras to quit the city before sunset. But the latter followed him to his house, plying him with eloquent and enticing persuasions, which he enforced with large offers of wealth. The daughter of the king, a child nine years old, perceiving the influence put forth by that zealous visitor in his well-chosen words, cried out, “Fly, father, or this stranger will corrupt you!” And her advice was not disregarded. How many have been aroused and stimulated, how many have been soothed and comforted, how many have been distressed and disheartened, and how many have been piqued and exasperated, by what passed to their souls in time of conversational intercourse!

Bulwer states that it was the custom of the celebrated artist, Sir Godfrey Kneller, when he was executing a person's portrait, to say to him, "Praise me, sir, praise me! How can I throw any animation into your face, if you do not choose to animate me?" There have been ten thousand men — some of them soldiers in battle, some of them sailors contending with the elements at sea, and some of them travelers moiling across desert plains — who have known as well as that painter knew, what a harvest of animation can spring from the influence transmitted in familiarly spoken words. If one can properly say (in the language of Tennyson),

"I am a part of all that I have met,"

then much more properly can he say, "I am a part of all with whom I have talked." The Methodist founder, Wesley, seems to have had some such truth in his mind, when he resolved, at Oxford University, "to have no companions by chance, but by choice, and to choose only such as would help him on his way to heaven."

Among the remarkable results which have followed conversation, Addison mentions the uprising, at different epochs, of notable authors in groups, comprising respectively "men of great genius in the same way of writing." For example, there was the group that arose in Greece, near the time of Socrates; the group that arose at Rome in the reign of Augustus; and the group that arose in France in the age of Louis XIV. "I cannot think," says Addison, "that Corneille, Racine, Molière, Boileau, La Fontaine, Bruyere, Bossu [Bossuet], or the Da-

ciers, would have written so well as they have done, had they not been friends and contemporaries."

The results of influence conveyed in words given from the mouths of public speakers, will next be considered. Among such results may be mentioned arousals and excitements, alterations and transformations, which have been well entitled to be called wonders in the world. It was on the occasion of a notable speech made by the Greek advocate, Callistratus, that Demosthenes became fired with the ambition to excel in oratory. The latter was then a youthful pupil, and his master, by reason of being acquainted with the officers at court, had succeeded in securing for him a seat where, without being seen, he could hear the pleadings. The success of that eminent advocate was such as to win for him tributes of the highest admiration. Plutarch, alluding to the feelings produced at that time in young Demosthenes, says that when he saw with what distinction Callistratus was conducted home and complimented by the people, he "was struck still more with the power of that commanding eloquence which could carry all before it," and that, immediately bidding adieu to the customary studies pursued by youths and the usual exercises practiced by them, he applied himself with great assiduity to declaiming, in hope of being one day numbered among orators.

Bridaine, a distinguished pulpit orator of France, once closed a sermon, the subject of which was Eternity, by exclaiming, three times in succession, "O eternity!" Each time the utterance went from his lips, he concentrated in it all the energy of

his impassioned soul; and from the seed which it carried to his audience there instantly grew up a vast and solemn outgrowth. The spell-bound listeners were moved to tears, and many of them were made to become, in a sense in which they had never been before, penitentially humble. The deliverance of John Owen from a wasting religious melancholy was ascribed by him to a sermon which he heard from a stranger, — a man whose name and place of abode he was never able to ascertain. He declared that it seemed to him in that case as if a spirit from a land of mysteries had touched him, and then straightway vanished into heaven. On the eighth day of July, 1741, Jonathan Edwards preached a sermon at Enfield, in the State of Connecticut, in the words of which went forth meanings, whence sprang a far-extending spiritual movement that had, it is supposed, for its fruit the conversion of thirty thousand souls. His text was the thirty-fifth verse of the thirty-second chapter of Deuteronomy :

“ Their foot shall slide in due time.”

At one moment during the delivery of the discourse, some of the auditors were so thrilled and so perturbed by what was conveyed in his utterances, that they seized hold of the pillars and the braces of the meeting-house, as if they felt that their feet were actually sliding downward to the brink of ruin.

There is an authentic account of a man who, when he was a hundred years old, betook himself from a prayerless to a devout life, in consequence of the influence contained in some words remembered

by him as having fallen from the lips of John Flavel, eighty-five years before.\* The venerable minister had been discoursing on the passage :

“If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha.”

He had closed his sermon, and was in the act of pronouncing the benediction, when, suddenly pausing, he said, with a tone of yearning sorrow, “How can I bless this whole assembly, when I know that every one in it who loveth not the Lord Jesus Christ is anathema maranatha ?” And, so long afterward, he who at the age of fifteen years heard that sermon and those parting words, and who, without having acquired any religious habit, had attained a hoary maturity, while sitting one day in his field in the town of Middleborough, Massachusetts, recalled the scene, the text, and especially that sad, piteous utterance of the saintly preacher at the moment of the dismissal of his congregation ; and great was the change which followed ! The slumber of his conscience was broken ; his heart, though hardened by the sins of a century, was melted to contrition ; and, entering on a course of pious experience and action, he became as faithful an exponent of Christianity as any one of those that had, half a lifetime earlier than he, made a holy profession.

What American has not read of the extraordinary result which was produced by the influence thrown out by Fisher Ames, when, at the close of the Rev-

\* See the work written by Professor Park, of Andover, under the title of *The Preacher and Pastor*. To the same volume I owe the substance of one or two of the preceding accounts.

olution, he spoke in the house of representatives at Philadelphia on the subject of the British treaty appropriations? His countenance has been described as having been, on that occasion, irradiated with more than mortal fires, and the intonations of his voice as having been marked with more than mortal sweetness. From his lips (so relates one who heard him\*) there fell argument, remonstrance, entreaty, persuasion, terror, and warning, at one moment like music, and at another moment like thunder. As he pleaded for his country, he seemed to be Patriotism in human form. And, from what his fine and powerful soul sent forth in the varied forms that were the constituents of his transcendent oratory, sprang products resembling the fabled workings of enchantment. The senses of the hearers were rendered unsusceptible toward all objects but himself; and, so long as he kept the floor, no person had the slightest consciousness of the lapse of time. When he resumed his seat, the great assembly — which included the very flower of Philadelphia — seemed to awaken as from a dream of delight. Such was the state of admiration and fascination into which all present had been brought, that not any one had the proper command of his faculties. Perceiving this to be the case, a prominent member of the opposition moved for an adjournment, in order that the vote of the house might not be taken till the overwhelming feeling excited by the influence of the orator had cooled.

\* Caldwell. See his article on Fisher Ames, in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, American edition.

## IV.

## DEEDS.

“Halters and racks cannot express from thee  
More than thy deeds.”

BEN JONSON.

“Deeds are greater than words. Deeds have such a life — mute but undeniable — and grow as living trees and fruit-trees do; they people the vacuity of time and make it green and worthy.”

CARLYLE.

INFLUENCE, though notably conveyed in looks and words, is yet more notably conveyed in what are called deeds. Compared with these, words, notwithstanding their unmistakable importance, are uncertain and fleeting. Indeed, words, compared even with the corporeal phases which are the components of silent expression, have been held by some eminent thinkers to be inferior to the latter. Speech has been represented as silvern, but silence as golden: the one has been pronounced human, the other divine. Whether there is or is not sufficient ground for the opinion thus indicated, is a question which it is not convenient here to attempt to settle. Clear enough, however, is it that speech carries no such weight of import as that which is borne by deeds — that things which are said are not such effective vehicles of meaning as are things which are done. Actions, performances, achievements, works — these are specially significant bearers of the vital and prolific produce of soul and character. Mortals, as they go about in the world, go continually, as in a field, sowing. They sow influence; and they sow it in no

mode quite as decisively as in that one which consists in the doing of deeds. Every act of kindness or of unkindness, of courage or of cowardice, of virtue or of vice, is a casting forth of germinant thought, emotion, or feeling. "All work," says Carlyle, "is a seed sown; it grows and spreads, and sows itself anew, and so in endless palingenesia lives and works." The Revelator suggests much when, referring to those who "die in the Lord," he makes the averment that "their works do follow them." Go and drop a work, a deed, along some frequented way where you shall be "seen of men," and, little though it may be, you will, if after the lapse of a few moments you return to the spot, find that out of it has come forth a wholesome or a baneful outgrowth; you will discover that to some one it has proved a source of benefit or of injury, of happiness or of unhappiness. Where is he who did never from a simple yet highly-graceful act of a beautiful female catch that from which sprang up on his part a perennial and ever-sweet harvest? Where is he who, at no time in his life, has mused on some lovely one that, like a heavenly shape, had flitted by him, and been ready the while to say in language such as that of Keats,

"Had I ever seen her from an arbor take  
A dewy flower, oft would that hand appear,  
And o'er my eyes the trembling moisture shake?"

Good deeds, wherever they are wrought, are blessings. They clothe the desert places of society with a welcome exuberance. Had none ever wisely worked, to what end would science, would art, have

come? Had none ever wisely fought, to what end would liberty have come? Had hearts, great and honest, never made lion-like demonstrations for righteousness' sake, what would have been the history of justice? — what the history of truth? Says Victor Hugo, "The honesty of a great heart condensed in justice and truth, is annihilating." But bad deeds, wherever they are wrought, are curses. Hardly true would it be to say that, if little they are little curses, and if great they are great curses; for they are liable to prove great curses even when they are little. A man was once sent to prison for changing a 7 to a 9. The influence in bad deeds so lives and so multiplies, as to make them the origin-marks of continuous lineage-lines of curses. For (to use the words of Schiller) "propagating still, it brings forth evil." It results, again and again, in such things as contention, bitterness, animosity, confusion, sorrow. Sometimes, 'tis like the fabled winds which, bound up in sacks, King Æolus presented to Ulysses, and which, having been cut loose at sea from their receptacles by the hands of thievish gold-seekers, speedily gave rise to a harvest of direful tempests.

The mass of mortals do but rarely consider how much they are indebted to the deeds of a comparatively few excellent persons for all the valuable institutions of the land, all the wholesome laws of the state, all the beneficial regulations appertaining to civility and decorum, and for all political, social, moral, and religious reforms. Every public library, every free reading-room, every Sunday-school, every academy, every college, every Christian church, is a plant

which has grown from influence conveyed chiefly in work earnestly done by some minority of high-souled persons coöperating with calm determination for the welfare of themselves, of their neighbors, and of mankind in general.

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## V.

### PARTICULAR ILLUSTRATIONS OF SOWING AND REAPING IN LIFE.

“Life’s field will yield as we make it,  
A harvest of thorns or of flowers.”

ALICE CARY.

“And with each face thou sawest the shadow on each,  
Seeing as men sow men reap.”

SWINBURNE, *Elegy on Baudelaire*.

BETWEEN seed-dissemination and its results in the agricultural or horticultural sphere, and seed-dissemination and its results in any higher sphere, — for example, in that known as the intellectual, the social, the political, or the spiritual, — there may be traced resemblances, each of which will afford an important and valuable lesson. In considering them, one can hardly fail to derive instruction, not only concerning the leading modes wherein influence is dispensed, but also concerning many a subordinate mode wherein that invisible, ever-multiplying produce is sown. But, before attending to the analogical points, glance, reader, at a single striking *dissimilarity*. A point this is which will be found to be, in quite as high a degree as any one of those, instructively suggestive.

Familiar to all mortals is the fact, that when physical seeds have been scattered or planted by the farmer or by the gardener, a measure of time, which, though comparatively not great, is not inconsiderable, must elapse before the germs of those seeds can become mature and fruit-bearing outgrowths. Now, in cases in which there has been a dissemination of influence, it is certain that, ordinarily, no such necessity is discovered to exist. From thoughts and feelings sown in looks, words, deeds, there may be expected to start forth germs which, with a remarkable and sometimes with an amazing quickness, will attain full development. In how short a time can one produce difficulty where all is smooth ! gloomy dissatisfaction where there is perfect content ! troublesome doubt where there is peaceful faith ! cold distrust where there is warm confidence ! By uttering one arrowy, caustic word, a person can instantly create a heart-wound that will remain unhealed for years, or a bitter prejudice that will abide with undiminished strength till the overmastering might of death shall quell it. If one should sow the seed of anger in a fellow-being who is the possessor of an irascible disposition, the latter would in a moment show, in

“ The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,”

that something prodigious and frightful has resulted. If one should inflict cruelty on another, the kernel which, in so doing, he would plant, would in a moment give rise to a full-grown and persistent hate. And if one should go forth, under the cover of darkness, and place against his neighbor's house a lighted

match, and leave the same secretly burning amid combustibile materials, surely not many moments would need to elapse before the little fire-kernel there planted would produce a terrific fire-harvest. Is it not true that wanton or criminal influence, whenever it is actually conveyed to a soil where nothing exists to hinder its germination, speedily gives rise to positive and clearly-distinguishable results? A thousand iniquitous acts can readily be conceived, any one of which would as promptly yield an appalling outgrowth, as would a diminutive blaze deposited in contact with a dry, crisp building, in the night.

How soon could something occur that would impoverish him who is recognized as affluent! How soon could there come to pass an event that would fill with grief him who is numbered among the happy! In less than an hour, such an agony could spring up in the bosom, as would, before the next day's dawn, make one's hair turn gray. Dickens, in his story entitled *Our Mutual Friend*, says it has been written of persons "who have passed through a terrible strait, or who in self-preservation have killed a defenseless fellow-creature, that the record thereof never faded from their countenances until they died."

Yonder is one who is fascinatingly fair. Does she know that, in the rays of her radiant face, she sends out seeds from which there are liable suddenly to arise in souls, emotions of an inexpressible immensity and power? A devout female teacher of a contemplative tendency, tells in the following language

the story of what grew up in her mind as she looked on a certain fine countenance :

“ I want to speak of a face I have seen lately which has made a deep impression on me. It is not the face of one of God’s suffering saints, which sometimes, through long and patient waiting, attains to a beauty almost heavenly. But it is that of a strong young woman, ruddy with health, and beautiful only because of the soul you see shining from it. I have looked upon this face at times, and have said to myself, ‘ That soul has just come from asking some great thing of the Lord, and is waiting, fully expecting to receive what it has asked.’ The faith and love of the soul shine clearly through the face. There is an energy which seems to say, ‘ Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?’ There is a happiness there, which reminds one of the promise, ‘ Your joy no man taketh from you.’ If I knew nothing of the life which so fully carries out the promise of this face, I think it would do me good just to look upon it as its owner goes out and in among us. I have thought more of the mission our Father permits our faces to perform for Him in this world, and have wished there were more like this. Thank God for beautiful faces! Truly they are ‘ goodly to look to.’ ” \*

And now let us give attention to the resemblances spoken of above. It is taught by naturalists that vegetable seeds are, in some cases, sown, by being made to pass from a foreign land to the place where they germinate. They are, perhaps, borne thereto across intervening waters; or, peradventure, they are caused to travel thereto by way of the atmosphere. “ When a volcanic island,” says Sir W. Thomson, “ springs up from the sea, and after a few years is found clothed with vegetation, we do not hesitate to assume that seed has been wafted to it through the air, or floated to it on rafts.” Now, sometimes influence analogously undergoes a process

\* Copied from the columns of that vigorous religious newspaper, *The Advance* (Chicago).

of transference from the place of its origin to the place of its germination. There comes not rarely from a foreign country the vital nucleus whence springs up a custom, an institution, a creed, or even a whole governmental system. The seed of the Roman empire came with Æneas from the distant land of Troy, and was planted by him on the banks of the Tiber. The seed of the republic of the United States had its origin in the Old World, and it came to the New with the sturdy Puritans who crossed the Atlantic in the hulk of the Mayflower. The seed of the doctrine of freedom of opinion and conscience traversed the ocean in the keeping of Roger Williams. He sought to make it vegetate at Salem, Massachusetts; but his endeavors toward that end proved unsuccessful. He then carefully bore it through the Indian-haunted forests to a certain pleasant, uninhabited spot, which he chose to designate by the name *Providence*, and which is now the seat of the metropolis of Rhode Island. There he renewed his efforts to bring to pass from it a harvest. He prayerfully planted it. He tenderly nursed it. With his tears he often watered it. By day and by night, through summer heats and winter rigors, he patiently guarded and shielded it. And the result was, that it shot forth a vigorous germ, fastened itself firmly by a root which no vicissitudes of the earth could weaken, and produced a civil constitution, which became a model for all industrious and order-loving peoples beneath the sky.

The seed from which grew up that political bohun-upas tree known as American slavery, was trans-

ferred from a foreign shore to the soil where it gave forth its venomous germ. Two hundred and fifty-eight years ago, a Dutch man-of-war, having on board twenty negroes that were for sale, entered the James River, and sailed up its waters toward what is now the city of Richmond. The men who were interested in the cargo of the incoming vessel loved money just as strongly as many men of the present utilitarian day love it; and their avarice led them to deliver those negroes to Virginia planters for a price. Then it was there was lodged in its warm sprouting-place the kernel whence was developed a hideous result, a monstrous outgrowth. From the embryotic slavery which was floated over to Virginia in that Dutch ship, sprang the gigantic slavery system which could only be removed amid tumults of sanguinary belligerence, and the removal of which, a few years after the middle of the nineteenth century, cost the nation wherein the huge plant had come to maturity pangs unutterable, and blood enough to tinge all her acres.

Again, some vegetable seeds are sown in this singular mode: They are provided with little hooks whereby they are enabled to become attached to passing objects; and by the objects on which they lay hold they are borne abroad and dispersed. And, in like manner, influence is often sown. Indeed, the dissemination of thought by means of those passing objects, the newspaper-sheet, the letter-sheet, and the tract-leaf, is one of the commonest facts appertaining to modern life. To take a newspaper is to take an instrument to which cling the current thoughts of the age. Lord Brougham

once declared that, even from a single page of newspaper advertisements, comprising the "wants" of a country, he would engage to give a sketch of the current civilization of the period. And what may not be said of letters — those seed-bearing instruments which pass along the mail-routes, inside white or brown envelopes? But for this class of missives how unfortunate would people be! They are vehicles that carry, as no others can do, the thoughts of persons to persons who are at a distance from them. Kindness, love, anxiety, joy, grief, gratitude, mirth, sympathy, — each of these can be made to travel a thousand miles on the ruled lines of a letter-sheet. Think what wonderfulness there is in a fact so common! One's ideas, one's feelings, can be transferred to a page of writing-paper, and that epistolary page can be put into a rectangular wrap-page, and, at the expense of three cents, be conveyed to some soul half the width of a continent away! Thus facts and truths of importance are communicated by the dweller in one part of a country to the dweller in another part of it. Thus friends and kindred are enabled to give comfort and pleasure to one another, at frequent intervals, though they are far apart. It was Washington Irving who expressed the fancy, that among the felicities of Heaven will be the delight experienced in receiving letters at every mail, and never being obliged to answer them.

One may well meditate for a moment or two, also, on those little carriers of influence which are usually called *tracts*. To many people these seem to be insignificant things — mere evanescent waifs, left to

perish in the frequented places of the world. But certain it is that, by means of them, seeds, which can germinate only in souls, and which, if they do once germinate, will give rise to new reflections and perhaps to new determinations, are circulated—nay, are often borne where they are received into fertile soil. When Thomas Coke, that indefatigable missionary who crossed the Atlantic nineteen times, was prosecuting his labors as a Wesleyan pioneer preacher in America, he attempted to ford a certain river, but, finding the current too strong, was obliged, in order to save himself from drowning, to let his beast go, and to seize hold of the boughs of a tree. A woman, discovering him in his perilous plight, sent men to rescue him. She, also, with much kindness, entertained him at her house. On setting out to resume his travels, he placed a religious tract in her hand. Five years afterward, a young man met him, and, having made himself known to him, gave him information of the results which had sprung from the influence contained in the words of that tract. The woman to whom it was presented drew into her soul, as she read it, the seed of “that change of mental poise which has been fitly named conversion.” She placed it in the hands of her children, and several of them (the young man who gave the information being one of the number) underwent a change similar to that whereof she had been the subject. She lent it to her neighbors, and many of them experienced a like alteration of heart and bent. And among the many products which grew from the spiritual kernels received from that tract, was the conspic-

uous one which consisted in a flourishing religious society.

And again: some vegetable seeds are disseminated by the sudden opening or bursting of the sack or envelope wherein they are enfolded. Thus, to cite a single example, the seeds of the plant which is called the English broom, are scattered. The pods crack open, and the effect of the concussion incident to the breaking of them is, that their contents are thrown into the air, and strewn over the ground. Now, often, in like manner, is the influence cast forth from which spring up memorable national events, noteworthy modifications of social relations, or grave changes on the part of particular individuals. What an outburst there was of invisible, quick-propagating seed, when Socrates was put to death at Athens! when Julius Cæsar was stabbed in the senate-hall at Rome! when Jesus the Christ was crucified on a hill outside Jerusalem! when Gobet, the archbishop of Paris, renounced before the National Convention of France the Christian religion, and there was enacted the decree that thenceforth the only French deities should be liberty, equality, and reason!

On the third day of March, 1770, some British troops under the command of one Captain Preston were drawn up in battle-array near the custom-house in Boston, against a crowd of towns-people, who, being agitated on account of unjust taxation, had there gathered. Henry Knox, a prominent citizen, catching hold of Captain Preston's arm, said, "For heaven's sake, sir, take heed what you do, or there will be bloodshed." "Stand aside," haughtily

answered the officer ; " do not interfere, sir. Leave me to manage the affair." A few minutes later, a volley of musket-shots smote the lingering throng of Americans, and eleven of them lay bleeding in the street. In the deadly gush from those soldiers' guns was given forth the seed of the American Revolution. " Blood," says Hawthorne, " was streaming upon the snow ; and that purple stain, in the midst of King Street, though it melted away in the next day's sun, was never forgotten nor forgiven by the people."

The great internecine war, which, during the four melancholy years that ended with the spring of 1865, so bitterly convulsed the States of our Republic, and so distressfully shook the world, sprang from a seed which was sown with a startling suddenness. For that seed was thrown out on the morning of the twelfth day of April, 1861, when the men of the South fired, in Charleston harbor, their first shot at that symbol of the Federal government, Fort Sumter. The act of violence then performed carried in it the prolific influence whence strife and struggle, such as had never before been witnessed in any land of the earth, naturally resulted.

In the various spheres of common life, there do frequently occur instances in which the kernel of some serious outcome is sown explosively, sown by the concussion of rashness. Deeds, wrought in moments of wild excitement or of headstrong imprudence, often yield in every community, every neighborhood, sad confusions and perturbations. Not rarely does it happen that, in a fit of unrestrained anger, one lets fly the seed of a baleful trouble

either to himself or to another. From history's beginning till now there have been persons — and never have they been few — who, by reason of giving way to freakish impulse or to intense passion, betook themselves to a course of extreme action, the results of which they were destined, to their latest day, miserably to deplore. Among such must be numbered Cain, who had to lament the murder of his brother; Esau, who had to weep on account of the forfeiture of his birthright; David, who had to go sighing all his years over his foul crime against the hero Uriah; Judas, who had to bewail, with a sorrow which crazed him, his betrayal of the Redeemer; Charles the Ninth, who had to be preyed upon by a bewildering remorse because of his order for the massacre of St. Bartholomew's night; and Aaron Burr, who had to bemoan as long as he lived his taking-off of the grand and spotless Hamilton.

Some mortals seem to be ever casting forth such influence as is adapted only to produce the direful vegetation which consists in moral evil. Of this class was the comely but debased man whom the present writer did once, while tarrying at a western inn, find engaged in teaching an innocent little girl that was sitting on his knee, how to swear profanely, just as he did! It was a scene fitted to suggest the words of Claudian:

“What a strange sporting cruelty is this!”

They who, with a devil-like hardihood, indulge habitually in wicked kinds of seed-sowing, scruple not to adopt almost any mode, manner, or means, in

which or by which they can facilitate the out-throwing of their dreadful mental produce. And what is here stated may be taken as a general explanation of much that it is painfully perplexing to contemplate. Times there are when persons are surprised to find growing up in one on whose part they have been wont to behold only expressions of goodness and purity, some strange, unholy thought or feeling; and they are unable precisely to account for the existence of the same in that one's soul. There is a pleasant home yonder, and in it is a prattling child. Faithfully are its parents endeavoring to keep it aloof from every source of pernicious influence. The care they are daily and hourly exercising over it is patient, thoughtful, and wise. But the time will come when they will be shocked to know that their sweet-voiced boy or girl has become the possessor of some mean and degrading conception, idea, desire, purpose, or belief; and, though they earnestly try, they will in all likelihood try in vain, to ascertain exactly how the seed of the corrupt outgrowth found its way into their child's fresh and tender nature. All cases answering to this description are problems. And why? Simply because the ways and the means are endlessly varied, wherein and whereby human souls, in their juvenile days, can be made to receive the seed of moral evil. It is to be believed that an individual can, without limit, effect changes in his mien, his bearing, and his behavior, each of which shall somehow serve to assist him in expressing his thoughts and feelings. If, therefore, he is bad, it is possible for him to have recourse to any number of methods and instruments, large and small,

in effecting the dissemination of his baneful influence. Solomon, describing an exemplifier of vicious waywardness, says :

“A naughty person, a wicked man, walketh with a froward mouth. He winketh with his eyes, he speaketh with his feet, he teacheth with his fingers ; frowardness is in his heart, he deviseth mischief continually ; he soweth discord.”

And here, waiting not to interpose anything transitional, I quote the weighty remark made by Bushnell :

“Many have gone so far, and not without show at least of reason, as to maintain that the look or expression, and even the very features of children, are often changed by exclusive intercourse with nurses and attendants.”

Parents, who have little sons or little daughters, would do well should they often, with deep seriousness, contemplate those ancient words and these modern ones.

“He soweth discord.” How suggestive a declaration is this ! No better definition can, perhaps, be given of a willful sinner, than that which consists in representing him as a discord-sower. He who commits a sin throws upon some soil the seed of some deplorable inharmony. All the rancorous commotions, all the woful derangements, which exist within the bounds of the universe, are attributable to kernels once put forth in sins. I direct thee, reader, to a case, the story of which is as old as the Hebrew language. I ask thee to take a look with thy mind at the symbolic sin of the ages. In one of the earliest chapters of the Bible is a vivid delineation of a primeval seat of blissful quiet and order. It is described as a garden, the name of which was

Eden. It is pictured as the paradise wherein were placed the first man and the first woman of the world. According to the olden story, four rivers of pure and limpid water refreshed it. Trees of various species, pleasant to the sight and abounding with fruits good for food, grew there. In the midst of the place was a tree more precious than the others; for it was one that yielded fruit fitted endlessly to renew human youth and life. The sky (so men naturally infer from the long-honored account) bent lovingly over that scene of wholesome verdure and sweet thrift. No miasmatic atoms floated in the atmosphere of the Eden garden. No unwelcome odors were caught from the wings of its winds. At morning, the sun propitiously arose, and with a soft, attractive luster, ascended along his ethereal course to the zenith; and at evening,

... "Glowed the firmament  
With living sapphires. Hesperus that led  
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,  
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,  
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

In that delightful spot (so readers gather from the venerated pages of the primitive narrative), the first husband and the first wife unitedly plied their willing hands to the inviting tasks of the golden days. There they congenially communed, worshiped, rejoiced. The supplies of their wants were complete. Their cup of happiness was full.

"Perfection crowned with wondrous store,  
And peace and plenty smiled around;  
They felt no grief, they knew no shame,  
But tasted heaven on earthly ground."

The time came, however, when an appalling change (I speak according to the record) passed over that pristine seat of humanity. The favored pair were suddenly expelled from the garden. A flaming sword gleamed and glared at them in the maddened sunlight. Their whole vista was overcast with a threatening gloom; and they were ashamed, were confused, were terror-stricken. On their part there had come to exist a guilty proneness to concealment, a tendency to slink away into some obscure corner, and hide themselves from everything that was luminous. And from what had sprung these frightful results? Here is the answer: They had sinned, and, in sinning, had sown discord, — a discord which emptied earth of its paradise, and made the “blue infinite” recoil from the sight of terrestrial life.

Now, whatever difference of opinion there may be on questions relating to the foundation or to the authorship of the story referred to, all men must concede that it is a story which has been, and which will continue to be, instructive as to human sin, in every historic period. People are sowing discord to-day, substantially, just as that man and that woman of the storied paradise of old sowed it. Hence it is that, in whatever direction one turns, he is obliged to discover proofs and exhibitions of inharmoniousness. There are domestic, commercial, political incongruities and dissonances, disturbances, and disorders. There are envyings, bickerings, backbitings, and chronic grudges. There are acrimonious disagreements and virulent animosities. There are tongues which drip with vituperation. There

are hearts whose early loveliness has been burned to ashes by the lava-flames of ungoverned passion. There are bosoms which are "breathing out threatenings and slaughter." Homes, once peaceful, have become the dwelling-places of estranged kindred. Neighborhoods once happy in the interchange of sympathy and kindness, have become collections of alienated families. Nations, once linked in prosperous concord, have become mutually distrustful and hostile. And all these lamentable things of life have their existence, because there are willful sinners in the world, and because every willful sinner soweth discord.

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## VI.

### THE SECRET OF THE IMMORTALIZATION OF ENDEARMENT.

"O sacred bond, by time thou art not broken!  
O thing divine, by angels to be spoken!"

DRAYTON, *The Legend of Pierce Gaveston*.

HUMAN affection, as all know, does, in spite of the separation wrought by death, remain faithful to its object. Indeed, all know that, as the years roll on after that separation, it fondly cherishes and persistently preserves its tender regard for its loved one. Why is this? It is, I answer, because of that which, in any and in every case, accounts for the existence and the durability of fondness on the part of one soul for another. The explanation is nothing less

and nothing more than influence, — influence of a kind peculiarly sweet, — left to live and reproduce itself.

David and Jonathan loved each other just as they did, because they had influenced each other just as they had ; and when Jonathan was dead, David continued to love Jonathan, because the latter, by his immortal influence on his friend, had immortalized his friend's endearment to him. And thus it is ever. Influence — that which is the secret of the existence of endearment — is the secret of its immortalization.

In one of the wars of the Crusades, Gilbert-a-Becket, the father of the celebrated Thomas-a-Becket, was taken prisoner by a Syrian emir. A daughter of the emir, on seeing the captive stranger and hearing him converse, came to have a great love for him, and sought to open a way whereby he, in company with herself, might depart to England. Gilbert escaped ; but, by reason of some miscarriage as to the plan, she remained behind. Afterward, however, she succeeded in obtaining a passage to the land whither the object of her affection had gone. She knew but two English words, and they were "London" and "Gilbert." After reaching London, she for months traveled the streets, followed always by a curious crowd, and continually repeating the name "Gilbert." Finally, she arrived in the vicinity of Gilbert's house ; and one of the servants there heard the cry which she uttered. Gilbert, being informed of the circumstance, hastened to the door ; and soon, in the van of the gaping crowd, he recognized his Syrian lover. He received her to his bosom, and married her. What if he had been dead ?

Would he not still have been dear to that seeking maiden? The truth is, the influence she had received from him was deathless; and her love for him had borrowed deathlessness from it.

Interesting is it to muse on that extraordinary friendship which existed between Montaigne and La Boëtie. Even before they had met they had drunk into their souls each other's influence, and, by reason of so doing, had become accustomed to "embrace each other in their names." Of the strong attachment which arose between them, Montaigne speaks "as of a great fact in nature." He even ascribes it to "some secret appointment of heaven." He could not submit to have that friendship ranked with any common one. "We were halves throughout," he says, "and to that degree that, methinks, by outliving him, I defraud him of his part." And again he says: "There is no act or imagining of mine where I do not miss him." What an endearment it was which that friend of the noble old Gascon essayist had, by the influence wherewith he gladdened the soul of the latter, rendered immortal!

The mother of William Cowper sowed in him, when he was a child, such seed as led him to say of her, years and years after her burial:

. . . "Thy own sweet smile I see,  
The same that oft in childhood solaced me."

Ah! how could it have perished from his nature — that endearment which was born of the influence caught by him from the guardian, tender and holy, who used to dress him for school

"In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,"

used to bestow on him "morning bounties," and used to bathe his little cheeks with "fragrant waters?"

The process whereby endearment is immortalized is an ever-continuing one; for it is identical with that of the reproduction of the ever-living produce. I will endeavor to illustrate it.

He that is worthy of esteem and affection, whatever may be his name or clime, has friends, to whom, whether he lives or dies, he will be an object of loving interest. This is one of those beautiful certainties which impart a perennial fairness to the prospect of future existence, and which make destiny itself look hospitable. See the fine instance of goodness, the true attractor of hearts! During many years he has walked with his chosen associates, both in pleasure's flowery paths and in sorrow's thorny ways. And in every hour of his communion with them he has exerted on them his influence. Think now of the results of that influence. His image is clearly formed in their minds. His peculiarities have become fully known to them, and cannot be forgotten. His opinions, his plans, his hopes, his triumphs, his troubles, his joys — all these have been impressively revealed to their minds. Many times have he and they parted, with eyes bedewed with affectionate tears, while from subdued lips fell the gentle good-by of confiding fondness; and many times have he and they blissfully joined hands, when the season of separation had ended. And now, suppose a great thing: suppose that he has passed through the mystery of death, and that his body is waiting to be carried to its last resting-place. The question arises, How has his decease

affected the relationship, nay, the endearment of his friends to him? Has it destroyed it? Has it weakened it? Let us see. They are at hand, mourning on account of the loss of his visible presence. Early had they sought his bedside, that they might lighten his load of pain, and soothe his disease-fretted nature. They had softly pressed his feverish pulse. They had tenderly wiped the sweat-drops from his fading brow. They had beheld when the mighty change came, by which language was made to cease from his mortal lips, vision from his mortal eyes, and vitality from his mortal heart. But, though he is dead, they deem it better to be at the house where lingers his spiritless form, than to be at any house of festivity. They go tearfully to the place of quiet burial. They go sorrowfully to their homes when the burial-scene is over.

And what then? Is not their deceased friend still an object of loving interest to them? Is he not as dear to them as he was before? Do not all the impressions he made on their minds, while living, remain to tell them what he was? Does not the image of him — the very same image of him which they used to bear — abide with undimmed vividness in their souls; and does it not, and will it not, through all years, in union with the bright associations which cluster around it, represent to them his engaging character, his attractive manhood? And will he not be dear to them forever? Oh! who of all men is there that can, by making the passage over death's somber river, break the tie of affection by which his friends are bound to him? Who that has won the cherishing fondness of the true and

good, can depart from the moorings of mortality to the shore of the endless life, without leaving loving hearts to keep his memory green ?

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## VII.

### LIFE AND INFLUENCE INSEPARABLE.

Un cabello haze sombra.

(“The least hair makes a shadow.”)

SPANISH PROVERB.

ALL mortals, without exception, are scatterers of germinant mental produce, from which springeth up something acceptable or something unwelcome, something beneficial or something noxious. True it is, there are persons who seem actually to have arrived at the conclusion that they are of no consequence to others. They are peculiar, if for nothing else, for their self-depreciation. And there is proof enough of the falseness of the conclusion which they draw, or seem to draw, as to their lack of consequence, in the very fact that, while letting themselves depreciate themselves, they are influencing others in no goodly manner and to no desirable end. Observe any one of them. He is accustomed to compare himself with those who have more property than he, a better education than he, or a higher degree of social distinction than he, and then to look on himself with a downcast eye, and virtually say, “What am I in this big, tough, bustling world? Were I dead and buried, who would miss me? Alas!

I have no importance, no influence ! I am but a cipher." Now, by way of delivering from his unhappy disposition any one who is inclined thus to deny his own significance, there may well be offered a little medicine compounded of assurance and expostulation. The individual is laboring under a mistake. He is not a cipher, and can never be one. He is a human being. He has a living body, with a thinking soul inside of it. Hence he is and must be of some consequence to others ; he sheds and must shed some influence on others. Why, what would a person be if he were without any influence ? Who can conceive a living, knowing, accountable creature, going and coming, sitting down and rising up, speaking and acting, and yet exerting no influence ? Such a one has never been. Such a one cannot be. Says the profound author of *Sermons for the New Life* :

"Simply to be in this world, whatever you are, is to exert an influence."

A living dog, declares Solomon, is better than a dead lion. And why was he moved to make this declaration ? Evidently because his soul was pressed by something like the ponderous truth, that *life and influence are inseparable*. There occurs in one of the works of Hafiz, a Persian poet, a fine little fable, which has an apt moral for him who has taught his heart the lie that he is, or can be, utterly uninfluential. I quote it from *The Spectator*, No. 293 :

"A drop [of water] fell out of a cloud into the sea, and finding itself lost in such an immensity of fluid [liquid] matter, broke out into the following reflection : 'Alas ! what an inconsiderable creature am I in this prodigious ocean of waters ! My existence is of no concern to the universe ; I am reduced to a kind of nothing, and

am less than the least of the works of God.' It so happened that an oyster, which lay in the neighborhood of this drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up in the midst of this its humble soliloquy. The drop, says the fable, lay a great while hardening in the shell, until by degrees it was ripened into a pearl, which, falling into the hands of a diver, after a long series of adventures, is at present that famous pearl which is fixed on the top of the Persian diadem."

Put thyself, reader, wheresoever thou mayest, and if thou canst so much as look at other members of thy race and be looked at by them, thou wilt sow seeds in human soil. Thou wilt send forth out of thyself vital grains of a produce fitted to give rise, either to things wholesome and benign, or to things inimical to human welfare, — things such as irritation, contention, confusion; such as the fever of unrest, or the "sorrow which worketh death." Beware lest thou sow iniquity, and be left to reap vanity! Listen! There do seem to echo along the air, as if freshly wafted from some breezy Scottish highland, those notes of Bonar's charming harp :

" Sow truth, if thou the truth wouldst reap,  
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;  
Erect and sound thy conscience keep,  
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

" Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure,  
Sow peace, and reap its harvests bright;  
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,  
And find a harvest-home of light."



# THE MYSTIC PERSONALTY.



. . . "No man is the lord of anything  
(Though in and of him there be much consisting,  
Till he communicate his parts to others."

SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida*.



## CHAPTER V.

# PRESENCE AND THE PRESENCE-FORCE.

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### I.

#### THE SECRET OF PERSONAL IMPRESSIVENESS.

“Certainly it is agreeable to reason, that there are at the least some light effluxions from spirit to spirit, when men are in presence one with another, as well as from body to body.”

LORD BACON, *Sylva Sylvarum*.

“THERE went virtue out of him.” This is one of the deep things said of Jesus the Christ, in the evangelic history. And the saying is equivalent to the averment, that he was the subject of an effluence which was of a quality peculiar to him — an effluence which not only continually went out to make him personally impressive, but sometimes specially went out to penetrate adjacent humanity.

In the same history, one finds it recorded concerning Cleopas and his traveling mate, whom Jesus had accompanied for some distance on the way to Emmaus, and from whom he had suddenly withdrawn himself, having been recognized by them as their loved Master only at the last moment, that they said one to the other :

“Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?”

It is evident that, though they did not while he was conversing with them know who he was, they needed no proof that they were holding intercourse with a great soul. The effect which the "virtue," emitted by his rich nature, had on them, sufficed to show them that such was the case. By the wondrous sway which they felt he was exercising over them, by that secret nameless *burning* which he caused them to experience in their hearts, they were certain that they were walking with no common man.

Now, so it ever is when a representative of the "pure kind of kingship" goes along with persons of ordinary endowments, and talks with them by the way. He warms them with something more permeating than the heat of glowing coals, or thrills them with something more penetrant than a current of electricity. By means of his outcoming expiratory principle, his soul-evolved effluence, he gains an easy conquest over them, and does this without appearing to press himself in the least toward the realization of any aim at mastery. A force stirring to the mind and awakening to the heart, passes from him into them; and so welcome is it, that they treat him with rare deference, — they refrain from vulgar speech if they are vulgar, and from profanity if they are profane, — they give ear to all that he says, and honor him, perhaps, by withholding themselves from all opposition to his opinions. Indeed, so long as he and they continue to walk together, they show by their demeanor that he is touching, influencing, moving their souls with a fine exhalation or efflux out-sent from his own nature.

Such, in comprehensive terms, is the explanation of personal impressiveness. Presence-effluence is indispensable to personal influence. A mind nobly self-conscious and profoundly awake, by reason that it directly evolves something quickening, carries an energizing atmosphere about it wherever it goes — an atmosphere the quality of which is determined by the quality of the same mind itself. But a mind that insufficiently makes itself felt, is lacking in presence-force. The saying is true, that men, like wagons, rattle prodigiously when there is nothing in them. Effluent “virtue” is what imparts brightness to mien and potency to bearing. Who does not know the power which a smile can have? The Italian poets say, *Lampeggiar dell’ angelico riso*, — “the lightning of the angelic smile.” Who has never felt this? And who does not know the power which a glance can have? “Nothing,” says Victor Hugo, “is more real than the mighty shocks which two souls give each other by exchanging this spark.”

The man of firm will and heroic spirit is enabled, by the energizing principle which he perennially and hourly sends out, to get by violent ill-wishers with ease, and leave them behind him to tell what graceful bravery he exhibited as he passed coolly along, reaching forth in his own unique way for victory. Concerning Julius Cæsar, it is related that he opposed only the authority of his countenance and the sharpness of his rebukes to his legions, when they mutinously armed themselves against him.

“Upon a parapet of turf he stood,

And froze the mutineers’ rebellious blood.”

LUCAN.

Whipple, in his *Character and Characteristic Men*, speaking of Zachary Macaulay, the father of the eminent historian, says that his "mere presence was conversation." And of the gifted T. Starr King, he remarks that he had the rare felicity, in everything he said and did, of communicating himself; that everybody he met he unconsciously enriched, and everywhere he went he instinctively organized; that everybody felt grateful to that genial exorcist, who drove the devils of selfishness and pride from the heart, and softly ensconced himself in their vacated seats. "His presence," he adds, "outvalued everything in the room he gladdened with his beaming face."

Captain Basil Hall, referring to the beguiling presence of Sir Walter Scott, describes the path where he once walked with him, as "muddy and scarcely passable," yet declares that he did not remember ever to have seen any place so interesting as the same narrow ravine was rendered by the skill of that mighty magician.

Now, the presence-force, which was possessed in the foregoing notable instances, was, at bottom, a force such as all men have, in one measure or another. When put to high use, it is the quiet way-opener for the will. It makes clear a route by souls, and over them, and in spite of them, subdues resistance without noise and almost without seeming to fight against it, turns lukewarm favorers into devoted allies, and enemies into friends.

In educating, evangelizing, civilizing men, how could presence-force be spared? It was this that gave to Paul such access to the good graces of

King Agrippa; this that secured to Columbus the patronage of the Queen of Spain; this that helped, more than any other earthly thing, in winning for Luther his triumph before the Diet at Worms; this that sent the money-changers and the dove-sellers scampering out of the Jerusalem temple.

Jesus, it must be conceded, had more presence-force than the ablest of men have, because he was ineffably superior to men. The "virtue" that went out of him, whenever he held company with human beings, did sometimes, under his direction, work wonderful changes in bodies as well as in souls.\* It permeated to the sick vitals of pining invalids, darted along their veins, arteries, nerves, and muscular fibers, and through their rheumatic joints, driving disease out of the parts where it had long perpetrated its ravages, and making the breath of the sad sufferers sweet with new-created health. But, though men can, by the exertion of their souls, emit nothing so marvelously potent as that effluence which went from the sound and fine nature of the Master, yet every one can have enough presence-force to render himself interesting to those with whom he converses. There is something which goes forth from yourself, and which gives you an air of your own — which creates for you a personal atmosphere expressive of your quality. It is something which depends for its evolvment both on the outward and on the inward man; but which, though it has its origin partly in the visible body, is referable rather to the soul than to the corporeal frame. By that something, whatever it may be, you are enabled

\* See Luke vii.

to produce effects on others, when you are utterly silent, and even when you come near others, and look on them, before they have discovered your approach. The reader of the pages of *Les Misérables* finds himself, in a certain place, pondering over the information that Marius, as he drew near at one time to beautiful Cosette in the garden where she was lingering, penetrated and moved her with his presence-force, before he had spoken to her a word, and even before she had caught an echo of his footsteps or a glimpse of his approaching form. "All at once," says Victor Hugo, "she had that indescribable feeling which people experience, even without seeing, when some one is standing behind them."

Have you never thought how effective one can be, without the movement of a limb or of a muscle? There is ample scope for you and me to "communicate our parts to others," independently of special manners and much speaking. We say and do a multitude of things to add to our impressiveness, which, forsooth, do but serve to interrupt the outflow of our expiratory energy, and, therefore, to make us less impressive. Let us beware how we have recourse to affectations, studied modes, strained exertions, and the like, remembering that, instead of proving helps to personal forcibleness, such recourses tend far more often to lessen it than to increase it. To the unpretending and earnest, they are reasons for attributing to us insincerity and lack of mental depth. "Putting on airs" and straining after effect, invariably show superficiality. Better is it, always, to be nobly natural. We should trust our souls to look out in their own way. Doing so, we uncon-

strainedly exert the secret source of personal power, and render presence a quickened and quickening medium of mental force.

It is not necessary to try hard to talk. How needlessly do many persons suffer, in their chairs, by reason of the feeling that they say too little, or have too little to say! They seem to owe their embarrassment to the erroneous notion that, to be interesting in conversation, one must inflict just so much wear and tear on his vocal organs, and must just so often say something even though he may mean nothing. Let us be done with this false notion! We need but to have a lively presence, in the time of conversation, to be deemed sociable. Little may you give from your lips to him who comes to talk with you; few, indeed, may be the circumlocutions you use with him; you may be hearer rather than speaker; but if you have an awakened soul just behind your eyes, and there is a free emission of its own energy, then your countenance will be expressive, your manner communicative, and your society sufficiently agreeable.

## II.

## PERSONAL ATMOSPHERES: THEIR DISSIMILITUDE.

“We are no sooner presented to any one we never saw before, but we are immediately struck with the idea of a proud, a reserved, an affable, or a good-natured man; and upon our first going into a company of strangers, our benevolence or aversion, awe or contempt, rises naturally toward several particular persons, before we have heard them speak a single word, or so much as know who they are.”

THE SPECTATOR, No. 86.

CONCEIVE a sphere of ethereal substance, with a human being in its center; and conceive every living individual to be the center of such a sphere. You will, then, have in mind that which will enable you to form some clear idea of what is meant by presence, when this word is employed in its deeper sense. Men go about carrying with them invisible spheres of the magnetism which emanates from them; and the spheric amount of magnetism around each is his *personal atmosphere*. In Werner's *Die Schutzgeister* (“Guardian Angels,”) are the words:

“Every man, when awake and in good health, has an atmosphere which possesses a certain extension.”

And says the learned George Bush:

“Every one is surrounded by an invisible aura or atmosphere, which is constantly exhaling from his person and spreading to some distance on every side, and bearing to him somewhat the same relation that the ærial atmosphere does to the earth.”

The same author, speaking further concerning the personal atmosphere, remarks that it “is not merely the efflux of the corporeal system, but it emanates

also from the interior spirit, the seat of sentiments and intellectual sympathies."

The use of the term atmosphere to denote the aura or presence of a person, is, notwithstanding its lack of absolute etymological fitness, amply warranted by analogous applications of it which have, from time to time, been made by scientists and philosophers. They have employed it not only to signify the aëriform envelope of the earth, but also any other circumjacent medium, whether gaseous or imponderable. The electrician employs the term to express the supposed medium around an electrical body. The prying explorer, who resolutely searches for nature's atomic secrets, makes use of it in defining the minute spaces which divide molecule from molecule, throughout all the kingdoms of material being — those spaces wherein occur the attractions and the repulsions that explain cohesion and chemical affinity. It is also used to denote the characteristic sphere around any body which has a marked tendency to diffuse abroad its own peculiar substance. Put a grain of musk in a room, and let it remain there undisturbed for twenty years, and it will during all that period render the apartment perceptibly odorous. And so inconceivably fine will be the particles emanating from it, that if, at the end of the twenty years, the single grain, yielding that musk-atmosphere, should be weighed, no loss of weight would be detected. The rose emits a fragrant effluence which creates for it a sphere of unique perfume — a rose-atmosphere. The water-lily exhales an unmatchable aroma, which constitutes for it an envelope "eye hath not seen" — a medium delicately rich and preciously sweet —

its own consummate atmosphere. The honeysuckle sends out molecules which make for it a honeysuckle atmosphere. The rank, unwholesome weed, rooted in sterile soil, gives forth emanations which form for it an atmosphere savoring of its own wild, evil, repulsive nature.

Now, just as it is a help in expressing any one of these invisible material media, to call it the atmosphere of that to which it owes its existence and its peculiarities, so it is a help in expressing the medium around one's mental substance — that which bears the decided flavor of one's personality, and in which occur the attractions and the repulsions resulting from the relation of one's own soul-evolved effluence to the soul-evolved effluence of others — to call it his personal atmosphere. But, whether there be applied to it this appellation, or the more abstract one of *presence*, it is trusted the reader discerns sufficiently what is meant.

Swedenborg — he who has been called “the type of the greatest possible spiritual ecstasy” — has much to say in relation to personal atmospheres; and certainly, whatever may be thought concerning his seership, his teachings in respect to such atmospheres can, on no tenable ground, be deemed to be valueless vaporings. In treating the subject, he constantly employs the term sphere, to denote the human aura. His generic affirmation is, that “everything is surrounded by something similar to that which is within it, and that this is continually exhaled from it.” A viewless stream incessantly goes out, in the manner of an efflux, from every man, animal, flower, shrub, tree, specimen of fruit, and

even from every metal and every stone. In the case of each human being, the effluent stream is in its nature both spiritual and physical. "There flows forth," he says, "yea, overflows from every man a spiritual sphere, derived from the affections of his love, — which encompasses him, and infuses itself into the natural sphere derived from the body, so that the two spheres are conjoined."

The aura of a person, so far as it is exclusively of bodily origin, is (according to his teaching) "a sphere of effluvias exuding from him," and is such that it "is sensibly smelt by sagacious beasts;" but, so far as it is of spiritual origin, it is the image of the person extended without him, and "is, indeed, the image of all things appertaining to him."\* His

\* Possibly the true explanation of the presence-force and the personal atmosphere, may be this: that the magnetic fluid, which naturally emanates from the body, is made to take a determinate direction and a specific intensity of motion, by the soul acting as a moving cause in relation to that fluid, rather than as an emitter of an effluence that mixes therewith. This explanation seems to be plainly implied in the following words of Deleuze: "Nothing prevents me from emitting it [the magnetic fluid]; but there may be in the individual upon whom I act, some obstacle which prevents the effects I intend to produce, and then I experience a greater or less resistance, in the same manner as when I employ my strength to lift a burden that is too heavy; this resistance may even be invincible. The magnetic fluid is continually escaping from us, and it forms an atmosphere round our bodies, which, having no determinate direction, does not perceptibly act upon the individuals who are about us, but it is impelled and guided by our will; it moves forward with the whole of that force which we have imparted to it, like the luminous rays which issue from ignited substances. The principle which sets it in action exists in our souls, in the same way as that which communicates strength to our arm, and its nature is similar."

There may, however, be (and I am inclined to think there is) an

doctrine of the soul-element included in presence, is, that it is the exhalation flowing forth from the life of the loves or affections, and that by it one person has knowledge of the quality of another. I quote from his writings a single passage more :

“ Man does not know that, according to the life of his affections, a certain spiritual sphere encompasses him, which sphere is more perceptible to the angels than a sphere of odor is to the most exquisite sense in the world. If his life has been in externals alone, namely, in pleasures derived from hatreds against his neighbor, from revenges and from cruelty thence, from adulteries, from self-exaltation, and thence contempt of others, from clandestine rapines, from avarice, from deceits, from luxury, and the like, the spiritual sphere which encompasses him is as foul and offensive, as is in the world the sphere of odors from dead bodies, from dung-hills, from stinking filth, and the like. The man who has led such a life, carries with him this sphere after death; and because he is entirely and wholly in that sphere, he cannot be anywhere but in hell, where such spheres are. But they who are in internal things, namely, who have had delight in benevolence and charity toward their neighbor, and especially who have had blessedness in love to the Lord, are encompassed with a grateful and pleasant sphere, which is essentially heavenly, on which account they are in heaven.”

The dissimilitude which appertains to personal atmospheres, is a consideration of practical not less than of philosophic importance. It embraces unlikenesses which may be represented as existing in quantity, quality, strength, keenness, and weight of presence, as well as in a number of other particulars too recalcitrant, perhaps, to admit being expressed in single terms. There are peculiarities of every specimen of poetry, of romance, of history, of biography, of paint-

ethereal principle which is evolved by the soul from its own inner and spiritual form, and which unites with the bodily magnetism, and secures to the personal atmosphere the power of expressing soul-quality.

ing, of sculpture, of music, of elocution, which can be explained only by referring them to peculiarities of personal effluence. That which constitutes the presence that goes with one's body, constitutes also a presence that goes with one's production.\* In the greatest of lexicons, I find among the phraseology of definitions the words, "the fine diffusive quality of intellectual power," and "the subtile aroma of genius."† The language is impressively suggestive of the dissimilitude of the atmospheres which different souls make to exist around them, and make to exist also around all that they produce. The simple truth is, the atmosphere which every person has, is peculiar to him because it results from the issuing

\* The position advanced is substantially like that which I find to be set forth in a suggestive article on the Persistence of Force, which was first published in the columns of *The Golden Age*, and which was reprinted in *The Christian Union* (1873). The author of the article maintains that the effluence, which is imparted by a person, and which, in the case of genius, "has its source and hiding in the most interior places of the personality, not only attends one's mien and manners, utterances and gestures, but also one's *works*, and that it persistently pervades as well as accompanies these, being indestructible, and affording a new sanction and ground for faith in personal immortality." "One of the most wonderful things in life, in literature, in art," says that writer, "is the persistence of the personality in its creations and emanations. The *Iliad* is not merely so many cantos of inimitable verse; it is Homer. The sad, solitary, grand heart of Dante palpitates in every verse of the *Commedia*. Every thought of Goethe reflects his personality in its shining facets. The fascination of Carlyle's works consists almost solely in the personal electricity with which they are charged. The charm and power of Emerson's essays reside chiefly in the spirit and aroma of his unique personality; the more colorless they are in themselves, the more perfectly they mirror the features and genius of their author."

† See Webster's *Unabridged Pictorial Dictionary*, p. 76.

forth of the "diffusive quality" of his own mental power. See how this declaration is confirmed! Sir William Davenant, in his *Gondibert*, says of Birtha:

"She ne'er saw courts, yet courts could have undone,  
With untaught looks and an unpracticed heart."

Jean Paul speaks of "that holy maiden look which is bright and attentive, but not searching." Heine, describing a beautiful maid, presents the picture:

"Girl so garnered round with sweetness,  
Never did a poet frame."

Victor Hugo says, "There is a loss of caloric in the vicinity of cold persons." Whittier, in his *Snow-Bound*, alludes to "the dear aunt" as one,

"Whose presence seemed the sweet income  
And womanly atmosphere of home."

Anciently, it was believed of certain Scythian women, that whenever they became enraged at any one they killed the person by throwing their presence in a condensed form on him, and piercing him with a look.

One person has a dry, tedious presence, which makes you desire to get beyond its compass as soon as possible, so that you may breathe more freely; another has a thick, sticky presence, something of which disagreeably adheres to you, like pitch-pine sap, when you have left him. Youth, if unwithered by disappointment, unblunted by tyranny, and unpoisoned by vice, has a fresh, bright presence; age, on the contrary, unless great pains have been taken to preserve its intellectual elasticity and to keep its heart young, has, at best, an uninvigorating presence. "Souls," says Montaigne, "are never or

very rarely seen, that, in growing old, do not smell sour and musty." The hypochondriac has a heavy, abnormal presence, which oppresses and chokes you, like unwholesome smoke or malarious night-air; the wit has an electric presence, which, whenever you rub your soul against it, seems to flash and crackle, like a cat's fur when you rake it with your fingers. One person has a grave, sedate presence; another has a playful, humorous, mirth-awakening presence. Who has not known some individual whose habitual outcome of magnetic energy was such that it would have continually caused even the dignified to relax to a gay mood, and be boyishly facetious? There are those who seem not able to perform any act or to assume any demeanor, that will make their presence less exciting to the susceptibility of mirth. If you should see one of this class of persons weep, you would feel to laugh; if you should see him suffer, you would feel to smile; if you should see him die, you would almost be tempted to allow yourself to give place to emotions of jovialty, so magically diverting would be the atmosphere of his dear, clever spirit.

One person has a presence all imbued with the winning melancholy which is inseparable from a profound, gracious, and holy earnestness, and which gives a "pensive depth" to the eye. Another has a presence so pervaded with intellectual vitality, and so charged with intellectual lightning, that it instantaneously elicits from all whom it meets, or who meet it, an intense attention.

When Goethe came as a stranger to the Strasburg dining-table, and unwittingly took his seat opposite

Stilling and Herr Troost, his soul-evolved effluence deeply penetrated them both, and Troost told the opinion which they alike formed concerning the new-comer, in his remark to Stilling, "That must be a superior man." Subsequently, Troost's experience of Goethe's magnetism at the same table, led him to say to his friend, "Here it were best one sat seven days silent." Stilling, in his *Wanderschaft*, vividly describes that masterly young German as he appeared in those days. He had large, bright eyes, a magnificent brow, a fine stature, and a gallant manner of walking. From his place at the table, he "now and then hurled over a look;" and one result of the presence-force which characterized him was, that he "had the government of the table without aiming at it."

The personal atmosphere possessed by Madame de Staël was distinguished by a quality which made it not less thrilling than that of Goethe. Zacharias Werner once wrote concerning her:

"The men of intellect who live in her circle cannot withdraw from it; for she detains them by a species of magic. . . . She is a vigorous brunette, and her countenance is not, strictly speaking, handsome. But all that is forgotten when we meet her superb eyes, wherein a great and divine soul not merely shines, but emits fire and flame."

In reading Heinrich Steffens' *Story of His Career as Student and Professor*, it is a high entertainment to notice the dissimilitude of personal atmospheres, indicated by him in his vivid references to the characteristic traits of the great German scholars and authors that were his contemporaries. He describes Schelling, that brave elucidator of the unity of nature,

as having an air of decision, a countenance expressive of energy, and large, clear eyes in which lay a mighty power. His, we are left to infer, was the presence of a firm, positive, fearless intellect. Antagonism found in it an impenetrable wall. To timid and crouching opponents, it made him a haughty adversary; to his disciples it rendered him a hero-teacher, one whom they followed with a revering and chivalric confidence, like that with which loyal soldiers follow a tried and trusted captain.

Fichte is described by him as having sharp, authoritative eyes, and as uttering sentences which fell like strokes from a razor. Evidently his was the imposing presence — that of the magisterial thinker, the privileged denizen of the realm of clear ideas and absolute principles. We must conceive that his very silence was mandatory, and that the commands which it dealt out were satisfiedly met only with unhesitating obedience. When he said to his pupils, "Gentlemen, withdraw within yourselves; enter into your own mind," there was doubtless that in his personal atmosphere which at once made his words seem to be the words of one having authority.

Steffens represents Goethe as revealing through the medium of his presence a greatness like that revealed in his works. When he first beheld his noble figure, his admirable carriage, his speaking eye, the indefinable composure manifest in all that he did, and the majesty of his whole appearance, he had to turn away to hide the tears resulting from the spontaneous emotions which arose within him. It seemed to him, as he looked on the face and the

form of that grand man, he saw in him Egmont, Orange, and Tasso. His description enables us to understand those epithets, applied to Goethe by his German admirers: "The dear, dear man!" "The life-enjoying man!" "The all-sided one!" "The representative of poetry on earth!" "The many-sided master-mind of Germany!"\* By invitation, Steffens passed some days as Goethe's guest, at Weimar; and those days, he affirms, were spent by him in a kind of ecstasy.

Frederick Schlegel is portrayed, by the same describer, as a remarkable man of slender figure; of features regular, fair, and in the highest degree expressive; of a quiet manner; of quick and complete comprehension; and of strong personal influence. His, we may infer, was the gentle, attractive presence of the calm, still lover of the abstract, of history, and of meditation.

From Steffens' delineation of Novalis, that peerlessly-refined soul whose passion for the sublime, the mystical, and the mythic was his most marked trait, one gathers that his presence was of a kind ethereally sensitive. His countenance was dark, his lips thin, his eyes deep, spiritual, and lighted with a lambent glow, and his look sometimes ironical, but usually serious. He continually showed that his mind's most familiar haunts were in a hidden world, totally unlike the common rugged one, and that his insight into character, and into the relations of science and of the fine arts, was most delicately intuitive. Wonderful was that personal atmosphere of his, whereby he could detect in a moment the presence of any

\* See Longfellow's *Hyperion*, p. 157.

nature not in unison with his own, and whereby, when he met a kindred soul, he knew the fact as readily as one knows the tender voice of a chosen friend.

The same story-telling professor next recounts some of the personal characteristics of Schleiermacher; and his narration warrants the inference that the presence of Schleiermacher was such as universally belongs to souls that are immensely strong, profoundly serene, and accustomed to constant and perfect self-mastery. His movements were quick, his features sharply defined, his lips firmly pressed together, his eye keen and fiery. He seemed to look his listener through.

Rahel, the celebrated Jewess of Berlin, was a fine instance of that species of presence which partakes in a high degree of exalted and magical intellectual power. Jean Paul describes her as "a woman alone of her kind," and gives her the title of "the wingéd one." It was at a period between the years 1800 and 1833, that she appeared in the prime of her strange luminosity of mind, and became famous for the extraordinary manner in which she "communicated the life that was in her." Her youth had been passed in studies, sorrows, and sicknesses. When she had arrived at perhaps the age of forty-three years, she became the wife of Varnhagen von Ense, who has embalmed her name in his *Memoirs*. Though she did not pretend to be the possessor of beauty, yet she was unspeakably charming. Her admirers included some of the most eminent scholars and literary masters of the period in which she was a distinguished center of attraction. She had a high

brow, a curved mouth, and "still eyes full of contemplation." She reached after and seized truths of the most elevated order, simply by feeling and reflection. Goethe, making mention of her, declared her to be a "right woman," having not only the strongest feelings that he had ever seen, but also the completest control over them. And says the Marquis de Custine :

"You could not speak with her a quarter of an hour without drawing from that fountain of light a shower of sparkles. The comic was at her command equally with the highest degree of the sublime. The proof that she was natural is, that she understood laughter as she did grief; she took it as a readier means of showing truth; all had its resonance in her, and her manner of receiving the impressions which you wished to communicate to her modified them in yourself; you loved her at first because she had admirable gifts; and then, what prevailed over everything, because she was entertaining. She was nothing for you or she was all; and she could be all to several at a time without exciting jealousy, so much did her noble nature participate in the source of all life, of all clearness. . . . Her friends asked of themselves, Whence came these flashes of genius which she threw from her in conversation? Was it the effect of long studies? Was it the effect of sudden inspirations? It was the intuition granted as recompense by Heaven to souls that are true."

Of herself, she said, "To me it was appointed not to write or act, but to live." And, certainly, those who knew her, found in her presence alone, proof that she did, in her way, transcendently live. Carlyle, after thinking long on the wondrous witchery of the style of self-revelment, so free from blazon and yet so expressive, which she represented, was moved to say :

"Silence too is great; there should be great silent ones, too."

A personal atmosphere, which was of no such

exalted quality as that of Rahel, but which, notwithstanding its comparative inferiority, was amazingly spell-like to the object whereon it was unresistedly brought to bear, was that possessed by Catherine Sedley. Macaulay, in the second volume of his *History of England*, refers to the power which she exercised over King James, whenever he came within the compass of her presence. Personal charms she had not, with the exception only of her brilliant eyes. Her form was spare and angular, and her countenance was haggard. She was wont to make a jest of her own homeliness of person. True, however, to that instinctive tendency to decoration, which belongs to the soul of woman, she was fond of attiring herself with gaudy adornments.

Catherine seems to have been astonished when she thought of the great influence she exerted on the king. And, as if seeking for an explanation of it, she said, "It cannot be my beauty, for he must see that I have none; and it cannot be my wit, for he has not enough to know that I have any." James was so attracted and so bewitched by that slim, lean woman, as to determine to advance her to the rank of a countess. Queen Mary, having come to know how he felt toward her, gave place to a deep resentment, and would not be satisfied with anything short of her departure into exile. James finally agreed to this; but when he sent her his command to go away, and with it his farewell, he sent also the words, "I know too well the power you have over me. I have not strength of mind enough to keep my resolution if I see you."

## III.

## THE EYE, AS CONNECTED WITH PRESENCE.

“The rays, as some think, sent from the eyes, carry certain spiritual vapors with them, and so infect the other party, and that in a moment.” BURTON, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, p. 469.

“While thus he spake, his eye, dwelling on mine,  
Drew me, with power upon me, till I grew  
One with him, to believe as he believed.”

TENNYSON, *The Holy Grail*.

A FAMOUS thing in presence is the organ of vision. In all historic times, the fact has been well known that through this organ one mind can express its thought, its feeling, its purpose, its energy or its fire, if it have any, — can, indeed, throw either of these forth with a special readiness and directness, and powerfully influence therewith some other mind or minds. Do you think the simple statement of this fact would have surprised Jacob or the younger daughter of Laban? Do you believe it would have seemed strange to Boaz or Ruth, to Menelaus or Helen, to Antony or Cleopatra, to Swift or Stella? Surely, ocular expression, as a fact included in presence, has been understood ever since love has been a power in this world. And yet, only a little has been said of it in any books save those of poets and novelists, and all that has been said of it in these seems to have made no great impression. Emerson has given a page or two to the topic, and, according to his custom as a writer, has said much in a little space. Here is a selection, showing how suggestively he talks on it:

“The glance is natural magic. We look into the eyes to know if this other form is another self, and the eyes will not lie, but make a faithful confession what inhabitant is there. The revelations are sometimes terrific. The confession of a low, usurping devil is there made, and the observer shall seem to feel the stirring of owls, and bats, and horned hoofs, where he looked for innocence and simplicity.”

There are two philosophic authors of English fame who deserve honor for not having let the same topic utterly escape their attention. I refer to Lord Bacon and quaint Robert Burton. The former remarks that there are two affections which tend especially to draw the spirits into the eyes, and that they are love and envy. “The aspects,” he says, “which procure love are not gazings, but sudden glances and dartings of the eye.” He teaches that envy emits some malign and poisonous spirit, “which taketh hold of the spirit of another,” and is “of greatest force when the cast of the eye is oblique.”

But observe some of the striking instances cited by Burton, as illustrative of the expression of thought and passion through the eye. There was Stratocles, a blear-eyed physician, who had been a woman-hater all his years, and a bitter persecutor of the entire female sex. Wherever he went, he had been wont to mock them in vile terms. “Yet this old doting fool,” says Burton, “was taken at last with that celestial and divine look of Myrilla, the daughter of Anticles the gardener — that smirking wench, — that he shaved off his bushy beard, painted his face, curled his hair, wore a laurel crown to cover his bald pate, and for her love besides was ready to run mad.” According to Plotinus, love is derived from sight. One ancient writer calls the

eyes the "harbingers of love," and another the "hooks of love." The mistress of Philostratus Lemnius had such power over him by her basilisk eyes, that he once exclaimed to her, "What a tyranny, what a penetration of bodies is this!" Suetonius describes the eyes of Augustus Cæsar as having possessed such brightness that they compelled spectators to look away from them; indeed, spectators could no more endure them than they could the direct beams of the sun. Euryalus and Lucretia became enamored of each other by the eye, and were thus prepared to entertain each other before they had interchanged a word. And of the Thracian Rodolphe, it is stated by Calisiris that if she had but looked on any one she would almost have bewitched him, despite all his power of resistance.

The eye, it must be admitted, is preëminently intimate with the intellect. It is the shortest avenue between the inner man and the open world. And, for this reason, there is propriety in calling it the finest organ of the frame. How indicative it is of mind! How mind-like it is in its way of working! One does not *feel* the sensation involved in vision. The light reflected from an object to the retina produces no titillation there. Who could know, by any effect felt in his eye, that the image of what he turns to behold is formed on a real surface existing far back in that vitalized ball? When you perceive by the sense of touch, you feel, or seem to feel, the impression made by the object on your fingers before you take cognizance of the object with your mind; and when you snuff an odor,

you are conscious of a sensation of smell as connected with your nostrils, before you are conscious of a recognition of smell by your knowing nature. But when have you ever realized any distinction whatever between sensation and perception in an act of seeing?

Consider, now, how weighty a fact we have! All day long the retina of a person receives impressions. Ten thousand would be less than the number of images formed on it between every morning and the night which follows it. The person looks toward the forest, and on that interior part of his eye it is at once imprinted. He meets men, and in a moment they are pictured there. He passes by horses and vehicles, and quick as thought they are photographed there. The noble ox treads leisurely near the quiet spot where this person pauses for observation, and lo! an image of the robust animal instantly comes into existence on the same interior surface. What a variety of shapes are in rapid succession delineated on that strange membrane, that marvelous retina! On it is the figure of the little insect as it flits; the shape of the wind-tossed leaf as it nods; the form of the fair-feathered bird as it flies or as it hops. There, too, as the process of seeing goes on, are at one moment images of houses standing in their pride; at another moment, images of rocky heights, towering in long and steep ranges, which are perhaps shaggy with storm-scarred trees; at still another moment, images of fields of soft grass or of young corn, steeping in the summer sunshine; and at still another moment, images of waters speeding with cataract leaps down their circuitous course.

And yet all these various imprints, shapes, images, have not the least tiring effect — nay, have no felt effect of any kind — on the retina. Surely, then, there is a great intimacy between the eye and the perceiving nature which is behind it.

Now, by reason of this intimate relationship, the visual organ is the most convenient, most direct, and most available of all the physical channels of soul-evolved effluence. What more renowned outlet than that is there for the penetrating force which makes presence effective? Persons use their eyes far oftener than they are aware for the purpose of producing impressions on others. How many times every day does one look at another who is near him in order that he may, by so doing, influence him! How frequently is the eye employed to help words do their bidding! Wirt, in his biography of Patrick Henry, tells of the aid which that orator was accustomed, while making his forensic efforts, to derive from his eyes. They were bluish-gray, and were not large; but they were full of spirit, were brilliant, and were marked by a rapidly-shifting and potent manner of expression. At one time they were “piercing and terrible as those of Mars, and then again soft and tender as those of Pity herself.” By means of them he rendered his pauses exceedingly impressive. “These came always,” says that biographer, “at the right moment, and were always filled by the speaker with a matchless energy of look, which drove the thought home through the mind and through the heart.”

Who has not noticed to what an extent oratory is emasculated and cheapened by disallowing the eyes

their proper freedom in the hour of public address? The preacher who reads his sermons virtually obstructs the most convenient route through which his intellectual power can be conveyed to assembled men. And this is the result: much of the contents of every one of his sermons dies on the dull air, while not a few of his auditors, oblivious to what he is saying, are letting their ungirded minds fly away like birds or wander like bees.

See yonder sad and halting blind man. Very poor in expression is his face. He smiles, but scarcely a ray comes from his smile to move you. He speaks, but his word is accompanied by no power that renders it thrilling. You stand before him in silence, and gaze at his blank countenance. How still is his head! What a bald solemnity, what a dreariness, as of an herbless sand-plain, characterizes his visage! Why is his look, his utterance, his manner, so unengaging? Why, in short, is his presence so lacking in energizing force? One reason is the simple fact that he is destitute of the chief channel through which the soul sheds magnetism; and another is the fact that the absence of that channel has occasioned a lack of exertion on his part to cultivate personal impressiveness. He might, though eyeless, have made for himself an atmosphere invigorating to all that should have approached him; but he either perceived not the possibility of so doing, or came short of being adequately stimulated to realize the same.

Let the eye be wanting in any case, and, unless other routes for soul-energy are cleared and kept open, presence in the case will be incommunicative

and bleak. Through the bright orb of sight there comes something which fails not to command more or less acknowledgment. "The eyes," says Salvianus, "are the windows of our souls." Lord Bacon affirms that "fascination is ever by the eye." "Eyes," says Emerson, "are as bold as lions, roving, running, leaping here and there, far and near. They speak all languages. They wait for no introduction; they are no Englishmen — ask no leave of age or rank; they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning, nor power, nor virtue, nor sex, but intrude and come again and go through and through you in a moment of time. What inundation of life and thought is discharged from one soul into another through them!"

The agent behind the eye — that self-knowing substance which sends out through this channel the magnetic principle — can use it mightily for good purposes or mightily for bad ones. "He that hath a clear eye," says Ficinus, "though he be otherwise deformed, by often looking upon him will make one mad, and tie him fast to him by the eye." Philostratus relates of an Ephesian person, that he had so pernicious an eye he poisoned all he looked steadily on. And Burton (whose citations serve me so well) quotes from Castilio the statement that wandering, wanton, adulterous eyes lie still as so many soldiers, and when they spy an innocent spectator fixed on them, shoot him through and presently bewitch him, especially when they shall gaze and gloat as wanton lovers do one upon another, and with a pleasant eye-conflict participate each other's souls." In Hawthorne's novel, *The Scarlet Letter*,

Roger Chillingworth is pictured as making it his continual task to read what was in the heart of Arthur Dimmsdale, a fine-natured, eloquent minister, who was guilty of a secret crime — that of unchastity. As he prosecuted that task, and day after day, like a hound of fate, penetrated, by means of his resolute, keen, irresistible eyes, into the recesses of Dimmsdale's bosom, that unhappy man grew faint and feeble, lost his interest in the wonders wrought by his own eloquence, and became at length almost insane. He is described as having finally expired while in the act of confessing his crime.

The eye admits of an availableness full as great for praiseworthy ends. It can be used in putting back impertinence, in shaming insolence, and in driving the boldness out of baseness. Bad persons have been shot down and riddled with glances. The magnetic current which finds way out through this channel is sometimes like lightning, and sometimes like the effluent ball of a fire-lock weapon.

There is a look of peace and a look of trouble; there is a glance of confidence and a glance of shyness. Through the eye passion always first comes forth to make itself felt. The earliest manifestation of courage when it has begun to glow, of impatience when it has begun to be feverish, of enthusiasm when it has begun to flame up, and of the desire of revenge when it has begun to demand to be filled, is there made. There Impulse, Fancy, Mirth, Joy, Hope, and Fear soonest peep out and reveal themselves. And, in many an instance of the expression of either of these through that organ, it would be

only necessary to let fall the eyelid and to hold this soft curtain down, in order to intercept completely the revealment. "Love, anger, pride, and avarice, all," says Addison, "visibly move in those little orbs." He says, moreover, that he knew a young lady who could not see a certain gentleman pass by without indicating a secret wish to see him again by a dance in her eyeballs; nay, that she could not, for the heart of her, help looking half a street's length after any man in a gay dress.

All the tendencies, and all the guarded secrets of the soul, are somehow expressed through the eye; and he who has skilled himself in reading, by means of his own visual organ, what the mind or the heart of another shows through his visual organ, will not often read incorrectly. The polish of the refined person can be quickest known by looking at his eye, and the repulsive crudity of the vulgar sneak most readily perceived by looking at his. Homer employs the phrase, "the ox-eyed, venerable Juno." It is strikingly significant and admirably appropriate. He had seen the serenity usually visible in the dark eye of the grand ox, — that serenity which suggests the repose of solid strength, and which implies a nature large, deep, and hale. And knowing well that, in a poet's ideal, the wife of Jupiter should not have an eye like that of a cat, or like that of a hawk, or like that of a sheep, but the eye of a goddess-queen, whose soul was calm, gentle, and magnanimous, he described her as *ox-eyed* and *venerable*.

To eye-expression and its results there appertain unnumbered curious points. Go among strangers, and you will for a time be disconcerted somewhat

by their gaze, and will find it difficult to appear like your very self. Your eyes will often waver and want a screen. In vain will you try to be rid of your uneasiness ; in vain will you endeavor to wear a sunny and gladsome look. The knowledge that bright vision-orbs are directed toward you, with an expression which is the noiseless, persevering quest of minds that would see what you are before either trusting or distrusting you — this is the explanation of your unreprieve, your embarrassment. Oh, could you be as self-collected as you wish you might be, before the soul-lighted eyes that look at you, and could you, in the sight of those living, moving, shining spheres set beneath human brows, stand or act with a spirit not in the least degree disquieted — nay, with a simple, graceful ease, like that with which you used to endure the studious gaze of strangers when you were a child ! But this is impossible. Accordingly, to the cold, close-searching scrutiny which goes on, you submit as well as you can. Meanwhile, in every one of those prying eyes an image of you is taken, and, in the secret place where it is formed, is subjected over and over again to a careful examination.

Just so has many a lonely wanderer into new scenes and new society been discomposed and put into a state of painful constraint, by minds peering at him through eyes made frigid and hard by inquisitiveness. And who of all that have ever had this experience, was able, while in the process of having it, to avoid taking on looks and manners unusual to him ?

There are, it is true, some persons who seem to be

perfectly exempt from all liability to embarrassment from the cause mentioned. They move about among strangers, or stand before them, with eyes apparently so endowed with strength that there is no wavering on the part of them, and with inner susceptibilities apparently under such control that they are in no wise disturbed. The art seems to be theirs, of happily receiving keen, exploring glances, and softening to a mellow mildness the eyes out of which they are darted. They do not sternly penetrate others with their look. Jean Paul speaks of "an eye which not so much penetrates as lets everything penetrate it." Of the species thus described, are, perhaps, their eyes. One could all day feel at ease, either in gazing at them, or in being an object of their gaze. With a pleasant sense of self-possession, one could arrange a matter of business, talk on a topic of passing interest, or remain silent, with any individual of the class. Many of those comprised in it are

. . . "Broad and honest,  
Breathing an easy gladness."

But who, after all, can think that such persons are never stirred, never thrilled, never pained, never agitated by force flung out through eyes? Certain it is, no human being has ever yet lived, that could, while capable of sight and of thought, move among others, or stand before them, and at the same time be totally indifferent to their ocular expression.

Under mental power which has emanated by way of the visual organ, what changes have come to pass! what affinities and alliances have sprung into existence! what repulsions and disruptions have

occurred ! People have often felt that they were pelted with looks ; and people have sometimes been made to smart under looks, even more perhaps than if there had been dealt to them successive strokes of a lash formed of stern words, and having a stinging rebuke for its cracker. By sudden glances, hearts have been congealed ; and by sudden glances hearts have been enkindled. Presence-force, exerted through the eye, has resulted in joys and griefs, inspirations and depressions, successes and failures. By it, heroes have been melted, cowardly spirits have been benumbed, and tyrants have been as much dismayed as if stricken with a scorpion whip. Brave were the Roman soldiers in their pursuit after the tranquil One, till they had found him. Then, as he stepped forward, and met them, and looked at them, and said, "I am he," they *went backward and fell to the ground*. O eyes of Jesus ! how did men and women receive, through them, rays that reprov'd and rays that cheered, long centuries ago ! How, through them, came that which drove Hypocrisy away, blushing with shameful bewilderment, from the erring female whom its cruel hands were about to stone to death ! And how, through them, when Lazarus lay in his grave and his two sisters were sorrowing over his decease, did there come for the comforting of their hearts an effluence thrillingly sweet !

All the brute-creatures look at man eye to eye. Why is it so ? Why do they not peer at some other part, rather than at that part, of the body ? If one should travel to the banks of the Leeambye, in Central Africa, and let the beautiful eland or zebra that goes there to drink behold him ; or if he should wan-

der far into some South American forest, and in the depth thereof rouse a wild panther from its retreat; or if he should visit the famed Nile, and confront a huge crocodile on its shore, — in each case, the gaze of the startled beast would be aimed first at the beaming orbs set beneath his forehead. Ah! what is that which causes every animal under heaven that looks at man, to peer directly into his eye? It is because the spirit shows itself chiefly there.

When a brute and a man look at each other, the former plainly acknowledges the mental power of the latter — at least so much of the same as it sees in his gleaming eye. The cat, the dog, and every other dumb creature, will, if you look steadily into its eye, turn its head away from you. I know an instance in which a dog was made to bark by nothing more than the continuous gaze of its master, fixed and concentrated on its visual organ. You have read of the conquering force of a firm, unyielding look of the human eye, when aimed at that of the fierce, hungry beast of the forest or of the desert, whose lithe form was in position for a deadly spring. Is it unphilosophic to believe that brute-ferocity has been thus overmastered? Have not even ferocious men sometimes been conquered in like manner, by the look which would not yield to them?

The continual and skillful use of the eye is indispensable to success in conversation. How often does ocular expression beautifully fill up the vacancies, the gaps, and the hyatuses which occur along the course of the talker's talk! Moments there are when one perfectly tells through his eye that which he might find it impossible to tell otherwise.

A like use of the organ of sight is indispensable, also, to success in the exercise of school-government. All good teachers bear sway over their pupils, chiefly by emitting and projecting soul-energy — emitting it in looks, projecting it in glances.

A similar employment of the eye is, as I have already more than intimated, essential to success in public speaking. The true orator does not speak by his voice and his gestures alone; he often speaks chiefly by his eyes. When Webster, in his reply to Hayne, referred pathetically to his own State, the group of Massachusetts men that sat near him were touched to the heart; but their emotions did not rise beyond their control till the grand orator turned his eyes full on them, and then (as a describer of the scene says) “they shed tears like girls.”

I have already adverted to pulpit deliverances, unaided by eye-expression. Here, I advert to them again. Far too much preaching there is which reaches not the souls of men, for the want of sufficient mental force exerted through the eyes. Take advice, ye scholarly clergymen, who read all your sermons! I know ye would not spend in vain your intelligent breath before the people. Ye would utter, I doubt not, from the consecrated desks behind which you stand, words fitted to chase worldly cares out of the hearts of men and women, and to produce in those hearts the great longing which is the harbinger of a better life. And ye would have a healthy religious stir around you all the year. Now, why have you so many “dear hearers,” that hear with attentiveness so little that ye say? Hard enough during the week do ye work to prepare for the Sab-

bath — that day on which needy souls wait to be spiritually fed by you ; and when the Sabbath comes, ye cast forth the bread ye have made ready. But, alas ! in the time of dispensing it, only a few have any care to receive it. Oh, why do ye not acquire the art of so delivering sermons that people *must* attentively hear them ? — the art of so feeding your bread to your flocks as to make them take it and be glad ?

The preacher needs a piercing glance to render his utterance piercing, and a glance of mild earnestness to render his utterance effectively tender. Very weak are his words without something through his eyes to help them. Less should he *read* from his desk, and more should he *speak* therefrom — speak as one who combines ocular expression with verbal ; speak with the seeing organ as well as with the vocal apparatus, and with soul-evolved effluence making its way out through both at once.

Think what a failure Paul's effort on Mars' Hill would have been, had he merely *read* to his audience his thoughts concerning God and Christ, the resurrection and the judgment-day ! Think how little like himself Patrick Henry would have appeared, had he merely *read* to the assembly that was before him his speech which ends with the words, "liberty or death !" Ah ! how pitiful a thing it is, that so many true and fine sentiments have fallen stillborn from the lips of toilsome sermon-readers in this world ! And will not preachers learn to address mortals in the better way ? Will they still hope to move the present generation of earth-loving hearts, by discoursing to them exclusively from a manuscript ?

It is true, some *reading* preachers are successful ; but their success will be found to depend, to no inconsiderable extent, on the occasional exertion of their souls through their eyes. Running the risk of repeating what has already been said on these pages, I affirm that not by bare words can men be stirred or roused ; and not even by words, assisted solely by superior action. The look and the glance, the awakening gaze and the electrifying gleam of the eye, are needful in all efforts before audiences. Blindfold a gifted orator, and you would disable him for success in public speaking, almost as much as Samson was disabled by the removal of his locks. Webster could make a powerful speech while one of his arms was in a sling ; for it is related that he once did this. But does any one suppose Webster could have spoken mightily, with his great black eyes fixed on a manuscript ?

A few other points appertaining to ocular expression claim attention. Consider how many volumes might be made up of what is this day silently communicated by one fond soul to another through the eye. There lives a meaning which he who has never been a lover scarcely knows how to appreciate, in those words of Byron :

“ And eyes looked love to eyes which spoke again.”

“ Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes,” says the author of *Solomon's Song*. And, in this sentence, is there not told something that most persons have felt ?

Interesting is it to observe what the poets and the novelists have written concerning eyes. Some of

them, we shall perhaps find, have duly recognized the connection of the visual organ with presence. "Vain and forgotten," says Emerson in one of his pieces of poetic prose, "are all the fine offers and offices of hospitality unless there is a holiday in the eye." An Oriental writer likens wanton eyes to "blue water-lilies agitated by the breezes." In *Lalla Rookh*, Moore makes one of his characters pay a tribute to a pair of eyes in these exquisite words:

"To see

Those virtuous eyes forever turned on me;  
And in their light rechastened silently,  
Like the stained web that whitens in the sun,  
Grow pure by being purely shone upon."

Sterne, in his *Tristram Shandy*, has an amusing passage respecting the expressiveness of love-lit eyes. It is where he makes mention of the fact that Widow Wadman, having pretended to Uncle Toby that a troublesome mote had found way into her eye, signified to him the wish that he would look into it. And, "honest soul!" says Sterne, "he did look into it, with as much innocence of heart as ever child looked into a raree-show box." But he found no mote there — found, indeed, nothing but "one lambent delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every point of it, in all directions, into his own." Moore, interpreting the language of the black eye and of the blue, vivaciously says:

"The brilliant black eye  
May in triumph let fly  
All its darts without caring who feels 'em;  
But the soft eye of blue,  
Though it scatter wounds too,  
Is much better pleased when it heals 'em.

“The black eye may say,  
‘Come and worship my ray —  
By adoring, perhaps you may move me.’  
But the blue eye, half hid,  
Says from under its lid,  
‘I love, and am yours if you love me.’”

The story which is on record in reference to the famous engineer, George Stephenson, is interestingly suggestive. Being asked what he considered the most powerful force in nature, he said: “I will answer that question. It is the eye of a woman to the man that loves her; for if a woman looks with affection on a man, should he go to the uttermost ends of the earth, the recollection of that look would bring him back.” There are those who many a time have sat apart in mortal assemblies, indifferent to whatever voice may have been exercised in their hearing; experiencing no weariness in their seats; remaining entirely quiet all the long while, and yet being at one moment sad and at another moment glad, now anxiously in doubt and now again in possession of the clearest assurance, or perhaps now sweetly bewildered and now again eager for a repetition of the same bewilderment. Dear loving souls! how they lived in each other! How they told their feelings, each to each, through their eyes! Heaven bless all such to the end of years!

## IV.

## THE WEIGHTY PRESENCE.

“Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.”

GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*.

THAT species of presence which is chiefly characterized by weight or weightiness, claims some measure of careful attention. There are weighty souls, and there are light souls; and the contrast between the two classes, whenever it is known by experience, seems as great as that which one would realize if he should hold a lump of gold in his right hand and a bunch of feathers in his left. All ability that is substantial, tends to give ponderousness to presence. Dignity, when it is without sign or symbol of pretense, is the habitual bearing of an able, self-collected, majestic nature. It is an abiding constituent of the weighty presence. The really dignified are they who have deep minds, and who are accustomed to engage in noble business; and whenever you enter the circle of their personal atmospheres, you become sedate, just as when you enter a solemn forest you become so. This is what explains how Pythagoras so won the regard of his pupils that one of them lay down and died, because he reproved him before his mates; how Columbus overawed the mutineers on the vessels of his fleet, and, in spite of all their murderous discontent and plotting, managed to reach the goal of his ambition; how Napoleon the First wrought out of what seemed common

stuff such marshals as Ney; and how Washington was able to produce such emotions of reverence and awe, in all who met him face to face. Emerson, in his *English Traits*, quotes the terse remark of Antony Wood, concerning Sir Kenelm Digby, a valiant courtier of Charles and of James, and "a model Englishman in his day," that, "had he been dropt out of the clouds in any part of the world, he would have made himself respected."

It is not dignity alone that works such wonders; it is dignity aided by the magnetic "virtue" which has its source in the interior region of human nature. The one is the constituent of the weighty presence, which is *felt*; the other is the constituent of it which is *seen*. The one belongs to personality, the other to person; the one is force, the other accompaniment. These two must ever go together to constitute a fitness to command. The private soldiers will soon learn to set at naught the authority of their leader, if he have dignity without magnetism. The audience will soon become indifferent to their speaker, if he have oratory without soul-evolved effluence. The pupils will not long delay to drown their teacher's mandates and counsels in the buzzing, swelling noise of their own unrestrained lips, nor long withhold themselves, it may be, from the attempt to tumble him out-doors, if he have the form of government without the power thereof. And so it ever is when presence has all its weightiness in assumed appearances and modes. The finer prerequisite to successful ascendancy or sway, is always a penetrating energy which goes forth from within. Shakespeare brings out this truth in his play of *Antony and Cleo-*

*patra*. He makes the Soothsayer tell some of his private thoughts to Antony, thus :

“ SOOTHSAYER :

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side :  
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,  
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him, thy angel  
Becomes a fear, as being o'er-powered; therefore  
Make space enough between you.

ANTONY :

Speak this no more.

SOOTHSAYER :

To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.  
If thou dost play with him at any game  
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,  
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy luster thickens  
When he shines by; I say again, thy spirit  
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;  
But, he away, 'tis noble.”

The same truth has a vivid illustration in the instance of Caius Marius, who was taken prisoner in the marshes of the Liris. His captors sent a Gallic slave to him, with the commission to put him to death. The servile deputy, when he announced his fearful errand, found the great Roman sitting in the darkest corner of his prison-chamber. Marius looked at him with gleaming eyes, and in tones mightier than any that were ever known to succeed the lightning-flashes of material nature, answered him. The man threw down his sword and fled, declaring that it was impossible to kill the prisoner. Thomas de Quincey briefly relates, in the following words, the thrilling story :

“ He fascinated the slave, as a rattlesnake does a bird. Standing ‘like Teneriffe,’ he smote him with his eye, and said, ‘*Tunc*,

*homo, audes occidere C. Marium?* — Dost thou, fellow, presume to kill Caius Marius?' Whereat, the reptile, quaking under the voice, nor daring to affront the consular eye, sank gently to the ground, turned round on his hands and feet, and, crawling out of the prison like any other vermin, left Marius standing in solitude as steadfast and immovable as the capitol."

Parton says of Daniel Webster, that Agamemnon of orators: "His leading trait was his enormous physical magnetism." He should have said *personal* magnetism, instead of *physical*; for certainly, Webster's leading trait was inexpressibly superior to anything merely physical. To his description he adds the suggestive passages:

"His presence overwhelmed criticism. It gave the public a sense of repose. When he passed up or down State Street, with his arm behind his back, business was brought to a stand-still."

And Tefft, in his *Webster and his Masterpieces*, says of the same great orator and statesman:

"Seen where he might be, whether in the Senate, or on the street, or in the largest gathering of the people, he was always the most magnificent specimen of a man present. . . . His movement was that of a superior being unconscious, or thoughtless, of his superiority."

Once, after a political defeat, when his own New Hampshire had proved to be one of the States that had voted against him, Webster was traveling by railway to his home in Franklin, twenty miles beyond Concord. At the latter place there was some detention of the train which was bearing him; and, the report having spread through the town that he was in one of the cars, a large body of the citizens gathered at the depot, and called for him. His per-

sistent refusal, for some time, to appear, caused the throng to become almost angry; and his friends urged him to address them, even if he should say but a few words. At length, just before the train started, he came to the rear platform of the car, and, folding his arms on his breast, stood silent, looking with a stern, impressive eye on the crowd. "Every voice," says a narrator of the incident, "was hushed; the loud cries died away into low murmurs. The giant of our hills, standing thus for a moment in silence before the people who had deserted him, spoke a grander oration than though he had used many words, then slowly turned away, and the door closed on him. The crowd dispersed almost as silently."

When William Wilberforce made his first campaign speech, in the county of York, against the India bill and the coalition ministry, he was a mere boy in appearance; but he showed that he had the personal force, the soul-evolved effluence, which renders presence weighty and commanding. Boswell, describing him and his effort, says:

"I saw what seemed a shrimp mount on the table; but, as I listened, he grew and grew until the shrimp became a whale."

The examination of the weighty presence, with its two unmistakable constituents, dignity and magnetism, — those prerequisites to the exercise of true authoritativeness, — leads naturally to some reflections on that kind of ponderousness in presence, which is superficial, affected, false. This is marked by dignity and nothing better; and when dignity goes alone, it is invariably an unmitigated sham.

He that has no magnetic battery within himself, to give real impressiveness to his presence, can put on no show of weight that will, to the eyes of wise men, seem more than worthless mimicry or parade. "Sham dignity" is the bearing with which he whose presence is pitifully lacking in soul-evolved effluence has learned to carry himself. In the case of aspiring conceit, that has contrived to gain official position, it is pomposity. In the case of wealth-blown mediocrity, it is superciliousness — that disdain of the ignoble rich for the toiling poor, which Victor Hugo calls "the slap-in-the-face from a distance." In the case of the religious pretender, it is sanctimoniousness.

Who has never noticed the style of that species of solemn majesty, which confidently shakes hands with Grandeur and with Fame, while its soul emits no more magnetism than a gourd or a potato? Ever does the pretentious possessor of an inefficacious and tiresome presence tell what he is by his make-believe look and manner. Barren of that searching force by which all fine persons are able noiselessly to penetrate, to excite, and to thrill others, he produces an effect like that of damp air on fuel. The latter gives forth too little of the element which makes wood burn; the former gives forth too little of the element which makes souls burn. Many is the stiff-necked official who better knows the art of seeming to be something great when he is almost nothing, than he does the fact that genuine solidity of character is indicated by simplicity of bearing. Many is the fashion-follower who is far more expert in taking on airs of importance than in acting the

part of a true man. Such, doubtless, was he who, when Sir William Johnson returned the salutation of a negro, reminded him that he had done what was very unfashionable. "Perhaps so," replied Sir William, "but I would not be outdone in good manners by a negro."

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## V.

### RELATION OF INDEPENDENT SELF-EXERTION TO PRESENCE.

"Then Saul, who also is called Paul, . . . set his eyes on him," &c.  
*Acts, xiii. 9.*

"And as she spake  
 She sent the deathless passion in her eyes  
 Through him, and made him hers, and laid her mind  
 On him, and he believed in her belief."

TENNYSON.

SIR RICHARD STEELE, in describing the distinguished Prince Eugene, says he appeared to have nothing in him but what every man should have in him, *the exertion of his very self, abstracted from the circumstances in which fortune has placed him.* Here is told the secret whereby one's personal atmosphere may be made effective, and without which it will be more or less deficient in forcibleness. All the moving, stimulating, or controlling power which one soul directly exerts on or over another, all the penetrating energy conveyed by heroes in their eagle glance, is something sent out by a mental

nature that has learned to be self-reliant. When Jesus, in the familiar instance recorded in the 22d chapter of Luke (v. 61, 62), "turned and looked upon Peter," and, by so doing, reached as with a current of fire to Peter's frozen heart and melted it, there was an exertion of the great Master's very self, resulting in the calm yet powerful expression which wrought that effect.

To be engagingly significant, or, in other words, to make known magnetically what is in your soul, think not you must accumulate force, and then emit it. Do thus, and you will make your presence poor and attractionless. To arrest the outflow of energy is to stop its rise. This energy, as much as gravity or electricity, has its laws; and he who learns these will find that it never fails to come forth, and be itself, when the conditions of its complete arousal and outcome are fulfilled. Would you emit much of it? Then bend your soul to the occasion, and teach it to prove itself awake and capable. Urge yourself out of the reverie-mood into that fresh, animated, vigorous state in which there is a youthful eagerness for positive life. Not otherwise can one's personal atmosphere become cogent. Not otherwise can one render himself "radiant with arrowy vitalities, vivacities, and ingenuities."

The true, virgin energy of souls is peculiar for this one thing, that, to be effective, it must be in the process of flowing or darting forth. The key to its influentialness — that which explains its evolution from its native source, and all its service as a means of invigoration or of awakening — is independent self-exertion. As something out-sent, and,

at the same time, aimed at a mark, it is always availing, piercing, stimulating. But let it be held back and barred in, as if it were a fluid whose volume can be increased by damming up its current, and the result will be deficiency and dreaminess. Potent effluxes of personal "virtue" can never be secured merely by an accumulative process within. There must be an essay of the soul outward—a bestirring of the latent might of the inner man for a purpose—an actual concentration of mental substance and power, to an end. One should never, therefore, wait for the rise of energy. The way is to put it forth. Make independent self-exertion your rule, and then you will not fail to evoke some measure of puissance into your presence. Then you will show that you have an enterprising soul, that your nature is rich in something of the same kind as that which gives a gleam to heroes' eyes, and that with

"High thought, and amiable words,  
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,  
And love of truth, and all that makes a man,"

you are constituting yourself able and masterful.

That the evolvment by the soul of specially quickening energy is ever the result of independent self-exertion, will be evident on referring to the true explanation of what is called *dullness*. The dull presence is not rarely met; and, perhaps, the most comprehensive account of it that can be given is, that it springs from a dearth or insufficiency of soul-evolved effluence. There is, in the case, an inaction of soul; and that inaction occasions poverty on the part of the personal atmosphere. This is the reason

of that wide difference in conversational impressiveness which existed between Goldsmith and Burke, — Goldsmith,

“ Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll,”

and Burke, whom (as Dr. Johnson once said) “ no man could meet by accident under a gateway to avoid a shower, without being convinced that he was the first man in England.” Persons there are whose souls seem to doze whenever they are in company. Physically, they have burst the bands of slumber; but intellectually, they are in the nest of Morpheus, with their faculties dormant and dreaming. Open eyes have they, but nothing soul-like looks from within through them. Sound and unobstructed organs of speech have they, but nothing power-like attends the exercise of them.

Thoreau says that “ dullness is but another name for tameness.” And, indeed, who is not tame when his soul gives forth no energy? If you yield not this enlivening product, how consentingly will you be led from yes to yes, and from no to no, in every instance of social intercourse! With what lifeless willingness will you be found agreeing with every one who, with the least measure of magnetism in his glance, thrusts his opinions on you! Said the ancient orator, Cælius, to one who, while supping with him, accepted all that he advanced in conversation: “ For the love of the gods! contradict me in something, that we may be two.” Surely, to be dull is to be tame; for it is to be in that state of the soul in which mere passiveness or neutrality has the place of manly, vigorous, adequate action, and in

which, consequently, there is a putting forth of nothing adapted to render mien and manners, port and speech, interesting. "If," says Montaigne, "it [i. e. the soul] be left to itself, it flags and languishes; agitation only gives it grace and vigor."

We may, then, lay it down as a practical truth, that the energetic presence and the dull presence are in contrast with each other. The former implies mental power in exercise; the latter implies the absence of exerted mental power. In the one case, the personal atmosphere is like natural air in motion; in the other case, it is like natural air when it is sluggish and sultry, and when it causes those who inhale it to look round for some means of "raising a breeze."

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## VI.

### FITFUL CONCENTRATION OF PERSONAL ENERGY.

"The flighty purpose never is o'ertook  
Unless the deed go with it." SHAKESPEARE.

"Masters of the situation never do things by halves."  
JAMES T. FIELDS, *Lecture on Masters of the Situation.*

IT is important to understand that there are active states of the inner man, resembling the one which is attended and indicated by a true outcome of energy, while, forsooth, they are greatly unlike it. Compared with it, they are scarcely more than an evanescent burning or a dry briskness. While they are, perhaps, superior to that tameness which implies lack or absence of presence-force, they have not the

needful thing which supports endeavor till a complete triumph is wrought. Of these, the one to which I here direct attention, is that in which personal energy is fitfully concentrated. Force, in the case, is freely and strikingly emitted; but the evolution of it is at the mercy of an unsteady, unpersevering mind. There are persons who, at times, throw out jets of power. They start from a dreamy intellectual torpor, and bestir themselves as if they were about to bring to pass some excellent wonder; but what is the result? By their intense self-exertion they produce a part of the splendid whole which they have designed, and then suffer their effluent force to take a respite. The spasmodic effort is, after a while, followed by a like effort at some fresh task. There is, on the part of such persons, a concentration of energy; but it is fitful. They make brave attempts at doing, but invariably cease doing before anything is roundly done.

What an amount of promising intellectual strenuousness there is in the world, which is no more succeeded by solid performance than heat-lightning is by thunder! He who only freakishly concentrates his personal force, falls far short of accomplishing any one of his high undertakings. Vain is the fervidness of his intellectual intensities. However bravely he may adventure to gain magnificent ends, he ever fails to reach them, —

“Like ships that sailed for sunny isles,  
But never came to shore.”

Apply yourself forcibly only by fits and starts, and your best triumphs will deserve to be called failures.

It is no flash-effluence ; it is continuous exertion of interior "virtue," that gives rise to all fine fulfillments. Emerson, in his *Conduct of Life*, tells of a brave painter, who said to him :

"If a man has failed, you will find he has dreamed instead of working. There is no way to success in our art, but to take off your coat, grind paint, and work like a digger on the railroad, all day, and every day."

The chief intellectual fault of Coleridge was, that he was spasmodically energetic. His soul was one of superior order—one which, whenever it gave itself becomingly to action, evinced not only an intuitional gift and a quick-discerning analytic power which were of exquisite quality, but also a poetic genius which was entitled to take rank even with that of Milton. It was a source of exalted magnetism. Had he but possessed the concentrativeness of a persevering thinker, had he but exemplified what Bayne calls "a sustained self-mastery," he would have wrought glorious productions, instead of mere extraordinary fragments. A lack there was, on his part, which kept him from continuing long enough at any one of his well-begun tasks. Lapsing ever too soon from exertion, he let himself come under a "numbing spell," such as that to which he alludes in his lines entitled *The Garden of Boccaccio* :

. . . . "Bereft alike of grief and glee,  
I sate and cowered o'er my vacancy."

Whenever he spoke or wrote on a subject, he emitted, in connection with his words, a winning witchery of soul ; but the trouble was, he always prematurely discharged his theme. If there is any tree in the world which bears enchanting fruit, but never

fails to drop its fruit to the ground before it has ripened, Coleridge was like that tree. The Ettric Shepherd, adverting to him in *Noctes Ambrosianae*, says suggestively, though much too caustically: "The author of *Christabel* and the *Ancient Mariner* had better just continue to see visions and to dream dreams, for he's no fit for the wakin' world." Doubtless Coleridge himself told his fault, more concisely than any one else has ever done, when he said in his table-talk:

"I have a smack of Hamlet myself, if I may say so."

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## VII.

### UNIMPRESSIVE ENGAGEDNESS.

"A great statesman once shot at a glib advocate, who was saying nothing with great fluency and at great length, by asking, 'Who is this self-sufficient, all-sufficient, insufficient man?'"

E. P. WHIPPLE, *Character and Characteristic Men*.

. . . . . "Correctly cold, and correctly dull,  
Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null."

ANONYMOUS.

THERE is often manifested an active state of the soul, which, by reason that it resembles while in fact it has but little in common with a true mental awakening, may be denoted by the name — *unimpressive engagedness*. It is a state in which the magnetic capability seems to be almost absolutely inactive. The verbose haranguer, the affected, pimping talker, and the tiresome gossip, each is an exemplifier of it.

Who has not known inveterate retailers of verbiage that said a thousand things which would have been deemed rare and fine if *they* had not said them? Their thick-coming words were like the juiceless, lifeless leaves which are wafted against one by the wrinkling winds of autumn. Had they expressed new thought, it would have seemed trite; had they told the most laughable anecdote in the world, it would have seemed a poor, flat thing — so small a measure of piercing, stirring energy did they put forth with their streams and floods of words. They had vocal activity, activity of features and of limbs, and — it cannot be denied — activity of mind. What, then, was wanting? There was wanting the incisive effluence from within, which gives spirit and life to talk and manners, — the magnetic “virtue,” which the human soul, whenever truly awake and active, evolves by the working of its own wondrous substance. Without this, all engagedness connected with presence cannot but be unimpressive and tedious.

How vain is oratory, and how like is it to “sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal,” when the same high-born effluence flashes not in the speaker’s eye, animates not his gesture, imparts not elasticity and magic to his utterance! Addison appropriately mentions, under the designation of “speaking statues,” the numerous wordy arguers and public debaters of his day, who made displays of unimpressive engagedness at bars and on platforms. The truth is, real eloquence, without personal magnetism, is simply impossible. There can be speech without this, — speech, of the same nature as the prate of Ther-

sites, — speech, dry as the sunburnt dust of beaten roads ; but the oratory which is eloquence, coming with prevailing witchery from every feature and every gesture, and from the tongue, — the oratory that has

“A power which awakens and a grace that charms,” —

this is inseparable from the magnetic principle.

Cleomenes, an ancient discriminator between false eloquence and true, once burst out in laughter while hearing an orator declaim on valor ; and, the orator being moved to anger, Cleomenes said : “I should do the same if it were a swallow that spoke of this subject ; but if it were an eagle, I should willingly hear him.” Antiquity furnishes also the suggestive instance, relative to the same point, of Polemon, a debauched young Grecian, who went by chance to hear one of the lectures of Xenocrates, and not only brought away the knowledge of some fine matter, but a more manifest and more solid profit, which was the sudden change and reformation of his life. No unimpressive engagedness could have been there ; but magnetism, — that which oratory must ever borrow in order to be potent and victorious, — magnetism must have been there.

Henry Clay, by reason of the effluent “virtue” which he had taught himself to evolve, had an effectiveness in oratory that was indescribable. All his faculties and passions seemed “united in one power of personal impressiveness.” And, “in Webster,” says Whipple, “passion was a fire which fused intellect and character into one tremendous personal force, and then burst out that resistless eloquence in which

words have the might and meaning of things — that true mental electricity not seen in dazzling zigzag flashes, not heard in a grand reverberating peal over the head, but in which, mingling the qualities of light and sound, the blue bright flame startles and stings the eye at the very moment the sharp crash pierces and stuns the ear.”

The effectiveness which Cromwell had in speech, is one of the notable facts in his history. Considered according to the rules of elocutionary text-books, he was no orator. Polish he had not; splendor of diction he had not. Who would ever think of making a collection of his oratorical passages, under the title of *The Beauties of Cromwell*? And yet, say what you will of him, it is certain he was pre-eminently eloquent. Think of that occasion on which he confronted the Rump Parliament, and, by his powerful bearing and words, scattered them from their seats! The Dutch had become weary of fighting against English war-ships, and had sued for peace; but the Parliament, believing that the continued prosecution of the war would tend to restrict Cromwell's power, were disinclined to grant peace. Cromwell, knowing well the nature of the case, went, with three hundred soldiers at his back, to the hall; and with an energy of will, of manner, and of utterance which was all-conquering, he denounced the members for their crimes against the public. He brought to bear against them, in his presence and language, the whole might of his soul. Stamping with his foot, he exclaimed:

“For shame! Get you gone! Give place to honest men! I tell you you are no longer a Parliament; the Lord hath done with you!”

Then, ordering that the mace, which he designated as "that bauble," should be taken away, he and his soldiers looked on while the members withdrew; and, to close the scene, he locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

Now, this instance shows that the oratory which is pervaded with true personal magnetism, however much in conflict it may be with the rules of textbooks, is true oratory. It is true, because there is that in it which causes men to yield and bend under it. I wonder not that Thomas Carlyle, in his work entitled *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, has expressed such admiration of Cromwell. He who, by his marvelous presence-force, so deeply influenced men, could not but win the admiring regard of that brave lover of the brave. Among Carlyle's sayings of him are these: "His heart was the heart of a man who *could* pray." "With that rude, passionate voice, he was always understood to mean something, and men asked to know what." "If the words were true words, they could be left to shift for themselves." And the speeches of that hero he calls "rugged bursts of earnestness."

The effect produced by Cromwell's oratory, and (to speak generically) the effect produced by all moving oratory, has its comprehensive explanation in that aphorism of Emerson: "Words have weight when there is a man behind them."

## VIII.

## CHAOTIC DISCOMPOSURE.

“When all that is within him does condemn  
Itself for being there.”

SHAKESPEARE.

“Many a brave fellow, who has put his enemy to flight in the field, has been in the utmost disorder on making a speech before a body of his friends at home.”

THE SPECTATOR, No. 231.

“We are embarrassed when there is some bar or hinderance upon us, which impedes our powers of thought, speech, or motion.”

WEBSTER'S *Unabridged Pictorial Dictionary*, p. 438.

“Presence of mind [is] a calm, collected state of the mind, with its faculties under control; [an] undisturbed state of the thoughts, which enables a person to speak or act without disorder or embarrassment in unexpected difficulties; [a] freedom from the disturbing or distracting influences which arise from fear or undue excitement of any kind.”

*Ibid.*, p. 1031.

SOME consideration may well be given to that state of the soul, frequently exemplified, in which it is active only in the sense of acting distractedly. I do not refer, here, to the wild agitation of passionate fury; I refer, rather, to that bewilderment wherein the intellectual faculties seem to have suddenly taken fright, and there is a wretched ebbing of personal force. The state directly opposite to it is commonly called *presence of mind*. The former may be viewed as negative; the latter as positive. The one is the state of utter embarrassment, the other the state of manly self-possession.

Have you never seen a person who was subject to inner confusions? Ah! what a pallor and what a trepidation did often characterize him! What a

complete losing, for a time, of all consciousness of capability, — what a scattering of thought — what a crazing of the pulses — in short, what a chaotic discomposure on his part did he often experience! A human being, in the moment when his very will seems to be panic-stricken and in process of fleeing away, is a pitiful sight. There has, indeed, been a serious lack in one's development, if he cannot with some collectedness and assurance abide any hour of emergency. Said Seneca:

“He is most potent who has himself in his own power.”

Useful is it to contemplate the manner in which that noble representative of self-possession, Michael Montaigne, was accustomed, in times of sudden trial of soul, to maintain his mastery over himself, and by so doing, preserve undiminished the efficaciousness of his presence. There were unlooked-for seasons of thrilling danger to his person and life, in which his chances of safe escape were fearfully few, but in which, by reason of his self-control and composure, he obtained deliverance from circumstances wherein others would have failed and fallen. “It has often happened to me,” he says, “that on the mere credit of my presence and air, persons, who had no manner of knowledge of me, have put a very great confidence in me, whether in their own affairs or mine; and I have, in foreign parts, thence obtained favors singular and rare.” Once, while he was journeying “through a very fickle country,” he was arrested by a band of soldiers, that knew not who he was. They bore him into the depth of a neighboring forest, robbed him, and then for some time debated

whether to deprive him of life. With unconfused soul he insisted on having his liberty, grounding his plea on a certain truce which had been newly published in the army, and protesting against their having more than the property they had already wrested from him. After two or three hours, they mounted him on a jaded horse, and, separating his servants from him, led them off in different directions. But, by and by, the leader of the band returned, and began to address him in milder language. He restored to him, so far as it was possible, his goods; then, removing his visor and giving Montaigne his name, he told him repeatedly that he owed his deliverance to *his countenance and the freedom and firmness of his words*, which rendered him worthy the continuance of his liberty and life.

There are many who have a just appreciation of the trait of self-possession. Fathers can be found, who are endeavoring so to train their sons that, in the time that shall unexpectedly supply some extraordinary test of their ability, they will not shrink, and crouch, and become chaotically discomposed, but will preserve the collected state of their faculties. "Presence of mind" is universally held in honor; and every wise man, to whom God has given a well-made boy, will often be seen putting the inexperienced youngster where he will be pressed and proved by circumstances, and where he will be likely to learn "to have himself in his own power." Thus, in a manner, does the parent-eagle cause her young to acquire the courage and the adroitness essential to adventurous flight. She "stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth

abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings," \* that she may insure to them boldness and skill. And this method of eagle-tuition suggests much that is adapted to improve the good sense of every father who would insure to his son firmness of character and credit of presence.

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## IX.

### THE EFFECT ON PRESENCE OF FASHION AND FRIVOLITY.

"Custom would never conquer Nature, for she is ever invincible; but we have infected the mind with shadows, delights, wantonness, negligence, and sloth, and with vain opinions and corrupt manners rendered it effeminate and mean." CICERO.

To the meditative mind, ever saddening is it to contemplate the truth that the evolvment by the soul of availing personal force, is, in a multitude of cases, either unwisely retarded or sillily prevented. There are two lines of life in which, more often perhaps than in any others, presence is found to be weak and unincisive; and they are (first) that of the devotees of *fashion*, and (secondly) that of the devotees of *frivolity*.

Who does not know the effect of mere mode, when it has once gained the title of customary or the epithet of stylish? And who does not know how this personified thing is independent of merit, how it is subject to caprice, and how it keeps the

\* Deuteronomy, xxxii. 11.

world in a perpetual flutter about the cut of clothes, the lights and the shades of appearances, and the details of manners? Fashion has been aptly defined by one writer, as “the race of the rich to get away from the poor, who follow on as fast as they can.” Why does Miss Tabby Dormouse, of whom you may read in Curtis’ genteel *Potiphar Papers*, slip over the letter ‘r,’ and let herself be heard saying, “Some ‘aw, ‘uff man from the country?” Why do those Irishmen, of whom Thackeray speaks in his *Book of Snobs*, “ape Englishmen, and forget their country, and try to forget their accent, or to smother the taste of it?” He tells us of O’Dowd, of Odowdstown, who says, “Come, dine with me, my boy — you’ll find us all English there;” and from whose lips the same words fall with a Celtic brogue, which blabs the ridiculous absurdity of his attempt to pass himself off as a genuine specimen of English “high life.” He cites, also, the instance of Mrs. Captain M’Manus, who, in essaying to talk like an English lady, betrays her nativity and her silliness by saying *I-ah-land*, and *fawther’s esteet*. The explanation of these and of all similar attempts at show and style, is, that there are some who are trying to support splendid appearances and forms, which shall make them distinct from others, while those others are trying, by a continual aping of their fickle splendors, to take rank with them.

Now, this strife after outward and meteor-like distinction affects, to a lamentable extent, the development of souls and the value of personal atmospheres. It results in the decay of presence-force. When men’s importance is generally estimated by artificial

brilliances, how little must there be in popular life to help sterling quality and vigorous expression ! Devotion to fashion hinders genuine manners, and brings counterfeit ones in their stead. It leads to what Chalmers calls " that wretched competition of extravagance which has banished from society all the simplicity of kindness." Pope Clement XIV. seems to have felt, when he first ascended to the papal chair, the stirrings of a soul not infected by the unmanning opinions and practices appertaining to fashion ; and, therefore, on receiving the bow of the ambassadors at his court, he manfully returned it by bowing himself. But he was promptly informed by the master of ceremonies, that he had done what it was not customary for popes to do. " Oh," he replied, " I beg your pardon ; I have not been pope long enough to forget good manners." Alas ! how do persons come to be mere imitating weaklings, by reason of devoting themselves to conformity to style ! How do people, for the sake of following the fashions, check and keep down the only principle that can give a charm to their presence ! Coleridge, as he lingered once by the sea-shore, had a thought or two of such people, which he penned thus :

" Fashion's pining sons and daughters,  
That seek the crowd they seem to fly,  
Trembling they approach thy waters,  
And what cares Nature, if they die ? "

I turn to speak of *frivolity*. It is intimately associated with fashion ; and its emasculating effect on the soul and on presence is usually coextensive with that produced by its yoke-fellow. A friend, who is accustomed to have ideas and sentiments of

his own, once sent to the writer of these pages a letter containing the following suggestive paragraph :

“I am at times moved to actual contempt, when I look around me and see how everything is conducted in society, especially in that of young people. It makes no difference how good one’s character or how excellent one’s undertakings may be ; if he does not conform to the standard which suits a simpering frivolousness, he is not counted in.”

Under the foregoing words some positive thoughts are here to be expressed. There was quite enough to make the sigh of that correspondent sadder than any common breathing of sorrow over the shallowness of so much that is called modern society. Indeed, there was that which might well have made it a sigh from the deeper and darker region of feeling, — a sigh even from the interior realm of nameless pities. The truth is, the real “children of this world” — so many of them as are to-day running the race of pleasure-seekers — are almost as deficient in solidity of character and in personal force, as the finest bubbles are in actual amount and in real strength of substance. Test them with one veritable trial or with one masterly thought, and they will burst like the showy orb which some child has just blown from soap-water. Their mental nature feeds on glee and tinsel. They prize gilded garments above the humble nobleness whose voice is still and small, and whose heart is brave and grand. They converse never ; but they gossip eternally. They account the delicate hand, which no labor has ever hardened, a higher honor than the worn palms that tell of deeds well done, the victories of cheerful toil. They never laugh ; but they

simper all the day. They are sincere only when they are in quest of new dressing, or when they are sick, or when they are mad.

Averments these are which can be easily maintained. I shall not need to reflect that I have animadverted hastily. The career which more than a million Americans are running at high speed, is the career of the frivolous; and often enough the thoughtful observer of them is ready to sit down and weep, that so many, of whom he did long to think better things, have become identified with the vast multitude of the flippant and simpering ones who are pursuing after vain delights. The picked company of this day's most fashionable parlors, the dazzling representatives of elegant movement that create the gay hum of this day's most animated ball-rooms, the frippery-loving young women who have the stylish daintiness or archness that wins for them the title of refined, the fast young men who are admired for their exterior polish, their nimbleness, and their volubility, — all that form the changeful, kaleidoscopic scene of mere pleasure-seeking American society, are flitting, gossiping, fancy-sick adorers of transient pleasures and of pretty trifles. And as one stands aloof from them and witnesses their worthless extravagances, how can he not be tempted to pronounce them the most brilliant shams that ever careered to nothingness, in the thronged course of vanity, levity, and illusion? Caring never for the things which are strong and substantial, partaking never of the food on which thought flourishes and mind grows, communing never with Nature and Silence and eternal Wisdom, they employ their

whole being in a continual chase for pleasure, and die at last, having lived as uselessly almost as mere glittering insects. Ah! what a relief it is to betake one's self from the places where these squanderers of time and neglecters of blood-bought opportunities make their charmless din, to the wide, fresh, and free scenes where the great Worker is unpretendingly and majestically employed! "Exalted Nature!" says Richter, "when we see and love thee, we love our fellow-men more warmly; and when we must pity or forget them, thou still remainest with us, reposing before the moist eye like a verdant chain of mountains in the evening red."

But what can be done to save the million from their soul-weakening devotion to trivial objects? What can be done to deliver people from a mode of life which evinces a folly similar to that of one who should [as Sterling expresses it] "cover the fingers with rings, and, at the same time, cut the sinews at the wrist?" This is the answer: Let every influential mind devote itself anew to thought, to truth, to naturalness, to honesty! Let all teachers and leaders, all who are competent to aid in correcting false popular opinions, and all who are fitted to guide the unwise toward higher conditions of experience and self-revelment, nourish a noble scorn of "simpering frivolousness," and cherish an ardent and courageous ambition to be ever in harmony with the normal, the reasonable, and the divine.

# THE PRIME CONDITION OF AVAIL:

THAT WHICH MUST BE FULFILLED IN ORDER THAT THE  
ENTIRE CAPITAL OF MAN AS MAN, OR, IN OTHER  
WORDS, "THE GREAT SLIGHTED FORTUNE,"  
SHOULD BE TRULY TURNED TO AC-  
COUNT, AND CONTINUALLY  
AND INCREASINGLY  
ENRICHED.



Totum in eo est, ut tibi imperes.

("The whole secret is this, to command thyself.")

CICERO.



## CHAPTER VI.

# KNOWING HOW TO BE ONE'S OWN.

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### I.

#### AS RELATED TO INNER LUMINOSITY AND NOBLE- MANSHIP.

“The greatest thing in the world is for a man to know how to be his own.”

MONTAIGNE, *Essay on Solitude*.

“When a man once knows that he has done justice to himself, let him dismiss all terrors of aristocracy as superstitious, so far as he is concerned.”

EMERSON, *English Traits*, p. 189.

IN the resorts of commonplace mortals, there is seen, now and then, some person who is noticeable — perhaps remarkable — for more or less about him and in his style of life, that is interestingly unique. His visage has a look of pensive buoyancy; his glance is quick and piercing; his gesture is magnetic; the clothing which he gives his ideas is in happy contrast with all threadbare phraseological garments; and his ideas themselves are such that one might say of them, as Coleridge says of the thoughts and the sentiments of Wordsworth, “They are fresh and have the dew upon them.” While nothing that appertains to that person seems to be showy or overstrained, all that appertains to him

seems to be in some sense invitingly new, or in some degree attractively rare. He has the charm of a peculiar spontaneity and expressiveness. He is finely natural. Impossible is it for others to observe his significant simplicity and his suggestive singularity without receiving a clear impression therefrom; accordingly, as often as he chooses to reveal himself and to send out rays of his splendor, he does somehow make his mark. They who converse with him eye to eye, feel something coming like electricity from his soul into theirs. All who behold his manifestations are intent on studying him; and of those who study him, some pay him the tribute of a stare of wonderment, as if ready to confess they cannot explain him, and some go their way, commenting on his characteristic traits, and perhaps remarking, "That man has a mind of his own."

Now, wherever there is an instance substantially answering to the picture just drawn, that instance is one of a class that has been known in all ages since the human race began its succession of generations. At certain epochs this class has doubtless been more numerous than at others. Difficult certainly it is to think that, in the period of the Grecian virtue and in the era of the Roman kingliness, the number of those representing it was not far larger than it was, either in the Babylonian age or in the age when an English lord could be "ignorant, cowardly, ugly, silly, and old, without any harm to him therefrom."

In no century, however, has the same interesting class been numerous enough. The nations of the earth might well wish that it to-day included ten thousand more instances than it does. For the truth

is, that all the instances of it are genuine stars of mankind; they emit light which they themselves possess, while other persons merely reflect light which they have borrowed. Moreover, while all the instances of it are distinguished after a manner which is more or less unusual, surprising, and admirable, no one of them is distinguished exactly after the manner of any fellow-instance. David belonged to it, and so did Solomon; but the Davidian luminosity was very different from the Solomonian. Orpheus belonged to it, and so did Homer; but the Orphic lustrousness was very different from the Homeric. Confucius belonged to it, and so did Zoroaster; but the Confucian soul-light was very different from the Zoroastrian. Of these, each was in some splendid sense a man by himself; each had a personal magnificence such as no other mortal in the world was fitted to have; each exhibited a distinct style of star-like brightness, which was demonstrative of real noblemanship.

Indeed, there never yet lived a man of the brave class of the welcomely untrite and the engagingly peculiar, who had not made himself a real nobleman. What a self-made nobleman was Chaucer, that "perpetual fountain of good sense!" — was Shakespeare, the bard, "not for an age but for all time," who sung without being aware how grand was his singing! — was Milton, who, in a period when "such pitiful and stupid poetasters as Shadwell and Settle bore away the shining rewards of letters," rose sadly but sublimely to greatness! — was Samuel Johnson, who "in all things and everywhere spoke out in plain English from a soul wherein jesuitism could

find no harbor ! ” — was the superb Goethe, “ a poet in such a sense as the late generations have witnessed no other ! ” — was Schiller, that “ high ministering servant at Truth’s altar ! ” — was Roger Williams, the invincible colonist-apostle, whose clarion voice rang out, two hundred and forty years ago, against bigotry and intolerance, and in defense of “ the great doctrine of intellectual liberty ! ” — was Benjamin Franklin, who was both a model republican and “ the most natural of all philosophers ! ”

And the reason why can be easily told. I shall signify it when I say that if you name any person, whether of an ancient or a modern century, who, after first learning *how to be his own*, had, during an adequate time of wholesome mental training, exercised an undiminishing self-mastery, then you will name one who was a true human star, a real nobleman. That person stifled not his own nature, but grafted upon it, and helped it. He grew “ rich of himself, and not by borrowing.” Knowing how to be one’s own, is the principal part of the explanation of a rich, unique, lucid, impressive manhood. It is that without which insipid commonness can never be outgrown — that without which the mind can never be made magnificent — that without which genuine self-enrichment and self-ennoblement are impossible. It is, forsooth, the prime condition of true avail, in the case of the Great Fortune inherited by humanity.

He who would please God and deserve the good will of men needs to be very unlike the weakling who belongs to everybody ; he must be an honest, earnest, self-improving individual, who has learned

how to be his own. Knowing how to be one's own, contributes more than anything else to enable one to derive actual and high advantage both from what has been bequeathed to him by nature and from what he has acquired. It prevents beauty of countenance from turning out to be tame and flat, and it saves honor from amounting to a misfortune. It is a remedy for that diffidence which tends to the decay of talent, and for that machine-like mental action which is the result of an excessive dependence on advice and authority. The proprietor of lands and houses must know how to be his own, else he will become an unhappy mortal, not so much possessing as being possessed by his property; and the knowledge-seeker must know how to be his own, else his intellect will become a kind of warehouse, and his learning a great collection of unassorted and unappropriated intellectual goods.

Let a young man apply his energies in an honorable path of action, and be qualified to exercise self-mastery therein, and steadily and strikingly will he advance toward superior attainments. No difficulties will be able to dishearten him, no obstacles will have power to fill him with dismay. He will not allow his dread of ridicule or of contempt to hold him in a "restless obscurity." If antagonists must be encountered, he will meet them with an uncowed front. Though at the risk of being denounced and shunned, he will prove loyal to whom loyalty is due; and though at the hazard of being scoffed at and persecuted, he will firmly stand, when the occasion shall be such as to require it,

"In the right with two or three."

Knowing how to be one's own, is opposed to one's becoming either a begging underling or a servile imitator, either a fawning dependant or a showy superficialist. It immensely contributes to withhold one from lapsing into animalism. Little likely is he who has ascertained how to be master of himself, to suffer any one of his appetites to gain a beastly strength, or any one of his passions to assume a brutal ferocity. Had Herod been versed in self-mastery, he would not have been a monster of cruelty; and had Nero been versed in it, he would not have out-Heroded Herod. The dissipation of George Selwyn — that specimen of the English gentry of another age, who is represented by Thackeray as having been "carried to bed by two wretches at midnight with three pints of claret in him" — was principally owing to the fact that he did not know how to be his own.

Knowing how to be one's own, is well adapted to deter one from coming to have a disposition like that of King Pyrrhus, who was wont (according to Montaigne) "to truckle to the great, and to domineer over the small." It preëminently conduces to deliver one from fancifulness and fickleness, from dilettanteism and flunkysm, from the hollowness of the trifler, and the wordiness of the gossip. Those lines of an old song,

"Their minds are made of *say*,  
Their love is like silk changeable,"

are applicable to many mortals, but they are applicable to such mortals only as have never found out how to be their own.

He who has observed, from stage to stage in their

life-courses, two individuals, one of whom was experimentally acquainted with the science and the art of being a self-mastered inhabitant of the world, and the other utterly unschooled by experience as to that science and that art, must have been deeply impressed and much instructed. What differences at different times arrested his attention! He saw, on the one hand, a person to whom solitude was sweet, and, on the other, a person who was nearly always lonely when alone. He noticed that the former had ever the dignity and the influence of a leader; but that the latter generally, with an easy, vapid compliance, offered himself as ready to be led. He perceived that the former habitually directed and governed his feelings and tendencies, never allowing them to exceed due bounds; but that the latter was wont to let his impulses and inclinations, his partialities and fondnesses, run away with his soul and body whenever they would. He beheld that the former adhered with a rational tenacity to the beliefs he had espoused and to the pursuits he had undertaken; but that the latter was ever liable to be (as an apostle says) "carried about with every wind of doctrine," and ever apt to be (as Dryden has it) "everything by starts and nothing long." He discovered that the former walked beneath the heavens free from all superstitious apprehensions; but that the latter often had "an intense feeling about himself which made the evening star shine at him with a threat, and the blessing of a beggar [if he chanced to meet one] encourage him." He observed that the former always remained true to the side which he had chosen, though he had to hold to it

with the few; but that the latter, as often as he found himself in the minority, "slank obliquely" out of the same, and joined the larger party. And withal, he saw that the former, whenever he stood before men of special outward rank or men of imposing material wealth, stood erect and unconfused; but that the latter, on every occasion of entering into the presence of aristocrats or of millionaires, exchanged his customary style of self-assurance for a style of cowering humility.

And thus is it ever. While the figure which is made in life by him who is well qualified as to self-mastery, is, in some high sense, creditable, that which is made by him who is unqualified in respect to the same, is, in some saddening sense, discreditable.

All over the world, they who come short of knowing how to be their own, do also come short of acquitting themselves manfully in any of the relationships, any of the positions, any of the exigencies wherein their merit or their virtue is put to test. Parents who know not how to be their own are adult children. Teachers who know not how to be their own misgovern rather than govern their pupils. Friends who know not how to be their own fall away, when their fidelity is tried, into neutrality or undisguised falseness. Military commanders who know not how to be their own abound, perhaps, with rash daring, — perhaps with flourish and bravado, — but never with cool and majestic courage. Political officials who know not how to be their own are mere trimmers, answering peradventure to the description,

"Scarce men without, and less than girls within."

No one who has not yet come to know how to be his own, is fitted to hold his way, unbewildered by perplexities and undistracted by tumults, unweakened by adversity and unsoured by misuse. Learn how to be master of thyself, and thou wilt prove to be greater than thy body, greater than thy pains or thy pleasures, thy humors or thy biases, thine enthusiasms or thine ambitions, and greater than thy circumstances. Whatsoever may be the conscious state whereinto thou art made to enter, thou wilt show thyself to be mightier than it; and whatsoever may be the station or the situation which thou art called to occupy, thou wilt show thyself to be superior to it.

About nineteen hundred and twenty-five years ago, there was a mariner who had charge of a twelve-oared vessel in which voyages were made over the Ionian Sea. One night, Julius Cæsar, habited as a slave, embarked in that vessel, to be borne from Apollonia to Brundusium. His purpose in seeking to be transported to that place, was to hasten forward troops whereon he depended for the discomfiture of Pompey, whose fleets were hovering along the Ionian coast. As the vessel dropped down the river Anias toward the sea, a violent gale suddenly sprang up, and the waves dashed furiously against one another, producing not only a great noise, but also perilous eddies. The mariner was smitten with terror, and he ordered the oarsmen to turn back. At that moment, Cæsar arose and revealed himself. Said he :

“Go forward, my friend, and fear nothing; thou carriest Cæsar and his fortune.”

What a contrast was then and there to be seen ! That seaman, because he understood not how to be master of himself, had let his fear completely prevail over him and bind him fast with its chains ; but that Roman general, by reason of knowing how to be his own, was able to stand unalarmed and composed while the tempest raged round him.

The direct treatment of the topic which has thus far occupied attention, has here an end ; but not here is the topic itself suffered to drop from under consideration. It shall be indirectly kept before the mind, and more and more elucidated, as its weightiness gives it right to be, all the way to the final close. I now go on to specify and discuss the chief distinguishing peculiarities which depend on the great condition or qualification expressed in the chapter-head. Afterward, there will be presented some instances specially and vividly illustrative of them.

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## II.

### INDIVIDUALITY.

“ If men would be content to graft upon Nature and assist her operations, what mighty effects might we expect ! ”

THE SPECTATOR, No. 404.

“ As to the crowd of those who are faithfully stamped, like bank notes, with the same marks, with the difference only of being worth more guineas or fewer, they are mere particles of a glass, mere pieces and bits of the great vulgar or the small.” JOHN FOSTER.

THERE is a certain trait which, being itself strongly characteristic, imparts characteristicalness to every

trait that coexists with it. Not all, but comparatively only a small proportion of mankind, possess it in any noteworthy degree. Its most widely-known name is *individuality*. This trait explains how it is that men, like Stephen Blackpool (who is portrayed in Dickens' *Hard Times*), have, even in accepting a present and in expressing thanks for the same, such grace as "Lord Chesterfield could not have taught his son in a century." It may be represented as a settled, constant, habitual self-distinctiveness, or rather as a fixed disposition to be ever and everywhere the one that one is by nature fitted to be. It is found at its best in none but those who have learned the science and the art of self-mastery.

In the discussion now opened, there is need to give some account of those kinds of individuality that are not admirable. I will speak particularly of them. And the one first to be treated, is the merely *idiosyncratic* individuality. It is exemplified by the person who is wont to conform unresistingly to his natural weaknesses and caprices. He who has it evinces a self-distinctiveness when he is "tickled with good success" or is pained by a mishap, when he is generous or is crabbed; but it is a self-distinctiveness of an inferior order. Most people do too often, so far as their foibles and faults are concerned, reveal themselves characteristically. The hypocrite has no assumed style when he is sullen, the prude none when she is piqued. What unpretentious changelings men are as to their infirmities, their frailties, their irritable unevennesses! Imitating nobody, they put off one small temper and take on another. Stopping not to see how others do, they

pass, each in a way of his own, from amiability to ill-naturedness, and then from ill-naturedness back to amiability. Should they keep an account on the pages of their diaries of the irregular ebbs and flows which occur within them in consequence of their conformity to their idiosyncratic failings, what a series of singular jottings would they soon have for perusal ! Now, there is nothing commendable in thus granting to human nature the privilege of being in its own style childishly changeable — nothing praiseworthy in thus complying with every little constitutional turn or proclivity. The individuality which mortals need is of that high species which is associated ever with the habit of being one's own: To acquire it, they may well patiently strive. But let them endeavor to be as free as possible from the cheap individuality which is so often exhibited in times of annoyance or of illness, times of evil accident or of passionate excitement. For who that has ever possessed this, was the better for having it ?

Another unadmirable kind of individuality is that which is illustrated in the case of the extremely queer person. It may properly be treated under the epithet *unwisely-singular*. Foolish is he who allows himself to gain notoriety by being uniquely undignified, inconsistent, uncouth, or ludicrous. Demophoon, the steward of Alexander the Great, should not have been so odd as to sweat in the shade and to shiver in the sunshine ; nor should Germanicus have been so strange as to have and to indulge an immense antipathy to the sight and the crowing of a cock. Henry the Third of France, it is related, was accustomed to spend a hundred thousand crowns

a year on spaniels. Antisthenes, the founder of the Cynic sect of philosophers, was fond of appearing in public, clad in a threadbare and ragged cloak, the tattered parts of which he took more pains to display than he did to conceal. The one revealed himself characteristically respecting dogs, the other respecting his dress; but neither the one nor the other revealed a right characteristicalness. Once, Antisthenes, while going about in his ridiculous old cloak, met Socrates, and was tersely criticised by him, thus:

“Why so ostentatious? Through your rags I see your vanity.”

There was a certain man who had somehow arrived at the conclusion that every thing merely ornamental is contrary to sacred Scripture, and therefore should be discountenanced and repudiated. Well known was he throughout a considerable region of one of the States. He conceived it to be a sin to adorn the body, and a sin to put gilding or trimmings on anything. He held that houses should be built and finished without regard to fineness of appearance; that fences should be constructed for the sake of their utility only; that one's garden should be free from all plants that serve solely for beautification; and that one's stove, one's dishes, one's chairs, one's clock, one's book-case, one's carriage, should be absolutely destitute of every species and every manner of mere ornament. People, he maintained, should, in the matter of clothing, be governed entirely by considerations of healthfulness, comfortableness, and durability. No one should wear broadcloth or satin, silk or velvet, so long as

he can procure some other equally wholesome kind of dress, or dress-material, for less money. Such were the curious views of that curious man. And he supplemented his extreme queerness as to views, with the extreme queerness inseparable from a reducing of them to practice. It is not often that men try very hard to carry into effect their avowed notions; but the person referred to was an exceptional instance. He eschewed all adornment, and became notorious for a style of life wherein was manifested a determined antagonism against making the useful, for appearance's sake, beautiful. He wore garments wrought of tow-thread, and had no buttons on the hinder part of his coat. It was his aim to allow nothing that was simply decorative in its nature, to appertain either to his person or to his premises. The anomalous plainness of his garb rendered him wherever he went a droll spectacle. At one time, when he was entering the city, a band of lads in the street thought him crazy; and, with staring faces, they followed him about till his usually mild temper failed him, and he wrathfully turned and put them to rout. On the part of that earnest and persevering laughing-stock, there was much self-distinctiveness; but it was of an unwisely-singular sort, and consequently not entitled to any profound admiration.

I speak next of the unadmirable kind of individuality which is evinced by the ill-balanced contemplatist, who is either an extravagant believer or an extravagant skeptic. There may be applied to it the epithet *erratically-intellectual*. All one-idea men are instances of this. Longfellow, in his *Hyperion*, rep-

resents the Baron of Hohenfels as speaking to Paul Flemming thus :

“ In solitude, some fixed idea will often take root in the mind, and grow till it overshadow all one's thoughts. To this must all opinions come; no thought can enter there, which shall not be wedded to the fixed idea. There it remains and grows. It is like the watchman's wife, in the Tower of Waiblingen, who grew to such a size, that she could not get down the narrow stair-case; and when her husband died, his successor was forced to marry the fat widow in the Tower.”

The comet of thinkers, the enthusiast of theorizers, the fanatic of investigators, and the quiddler of metaphysicians — each is a one-idea man. The soul of such a one seems to become by degrees dry and light, and to be ever floating higher and higher in a kind of ether, wherein it can abound with nothing but abstract meditations and visionary reveries. When Constantine, the Roman emperor, saw how Acesius, the bishop of the Novatian sect, was affected by his favorite tenet (the belief that there is no temporal efficacy in repentance), he said to him, “ Acesius, take a ladder and get up to heaven by yourself.” Suggestive reproof! Gibbon, alluding to it, remarks, “ Most of the Christian sects have, by turns, borrowed the ladder of Acesius.”

What strangeness of many a philosopher, what weirdness of many a saint, does one-ideaism explain! There was Philetas, that ancient puzzle-headed scholar. It is written that he died of consumption incurred in consequence of his study of the sophism :

“ If when you speak the truth, you say you lie, you lie : but you say you lie when you speak the truth ; therefore, in speaking the truth, you lie.”

There was Pyrrho, that ancient skeptic. His pet idea was the non-reality of what men claimed to be certainly known. This idea, by reason that he incessantly entertained and fostered it, grew in his mind to prodigious dimensions. All his other ideas attached themselves to it. Under its influence, he denied the actual existence of the material world. His friends, when they heard from his lips this extreme negation, began to fear lest his one-ideaism as a skeptic should result in the loss of his life; and they thenceforth accompanied him continually, in his goings and comings, in order that he might not receive fatal injury from any of the things along his way. Very natural was it for them to think that, with such a conclusion in his head as the nihilistic one he had deduced, he was liable, unless protectively attended, to walk off dry land into deep water, to be run over by some vehicle, or to break his neck by stepping from the brink of some precipice.

There was Saint Anthony, that Egyptian ascetic who, in the fourth century, founded, on a hill near the Red Sea, the system of monachism. He had wedded all his thoughts to the one idea that Christian purity is dependent on a retired mode of life. This, as it grew day by day within him, destroyed his mental balance, and fitted him for amazing vagaries. He sold his property and distributed the proceeds thereof among his relatives, abandoned all familiar scenes, and betook himself to the ruins of fallen tombs, and thence to the desert. He practiced not only severe abnegation but also self-flagellation, dwelt much of the time with wild beasts, and

subsisted on fruits and herbs which were produced by uncultivated nature.

There was Saint Thomas Aquinas, that scholastic meditator and "loquacious metaphysician," who lived in Italy in the thirteenth century. He had let himself become occupied and possessed by the single idea of a reconciliation between the Aristotelian philosophy and logic and the Bible. Being unremittingly cherished by him, that idea could not but increase to enormous proportions. It spread out, like a gigantic tropical plant, which covers and chokes with its rank branches and leaves everything that tries to live near it. Something of it pervaded all his perceptions, all his fancies, all his feelings. Not a look did he wear on his countenance that was not in some degree expressive of it; not a word did he utter that did not in some manner signify it; not an act did he perform that could not be said to convey some hint about it. His life has been aptly described by Michelet, as "entirely one of abstraction." Such was his absorption in his daily employment as a hair-splitting philosophizer over the Scriptures, that "when sleep closed the eyes of his body, those of his soul remained open," and he unconsciously, during the night-hours, broke the stillness of his room with mumbled interpretations and comments. The extent to which his one-ideaism engrossed his faculties was, in at least two particular instances, astonishingly shown. On a certain day when he was at sea, a fearful tempest passed over without even diverting his attention from his task; and at another time, while engaged in his usual work, he held fast, without being aware of the con-

tact of fire with his nerves, to a lighted candle which was burning his fingers with its flame.

And there was (to cite one more instance) Ignatius Loyola, who, in the first half of the sixteenth century, founded the order of Jesuits. He was born and bred in Spain. For a period, he served as a page to the Spanish king; but, having acquired a distaste for a courtier's life, he became a soldier. When he had reached the age of thirty years, a book entitled *The Flower of the Saints*, was one day placed in his hands. He was at the time recovering from a fever. In that book, he read vivid accounts of Christian men who had chosen to lead lives of painful retirement, privation, and hardship. Some of them were persons of rank. They had wandered over the earth in coarse vestments; they had worn heavy iron chains; they had dwelt in dreary deserts or in horrible caves. As he contemplated the ascetic rigorism practiced by those devout persons, there became fixed in his mind the idea that, by imitating their example, he could gain a sacred fame. This idea rapidly grew within him; for so powerfully had he been impressed by the narratives which he had perused, that he was in a mood to cherish it continually. It soon attained an overshadowing magnitude. Under its ever-increasing influence, he resolved to begin the career of a hermit-saint, and to strive to outdo the most eminent of those who had passed their years in a like career. He even determined that, in addition to other mortifying severities, he would undertake to walk barefooted all the way to the Holy Land. His brother, Don Martin, in vain sought to dissuade him from taking the course

of pious extravagances toward which his soul was set. He went forth from his home and his friends, and, after vowing at Montserrat a vow of perpetual chastity, actually commenced the life of religious austerity for which his one-ideaism had prepared him. He covered his body with a sack. He found a cave, and made it his dwelling-place. There he slept on the cold earth, and confined himself to a diet of bread and water. His hair and his fingernails were permitted by him to grow to a shocking length. He spent seven hours daily in vocal prayer, fasted regularly, often went from door to door begging, and, withal, was accustomed to administer, several times every day, a severe flogging to his own person. So much did he disfigure his frame by the last-named practice, that people pointed him out and hooted at him when he appeared in the streets. After a while melancholy seized him; and then sickness, and then delirium. He thought that he was damned and in hell. Some monks came and rescued him from his frightful haunt. He recovered the customary use of his powers, and subsequently became ambitious to be the founder of an oath-bound order of itinerant Roman Catholic propagandists. It may be said that he modified his first one-ideaism by adding to it a fresh one-ideaism; and that the Jesuitic organization, which he established in the year fifteen hundred and forty at Venice, had its rise in the mixture of the two.

Still another unadmirable kind of individuality awaits consideration. I shall treat it under the title *disdainfully-arbitrary*. It is that which marks the despotic type of character. The person of a cold

loftiness and an excessive reserve, the arrogant aristocrat, the self-exalted, imperious aspirer after glory, and the cruelly-decisive wielder of power — each is a representative of it. In *Paradise Lost*, Satan is described as surveying his situation with a frigid but majestic composure, and as saying :

“ Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.”

There have been men who have been, in a similar manner, uniquely proud. Many is the conqueror, many is the king, that chills while he dazes those on whom he looks. Who has not seen some robed priest, some towering statesman, or some magisterial teacher, whose visage was fitted to make one say :

“ He gilds it always, he warms it not ? ”

It is related of Keate, a noted Eton head-master whose pupil Tennyson is said to have once been, that, on a certain morning when he was reading to the school the Beatitudes, he commented on the sixth one thus : “ Mind that ! It is your duty to be pure in heart. If you are not pure in heart, I’ll flog you.” \* About a century earlier, there was a head-master of the same school who had a stern lordliness which rendered him even more fearful to his pupils than Keate was to his. His name was Charles Roderick. In the one hundred and sixty-eighth number of *The Spectator* occur these words respecting him :

“ So very dreadful had he made himself to me, that although it is above twenty years since I felt his heavy hand, yet once a month at least I dream of him, so strong an impression did he make on my mind.”

\* See article on ETON COLLEGE, in *Harper’s Magazine* for September, 1876.

And the writer adds the remark, that the fact of his being thus continually haunted in his sleep was an evidence that that master had formerly fully terrified him when he was awake.

Of the species of self-distinctiveness here receiving attention there have been numerous historic instances. It was illustrated by Nebuchadnezzar, who, walking with a haughty step on the top of his palace, said, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built . . . by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" It was illustrated by Frederick the Great of Prussia, who "lavished with unfeeling prodigality the blood of his soldiers." It was illustrated by Napoleon the First, who, though he shone dazzlingly, shone with a heatless effulgence, and who, though he had greatness, was great only as a "demonic man." "I knew one," says Erasmus, "so arrogant that he thought himself inferior to no man living." So Hampden, after he had

"The little tyrant of his fields withstood,"

could have said; and so Johnson, after the completion of his dictionary, could have said — Johnson, to whom the Earl of Chesterfield had been as "one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling in the water, and, when he has reached the ground, encumbers him with help."

There have been, in the ages, inhuman specimens of mankind, ferocious men. Their chief principle of action was, that right is for one what one makes right; and their chief ideal was the ideal of superiority in mere strength, that whereby (as Novalis teaches) man becomes a beast-spirit, displaying a

brutal wit which has for weaklings “a brutal power of attraction.” Some of them were “terrible beings who exalted themselves above men, above misfortune, above the earth, and above conscience, and to whom it was all the same whatever human blood they shed, whether another’s or their own.” And all those men — those Hamans, Maximins, Tamerlanes, Neros, Borgias, Herods, Lauds, Robespierres, whose leading traits may be declared to have been wrought out of invisible iron — were instances of the disdainfully-arbitrary kind of individuality. To two of them I will more than cursorily allude. They were Caligula and Sir George Jeffreys, — the former a representative tyrant, the latter a representative bully.

Of Caligula, see what is written in history! He was the fourth of the Roman emperors. As such, he procured the death of several of his kindred. He ordered criminals to be executed by inches, so that they “might feel themselves to be dying.” He caused persons to be subjected to torture, that he might, while taking his meals, be amused by their expressions of agony. Once, at a circus, he commanded a considerable number of the spectators to be seized and thrown before the wild beasts in the arena. He obliged unoffending fathers to witness the infliction of capital punishment on their sons. He often intimated, while kissing the neck of a wife or a mistress, how quickly, notwithstanding its prettiness, he could have it severed if he chose. He used to say of the people, whose detestation he knew he had incurred, “Let them hate me, provided they fear me;” and on one occasion he signified the

wish that they had but one head, so that he might kill the whole of them at a single blow. He caused Apelles, a noted tragedian, to be cruelly whipped, in order that he might, as he professed, hear the natural tones and accents of which that actor's voice was capable. He married his own sister Drusilla. He proclaimed himself a god, and, erecting a temple to himself, appointed priests to pay worship to him therein. He honored his favorite horse, Incitatus, with a stable of marble and a rack of ivory. He ordered a huge platform, more than three miles long, to be constructed on the sea, and to be covered with earth, mason-work, and buildings; and, when the strange project was accomplished, he celebrated the achievement with a banquet, which he gave in the middle of the vast floating bridge, and the close of which he signalized by causing many of the guests to be pushed off into the water, and kept under by means of oars and poles. He led the Roman army into Gaul, pretending that he was going on an expedition against Britain; and, after impoverishing that country by extortion and plunder, he set out with the troops homeward, and, in the course of the march, pompously drew them up in battle-array on the sea-shore, commanded them to fill their helmets with shells, and then called those shells the spoils he had taken as conqueror of the ocean!

The foregoing delineation is to be followed by one which, though it will contain fewer details, will not be less striking. I am to try to depict the atrocious Sir George Jeffreys, who was the chief justice of the King's Bench during the deplorable reign of James the Second, of England. To portray him

clearly, one needs to borrow from the vivid picture given by Macaulay. His style as a lawyer he had acquired at the Old Bailey bar, where it was the custom to tolerate almost any degree of looseness or waywardness in speech. There he had for years exercised his powers in doing business, principally for wretches and villains. In serving such clients — persons that were numbered among the worst knaves of London — he had grown expert in browbeating and badgering, in audacious ridicule and abusive bombast. The result was, that he had come to be “the most consummate bully ever known in his profession.” The general expression of his face was unprepossessing, and the sound of his voice was disagreeable. Impudence and ferocity (so one learns from Macaulay) sat on his brow; the glare of his eyes had a fascination for the unhappy victim on whom they were fixed; more terrible even than his brow and eye were the savage lines which marked his mouth; and his yell of fury was suggestive of the thunder of the judgment-day. The insatiable zeal and the overbearing bravado of that base judge secured the conviction of two compassionate women, Lady Lisle and Mrs. Gaunt, for having afforded refuge in their houses to certain fugitives from Monmouth’s defeated army; and when he had contrived to bring to pass a verdict against them, he made himself instrumental in causing them to be *literally burned alive*. The saintly Richard Baxter was one of those who suffered from his insolent hardihood and his ventings of furious scorn. He had been arraigned for some condemnatory comments which, in one of his works,

he had incidentally made on the persecution of dissenters. Jeffreys, with "forehead of brass and tongue of venom," mocked that good man, by raising his clasped hands, and singing through his nose, "Lord, we are thy people, thy peculiar people, thy dear people." It was proposed by him that Baxter should be tied to the cart's tail and whipped through London. But a less severe punishment was inflicted. The pious author was only fined and imprisoned.

Genuine and admirable individuality may be said to consist in being true, in true ways, to one's own nature. Would you know whether a man has it or not? Then trouble not yourself to inquire whence he has come — where he was born, reared, or educated — what degree of distinction appertained to his near or remote ancestors — what positions he has held — what diplomas, titles, or testimonials he can exhibit — what noteworthy performances he has wrought — how he gets his living — how much material wealth he possesses; but ask, first of all, *What is he in himself?* Just as an arrow, shot in earnest and surely aimed, goes to the blood, so this question will go to the pith of the case.

Mr. Hughes, in his *Tom Brown's School-Days at Rugby*, represents Squire Brown (Tom's father) as loving to propound the belief that "a man is to be valued wholly and solely for that which he is in himself, for that which stands up in the four fleshly walls of him, apart from clothes, rank, fortune, and all externals whatsoever." To find out what one is in himself, is to find out more than what man is in

general; it is to ascertain what one is as a certain one. He who has true individuality has a clear importance and worth, additional to the importance and the worth which belong to his soul in common with other souls. To his character there belong admirable points of uniqueness. An unborrowed inner wealth is his. While in much he is like all, in much he is like none. He is a human unit in possession of inimitable distinguishing marks. At home, abroad, among the small, among the great, everywhere, he maintains a hale and manly state of singleness. He "always marches along as a stream with its own waves through the sea of the world." In no circle of society does he cease from being worthily independent; in no mass of people does he become "indistinct as water is in water." Give him a congenial associate, and with him he will confidently walk; yet, as the forefinger of the hand preserves its separate consequence, notwithstanding its continual contact with the finger next to it, so he, notwithstanding his intimacy with his friend, will keep good the light, the importance, the worth peculiar to his manhood. Between him and commonplace mortals, what differences! They are symbolized by "bricks in a wall, or marbles in a bag;" he, by some "throbbing star."

"They strive to seem, and never care to be;"

he is solidly significant and eternally real. They infatuatedly gaze on the glittering apparel and the imposing train of "pageant power;" he is ready to say with Emerson, "Give me health and a June day, and I will make the pomp of kings ridiculous."

Your commonplace mortal is unable by gaudy attire, stylish manners, or any other means, to compensate his or her lack of a right self-distinctiveness. Behold that one! Her person shines with diamonds. But is the diamond brilliance her brilliance? Is she, with all her precious ornaments, anything more than what she is? — anything, that is to say, but a being whose best self-shed light is a stale splendor? Dickens makes David Copperfield say of the fashionable but commonplace Mrs. Waterbrook, that she was either a large lady or she wore a large dress, he didn't know which; for he couldn't determine which was dress and which was lady. Mrs. Waterbrook may be taken as the type of a class; and that class is composed of those who, for the want of individuality, are scarcely distinguishable from their furbelowed, fringy, and garish clothes. There are a thousand and a thousand women and men who are glorying in a glory which is not their own. Not one fine beam of fresh radiance from themselves mixes with it. It is wholly produced by things outside of them. And they, how much better are they for having it? Certainly no better at all. Their commonplace souls are just as monotonous and insipid as they would be without it. Thackeray, in a chapter on "Dinner-going Snobs," speaks of persons "who trail a peacock's feather behind them, and think to simulate the gorgeous bird whose nature it is to strut on palaceterraces, and to flaunt his magnificent fantail in the sunshine." Such instances of poor-silly-jayism succeed not, nor do any other instances of simulated importance succeed in proving to be more than they

are. Now, on the other hand, the person who is habitually and decidedly individual could not, were he to attempt so to do, hide the fact that he is a distinct source of light and influence. His full-grown habit of doing justice to himself, his sterling "ownness of impulse and insight," does and will have an undim expression. Wherever he may be, he will, in not a little that commands respect, appear as nobody else. The author of *English Traits* tersely says of the typical Englishman, "He is a king in a plain coat." The same averment may emphatically be made of any wearer of a plain coat anywhere in this world who has learned how to be his own. "A healthy soul," says Carlyle, "imprison it as you will in squalid garrets, shabby coat, bodily sickness, or whatever else, will assert its heaven-granted, indefeasible freedom, its right to conquer difficulties, to do work, even to feel gladness."

The man of true individuality has in his own self-knowing substance a fortified center. He holds that center as a garrison holds a citadel. Nothing can be there that is not his own. His soul, with its faculties, while recognized by him as *his*, is constantly felt by him to be *him*. People call him eccentric. Reason why: he is a distinct man, who, from the roots of his nature up, is peculiar. The hunger of his intellect will not be satisfied with precisely the aliment that satisfies other intellects. Most minds feed on appearances; his feeds only on what it finds good for it beneath appearances. Observe him, and see wherein and how he is eccentric. He surprises mortals with things fresh and quick-

ening, which have emanated from his mental matrix. His presence is different from every other presence. He stirs others with spontaneities which are sometimes keen and piquant, and sometimes blunt. Often he overwhelms others with rich gushes of strange eloquence. His thoughts come not till they are ready; but when they do come, they present themselves as if they had leaped into the vehicles which carry them. When he speaks and when he writes, he expresses either himself or what belongs to himself. He scorns to appropriate, after the manner of the literary pilferer, the ideas and the ideals, the conceptions and the sentiments of others. It was such a one as he that invented the compass; it was such a one as he that ran out and cried, "Eureka!" on occasion of the discovery of the law of specific gravity; it was such a one as he that composed the story of the *Pilgrim's Progress*; it was such a one as he that wrote the imperishable maxims of Poor Richard's Almanac. In the general sense in which he is eccentric, Joshua, the pioneer warrior of the Holy Land, was eccentric; Daniel, the prophet, whose eye thrilled lions, was eccentric; William Tell, the deliverer of the Swiss cantons from tyranny, was eccentric.

Eccentricity, when it implies genuine individuality, is neither to be contemned nor to be ridiculed; it is to be respected. They that are practical illustrators of that olden heroism which was symbolized in the firm, gritty material of the few mighty mountains of the earth that triumphantly resisted the scouring agencies of the drift-period; they that are accustomed to think profoundly and to declare their

thoughts self-reliantly ; they that dare to assail popular evils at the risk of being reproached and defamed by a selfish multitude ; they that, with a sad disgust for the circles where vanity and folly exhibit themselves, retire to solitary places, and there, as explorers, as writers, or as artists, devote their powers for the improvement of mankind, — all these are eccentric. And they are so because they have true self-distinctiveness. It may be said that all the prized things which are suggested by that word “civilization,” testify to the important significance of a solidly-sustained eccentricity. He who is determined to be, at all times and everywhere, a brave, earnest, irrepressible man, honest for honesty’s rather than for policy’s sake, unswerving from the course of duty as a planet from its path, and never stooping to do a mean deed, must expect to be called eccentric. What is wanted on the part of people in this age — what is specially wanted on the part of American men and women in this age — is pride in being worthily eccentric. There is too much ground for the complaint thrown out by Emerson that “our tendency is to make all alike, and to extinguish individuality.” A hundred thousand souls, marked each by an interesting distinctness of character, are needed in our nation. The ranks of the starlike should be recruited ; who is he that, by being himself truly individual, will contribute toward filling them up?\*

\* A very few of the thoughts presented in the last two paragraphs are almost the same as some expressed by me in an article entitled *Derived Men and Radical Men*, which was published in the *National Magazine* for September, 1855. And here I will

## III.

## MASTERFULNESS AND TENDERNESS.

“He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace. And the men who have this life in them, are the true lords or kings of the earth — they, and they only.”

RUSKIN, *Sesame and Lilies*, p. 67.

“The man most man, with tenderest human hands,  
Works best for men, — as God in Nazareth.”

MRS. BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh*, p. 348.

THE person that has bred himself to self-mastery is one who, should he travel round the globe, would everywhere show, not only an admirable swaying power, but also a lovable loving power. He is sweet-souled as well as high-souled, merciful as well as strong, a tender fellow-mortal as well as a masterful human being. There are those who, in proportion as they cultivate and enrich their minds, become unemotional and frigid; but not so does he. There are those who, in order to attain to superior importance, sacrifice pity to dignity, and leave their lovingness to dry up under the influence of a parching ambition; but not so does he. Assign to this man duties in war, and he will be a Washington-like

state, that a year ago, while on the Pacific coast, it was my singular lot to see, in a San Francisco paper, under the heading of *Types of Men*, and over the signature of some regular contributor, nearly the whole of said article, appearing as if it were that contributor's own production. Should the plagiarist ever read this marginal note, it is hoped his recollection of his literary theft will result in some wholesome twinges of his conscience.

fighter; intrust to him tasks in peace, and he will be a Franklin-like achiever. Should he be provoked to wrath, he would have (to use the language of Algernon Sidney) "a look full of amiable fierceness, as in whom choler could not take away the sweetness." The elder Cato, one of those old-time pattern Romans who were "kingly in their thoughts," was wont to say that he preferred the character of a good husband to that of a great senator. "When he had a son born," says Plutarch, "no business, however urgent, except it related to the public, could hinder him from being present while his wife washed and swaddled the infant." Phocion, who lived a hundred years before Cato, was not less masterful nor less tender than he. On one occasion, Chares, the orator, by way of disparaging him, made mention, in a speech to the Athenians, of his dignified brow. The noble Greek replied:

"This brow of mine never gave one of you an hour of sorrow; but the laughter of these sneerers has cost their country many a tear."

Says Jean Paul: "Do we not admire it in great philosophers, e. g., Malebranche, and great generals, e. g., Scipio, that, after the greatest achievements which they made in the kingdom of truths, or in a geographical, they betook themselves to the nursery, and there carried on real child's fooleries, in order gently to relax the bow wherewith they had shot so many lies and liars to the ground?" And Jean Paul himself — Jean Paul, who has been justly called "a colossal spirit," — could have been seen, at one time and another, tenderly feeding his pet mouse, or his pet spider, or his pet tree-frog.

I like to read of Epaminondas, the most masterful of the Greeks, yet one of the tenderest of them. He declared that the satisfaction which exceeded every other he had ever felt, was his satisfaction when he saw the pleasure of his father and mother over his victory at Leuctra. Cicero was accustomed, after delivering his splendid orations, to find delight in calling together his children, and having a romp with them. Montaigne, though he associated with kings, was of such habits and such a temper as "smoothed his intercourse even with the lowest." When the citizens of Bordeaux had elected him as counselor, he told them frankly what he thought to be his deficiencies, but added that he was "without hatred, without ambition, without avarice, and without violence." Sir John Franklin was (according to Sir Edward Parry) "a man who never turned his back on a danger, yet of that tenderness that he would not brush away a mosquito." Lord Macaulay, while he was intellectually grand and regnant, was, as his friends knew, fascinatingly tender, and, as his sisters knew, adorably so.

That unparalleled American, Daniel Webster, traveled many miles over a rough road, to an obscure village, in order to see old John Colby, his brother-in-law, who, after a long life as a brawny sinner, had become a Christian. "He won't know me," said Webster, "and I shall not him; and I don't intend to make myself known at first." When Colby, who was found reading his Scott's family Bible, came to understand that his visitor was the great orator and statesman whom he remembered as "the little black lad that used to ride

the horse to water," he said, "Is it possible that you have come up here to see me?" They embraced each other, and wept. And Daniel Webster, at John Colby's request, knelt down and prayed. Webster solicited the favor of a bowl of bread and milk; and to his friend Peter Harvey, who accompanied him, and who partook with him of the same kind of refreshment, he remarked, with a pathetic simplicity, after they had finished eating, "Didn't it taste like old times?"

Of William H. Seward, the Montesquieu of the United States, it is fitting to say, How great he was, and how amiable he was! Thus did men of lands far-off and strange — dusky-visaged dignitaries who had met him and conversed with him, as he went journeying in his simple, kingly fashion from continent to continent, and from nation to nation around the varied world — feel to exclaim, when they heard that his fertilizing and civilizing life had ended. In the case of Stanley also, — Stanley, the enterprising, dauntless, indefatigable explorer of the Congo, — there has been illustrated the fact that the man who knows how to be his own possesses the two qualities, masterfulness and tenderness.\* Think of him as sailing toward the dreadful unknown, in sight

\* What is said here might seem to be belied by the affair at Bumbireh, known as that in which Stanley punished severely the wicked natives belonging to one part of the coast of the great interior African lake. But after meditating on that affair in all its recorded particulars, the author of this book has failed to find reason in it for imputing to the explorer a lack of mercifulness or tenderness. They who think otherwise would probably deem it cruelty to shoot down a burglar while he is in the act of house-robbery.

and in hearing of swarms of wild Africans on the shore, who fiercely shout to him to turn back. Think of him as pausing at the first series of fearful cataracts, and looking ahead into a region of difficulties and perils reputed to be impassable, and calmly resolving, since it is impracticable to return, to go forward, and, if death cannot be avoided, to "show manliness and die." Think of him as moving his boats for thirteen miles on rollers laid for them in a road cut through the tropic jungles at the river's side. Think of him as afterward reaching and passing a series of cataracts comprising ten times as many as the first one, and once at least taking his boats over a mountain two thousand feet high. And think of him as at last, in spite of cannibals, and of cataracts, and of toils, strains, and privations, which made him "an old man in his thirty-fifth year," proving successful, and standing forth the one and only pathfinder adown the Mississippi of Africa! Men who listened to his unaffected story of that amazing voyage perceived that he was "gentle-voiced and gentle-mannered;" and they wonderingly asked themselves whether it were a fact or a dream that they were beholding and hearing the invincible successor of the great Livingstone—the evermore illustrious Stanley.

So it ever is: he who is rightly individual and unique fulfills the aphorism of Marcus Aurelius, "A man must stand erect, not be kept erect by others;" he also unbends and relaxes, showing that within him is a heart not made of metal or of rock, of wood or of leather, but made of flesh.

## IV.

## DESIRE OF EXERTION.

“The wise for cure on exercise depend.” — DRYDEN.

“Who wrestles in his soul must victor be.” — BAYARD TAYLOR.

To him whose soul is in a healthy state, idleness is endlessly distasteful, its opposite endlessly sweet. He is bent on bestirring himself. Budgell, a writer who lived in the days of Steele and Addison, remarks that nothing so much shows the nobleness of the soul, as the fact that “its felicity consists in action.” Be this however it may, certain it is that he who is my hero and my nobleman, he who understands the science and the art of self-mastery, has among his distinguishing peculiarities an undying desire of exertion. This he rejoices to supply, just as one who is thirsty rejoices to drink. Accordingly, he is ever busy at some mental or physical task, ever heartily

“Employed about some honest thing.”

Plutarch speaks of a person who refused to let himself be satisfied in a certain path of investigation, because he found so much delight in his studies and researches therein. “I would rather,” said Seneca, “be sick than idle.” Philip the Good, an honored duke of Burgundy, while passing the period of a royal marriage celebration at Bruges in Flanders, so pined for something to do, that, to find relief, he walked during the evenings in disguise all about the town. Such was Jean Paul’s love of exertion, that

he was moved to say, "It is not the goal, but the course, which makes us happy;" and such was Lessing's love of it, that he extravagantly said: "Did the Almighty, holding in His right hand *Truth*, and in His left *Search after Truth*, deign to proffer me the one I might prefer, in all humility, but without hesitation, I should request *Search after Truth*."

Now, such fondness for exercise and effort as that which these men had is surely not a characteristic of people in general. Look around on the many! They will be seen to be feverish and restless, yet undesirous of any application adapted to tax the brain or to test the muscles. The one thing they least long for is work. When they have a task to perform, their first thought is, how to dispatch it at the smallest possible cost of exertion. Every occasion of intense employment makes them either sad or sulky. They would rather shed a gill of tears than a thimble-full of sweat; and, should any specimen of them carry a bag of flour or of meal from a gate to a kitchen-door on his shoulders, he would groan as if he deemed himself to be Atlas with the world on his back. A person needs to take care, lest he by accident give offense to some man of commonplace respectability, who has ten minutes of digging, or chopping, or lifting to do; for patience and exertion, in the case of such a one as he, are on the worst of terms with each other. Could there not be counted by the hundred, farmers, mechanics, merchants, physicians, lawyers, who would be well pleased to reap success without doing anything to earn it? Could there not be numbered

by the score students, who would be glad to secure college-honors, if it were possible to do so merely by droning about the college-hive? "How many men," says Emerson, "would fain go to bed dunces, to be waked up Solomons!"

By the majority of those that figure in any department of modern life, exertion is regarded with a kind of horror, as if it were a terrible monster, hankering after flesh, and blood, and all else that belongs to the physical man. Thinking of them, one is reminded of the ambition of that Frenchman who is represented by Edmund About as wishing to marry his daughter into a family that had performed no work for four hundred years. Mistaken mortals! They consider not that, from history's morning till this hour, the human race has been, by virtue of human exertion, kept from running down to a sleepy flatness and a simpering inanity. Solid character, triumphant manhood, blissful life — these, in all ages, have been products of work. No patriarch or prophet, no evangelist or apostle, could without work have grown radiant and great. From it have sprung all abiding books, all models of fine art, all useful tools and machines, all discoveries which, like that grand Newtonian one, have exalted mankind's ideas of creation.

The true man — he who has learned how to be his own — is a work-lover. Fain is he, wheresoever he may be, to be up and doing. In words, such as those ascribed by Tennyson to Ulysses, he is ready to say:

"How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!"

Ineffable is the pity with which he looks on brain-sick loungers and humdrum dreamers, on sluggish prodigals and thriftless gamesters. Waiting not for the future to become the present, he goes straight to his task, and, like Dickens' Mr. Peggotty, in all things wherein he wants help does his own part faithfully, and helps himself. He does not scorn recreation; for no dreary, self-grinding mortal is he. Ruskin makes the remark, that, "when men are rightly occupied their amusement grows out of their work, as the color-petals out of a fruitful flower." Beautifully is this said. It is, however, not true that exemplary workers derive all their amusement from their work. They betimes withdraw from their tasks, and hunt, fish, stroll, ride, sail, climb, swim, swing the ax, or wield the garden-hoe. They at least travel, with willing heart, far out,

"To see the pleasant fields, the crystal fountains,  
And take the gentle air among the mountains."

The true man's desire of exertion renders him genuinely *energetic*. And to be so, let it be noticed, is not merely to be *forceful*. The former term is expressive of sustained and continued endeavor, the latter of irregular effort. The former term suggests what John Foster calls "the calmness of an intensity kept uniform by the nature of the human mind forbidding it to be more, and by the character of the individual forbidding it to be less;" the latter suggests an unregulated, fitful might, a species of puissance which is liable to make its way with the flash and the noise of a sudden and vehement strenuousness. He who is energetic steadily and surely,

like gleaming embers of anthracite, produces positive effects ; but he who is forceful rather than energetic, is apt to be impetuous like a stream swollen by a soaking rain-fall, or explosive like cotton which has been saturated with a detonating mixture, or eruptive like the hidden fire-fluid of the earth when it is hungry for volcanic vent.

Let it be noticed, also, that to be energetic is not merely to be *active*. One may be continually active, and yet be as destitute of genuine energy as a wheel that incessantly, but to little purpose, whirls round on a dry axis. How many quick-moving doers there are that never victoriously do anything ! According to an Anglo-American authority, there are not a few bustling Anglo-Americans that “ would readily risk their lives for the chance of arriving anywhere five minutes before anybody else.” Ten thousand mortals can be found that have an unremitting tendency to motion, but a very fickle tendency to true exertion. A person can be exceedingly busy, without being effectually operative. A person can be all the day and every day self-urging and hurrying, without being accustomed to experience any such thing as a real inner awakening, or a “ level-eyed, heroic mood.”

The energetic person manfully evokes the latent caloric of his nature, and gives it manifestation in looks, words, and deeds ; he unfussily puts forth the power of doing work ; he calmly shows himself to be efficaciously alive. All leaders of mankind, molders of the masses, reformers, nation-builders, pattern-heroes, answer to this account. Epaminondas had to be efficaciously alive, before he could become the

sublime Greek that he was ; Julius Cæsar had to be thus alive, before he could become the master-Roman that he was ; Luther had to be thus alive, before he could become qualified to relieve Christianity as he did, of the hold and the pressure of the sharp-nailed papal paw. Find me a man of genius who lazily exists rather than efficaciously lives, and I will convince you that he is no man of genius. Genius—what is it ? It is a native basis of competency, which is of finer quality than usual, or more susceptible of being turned to wide advantage than usual, and which is demonstrated in vivid and striking expressions of concentrated energy. Not anything is it that can appertain to a person, and yet remain forever quiescent or dormant. If there be that in a man which, in no instance, is roused and made to reveal itself in a process of effort, be assured it is resolvable either into something totally unlike genius, or into nothing. To say that one has genius but never exerts it, is virtually to say that he has it not. “Genius unexerted,” declares Emerson, “is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks.”

How wonderful soever may be the gifts attributed to a man, he will in vain be expected to do one wonderful act, nay, even one impressive common act, unless he have genuine energy. A copper wire stretched between two towns might just as reasonably be expected to serve for telegraphic communication without the help of an electric current. Only they that are energetic are thoroughly awake. Only they that are energetic are entitled to be ranked with the really living. The indolent person scarcely has

his soul's eyes open. He is destitute of the desire of exertion, and consequently is uniformly unenergetic. The power of doing work is in a state of slumber within him, and that slumber tends to become a kind of death. Of one who idles away his time in arid retirement, or lingers listlessly amid the hum of wholesome business, choosing day by day to avoid every task that he can, it may truly be said that he is not alive like other men. By reason of the lack of stir in him, he does at most but faintly live. A fit symbol of him is some water-pool which has been still so long that it has become stagnant. Every inhabitant of this rugged planet who is proving to be in possession of himself, is energetic — energetic in the sense of being evenly-zealous in a straightforward, “deedful life,” — energetic,

“Like as a star,  
That maketh not haste,  
That taketh not rest,” —

energetic, after the manner of cheerful, perennial workers, who have “no Indian taste for a tomahawk-dance, no French taste for a badge or a proclamation,” or after the manner of the fine athletes of ancient Greece, whose very fibers seemed to be conscious.

## V.

## DECISION, DETERMINATION, RESOLUTION.

. . . "What he will, he does."

SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida*.

"He resolved henceforward not to lean on others, but to walk self-confident and self-possessed—no longer to waste his years in vain regrets, nor wait the fulfillment of boundless hopes and indiscreet desires; but to live in the present wisely, alike forgetful of the past and careless of what the mysterious future might bring. And from that moment he was calm and strong; he was reconciled with himself."

LONGFELLOW, *Hyperion*, p. 359.

AMONG the distinguishing peculiarities of him who knows how to be his own, will be found to be three closely-allied traits, each of which is a characteristic habit of the will. They are all aptly named in this forcible saying, which I quote from an authoritative lexical page:\* "Martin Luther was equally distinguished for his prompt *decision*, his steadfast *determination*, and his inflexible *resolution*."

The one of them first to be considered, is *decision*. We shall be helped to discover the full meaning of the term, by glancing at its etymology. It is of famous ancestry; for the Latin preposition *de* (from), and something of the Latin verb *caedere* (to cut), are perceivable in its composition. The elements which mingle in the blood of the word, are, therefore, evidently such as make it literally signify *a cutting off*. Of course, an inward rather than an

\* Webster's *Dictionary Unabridged*, illustrated edition, 1878, p. 341.

outward act is meant. Decision, as a trait of manly character, is the habit of cutting off or cutting short, after a due time, reasonings, calculations, forecastings, ponderings, doubts, and all other mental occasions of delay or hesitation, by that exercise of the will which is known as the forming of a choice or a volition. In such a sense as that here stated, it is the theme of one of John Foster's sinewy and valuable essays — that one of five divisions, all which bristle with thought as the shelves of a Gibraltar arsenal do with arms. He therein suggestively remarks :

“A man without decision can never be said to belong to himself, since, if he dared to assert that he did, the puny force of some cause, about as powerful, you would have supposed, as a spider, may make a capture of the hapless boaster the very next moment, and triumphantly exhibit the futility of the determinations by which he was to have proved the independence of his understanding and his will. He belongs to whatever can seize him; and innumerable things do actually verify their claim on him, and arrest him as he tries to go along, as twigs and chips, floating near the edge of a river, are intercepted by every weed, and whirled in every little eddy.”

In the case of self-mastered souls, decision is remarkably unlike any habit of short-cutting by precipitate or reckless choosing. Many is the person who is wont to end mental delays by mental strokes dictated neither by understanding nor by reason, but by vanity, by ill-bred pride, or by brutal impulse. He that is self-conceited decides always superficially and overforwardly. His choices are made in defiance of his judgment. He has an upstart will. He that is intolerant has an intense, belligerent, rancorous method of deciding. His choices can scarcely be

said to end mental delays, but rather to be so acrimoniously hasty as to disallow them. His is a rash will which is a fiery foe to all opinions that differ from his own. He that is insolent has a blunt, rude, contemptuous way of deciding. In forming his volitions, he is vehemently prompt and roughly petulant. The chief qualities of his will seem to be a coarse stoutness and a mean boldness. He that is a ferocious despot, he that is a lurking desperado, and he that is a roaming savage — each has a wild, malevolent, hyena-like mode of deciding. The choices of such beings are made with a vigor awful to conceive — the vigor of a will which is monstrous and murderous.

True decision of character is ever accompanied by a habit of careful, accurate, earnest deliberation. Not too soon, not too late, does its possessor exert his will in a cutting-off act, a conclusive choice. He wisely waits to “make up his mind;” but when he has waited till he can wait wisely no longer, then, as summarily as a warrior draws his scabbarded weapon, so summarily he forms his volition, and it is as clear as a sword-blade wrought of damask steel.

Alexander the Great, though not a model man, often vividly illustrated in his life the nature of the habit commended on this page. One day, while that hero was yet a young man, the Thessalian horse, Bucephalus, was undergoing trial before King Philip and a company of his court-officers. The grooms had failed to govern the animal, and Philip had concluded not to purchase him. Indeed, he had, with manifestations of displeasure, ordered them to take

him away. Alexander, having keenly observed all the circumstances of the case, curtly and crisply said, "What a horse are they losing, for want of skill and spirit to manage him!" This he several times repeated, showing, as he did so, much uneasiness: whereupon Philip replied, "Young man, you find fault with your elders, as if you knew more than they or could manage the horse better." "And I certainly could," said Alexander. "If you should not be able," rejoined Philip, "to ride him, what forfeiture will you submit to for your rashness?" "I will pay," said Alexander, "the price of the horse." The whole company laughed. But the young man speedily took the horse by the bridle, and led him for some distance toward the sun — that is to say, in the direction in which the animal could not be perplexed by his own shadow. By gentle words and soft strokings, he subdued the fury of Bucephalus. Then, dropping his mantle, he mounted adroitly on the beast's back, held the reins loosely, and soon began to apply the spur. The beholders gazed at the scene with a distressful intentness, till they saw the brave rider return safe and triumphant. It is needless to allude to the fact that they received him with passionate plaudits. Plutarch states that Philip wept for joy, and, kissing the youth, gave utterance to the words: "Seek another kingdom, my son, that may be worthy of thy abilities; for Macedonia is too small for thee." Well might exploits, prodigious and splendid, have been expected of a stripling, who had thus shown himself qualified to say, "I can and I will!"

Decision precludes vacillation and fickleness, those

habits of weaklings and whimlings. It implies a soldier-like directness in union with a soldier-like energy. Henry the Third, of England, had it not; and the result was, he was so prone to inconstancy and self-contradiction, that "men neither valued his friendship nor dreaded his resentment." His mental life consisted in little more than a passing from freak to freak, and his reign was childishly feeble and notoriously imprudent. He gave place to foolish antipathies and preposterous partialities, levied wild exactions and made absurd bargains, gave promises which he did not try to keep, and took oaths which he did not trouble himself to remember. As an instance in contrast with him, I name Ethelwald, that English king of the eleventh century, who, locating himself at Wimborne, declared he would "there live or there lie." I name the Earl of Hereford, who, when the oppressive Edward the First ordered him to go and take command of troops in Gascony, saying, "Sir earl, you shall either go or hang!" replied, "Sir king, I will neither go nor hang!" I name Lady Jane Grey, who, when her aged friend, Ascham, came to her prison, bringing a poisonous drug, which he besought her to swallow that she might avoid death on the scaffold, gently but promptly repulsed his hand, and reminded him that "to look steadily on our fate is more noble than to turn from it." I name Ledyard, the heroic traveler, who, when Sir Joseph Banks, after submitting to him the plan of a journey into Africa, asked him when he would set out, answered, "Tomorrow morning."

Cleomenes, the Spartan king, exemplified true

decision. Certain ambassadors once visited him for the purpose of inducing him to go to war against the tyrant Polycrates. By the mouth of a spokesman they told their mission and presented their arguments. He listened to the elaborate and lengthy address which was delivered, and laconically replied :

“As to the exordium, I remember it not, nor consequently the middle of your speech; and as to your conclusion, I will not do what you desire.”

Julius Cæsar also exemplified it. Imagine him as he stands on the shore of the Rubicon, and gazes from Cisalpine Gaul into Italy. He is contemplating an undertaking of momentous consequence — that of crossing over and advancing, with a view to the establishment of himself in absolute power at Rome. According to Plutarch, the very immensity of the project staggers him; he lingers to weigh within himself its inconveniences; he silently revolves the arguments on both sides; he many times changes his opinion. Not willing to deliberate alone on his plan, he lays it before his friends. With them, he talks of the difficulties and the perils which, should he pass to the other shore of that dividing stream, and thence go forward and Romeward, would have to be encountered, of the calamities which the movement might bring upon mankind, and of the thoughts which posterity might entertain concerning it. Finally, he cuts short his reflections and reasonings, exclaims, “The die is cast!” and, marching across the river, hastens to meet whatever may impede or resist him in the stupendous course he has chosen.

Every man who seeks a rare elevation in life, must reach a Rubicon. Would he be able, when he shall have arrived at it, to decide like a man? Then let him become accustomed to choose for himself after the manner of that Cæsar.

There is next to be considered the habit signified by the word *determination*. Its kinship to decision is such as that which exists between fruit and plant, or between a stream and its source. The term employed to denote it has for its native constituents the Latin preposition *de* (from), and the root of the Latin verb *terminare* (to limit); therefore, it literally means *a limiting off*. Determination, when it expresses a single act, implies the limiting of a choice, so that it shall stand out distinct in the mind; and not only the limiting of it thus, but also the keeping of it thus limited by holding fast to it. Determination, when it expresses a habit, implies that one is continually disposed to make sharply-defined purposes of choices which he has formed, and to adhere with firmness to those purposes.

Let this habit be at its best, and it will "seem to assume rank with the great laws of nature." Its possessor is a marked individual. How he differs from the dreamy theorist! How unlike he is to the loud-promising espouser! His style is quiet. He exemplifies the meaning of David Copperfield's aphorism, that "a man who has any good reason to believe in himself never flourishes himself before the faces of other people, in order that they may believe in him." He says, "I can!" but never noisily declares

how much he can; he says, "I will!" but never boastfully tells how much he will. In his very calmness, men read something equivalent to the words "masterfully constant." A strong, steady, persistent mortal he is, who, to his opinions, his beliefs, his obligations, his plans, his pursuits,

"Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim."

Readily distinguishable is determination, as a trait of true character, from every kind of mere stubbornness. There is a constancy of will, which "resembles less the reaction of a powerful spring than the gravitation of a big stone." Contumacious simpletons and perverse brute-animals are alike representatives of it. It is shown by many a lad who is bent on having his own way in spite of the authority of his parents; it is shown, also, by many a horse that is wont sulkily to stop in his harness, and refuse to obey his driver. I find on record such an incident as this: At a meeting held by some colored ministers, one of the number made a decided opposition to a certain measure which the others fully sanctioned. He could be moved neither by explanation nor by argument. Every attempt at persuasion drew from him the brusque utterance, "I am conscientiously opposed to it." The presiding officer, at length, became impatient at his frowardness, and said, "Brother, how are you aware that it is your conscience that will not permit you to join us in this matter? How do you know that some other motive may not influence you?" "All I can tell you," replied the untractable preacher (laying his hand on

his breast), "is, that I feel something here, which says, 'I won't! I won't! I won't!'"

Genuine determination is not only unmistakably dissimilar to absolute willfulness, but also to the stolid firmness of the bigot, and the foolish pertinacity of the fanatical and fribbling stickler. Not a few persons have a habit of will such as appertained to that Scotchman of Boston, who said, "I'm open to conviction; but I'd like to see the man that can convince me." Benjamin Lay, one of the earliest advocates of the emancipation of enslaved negroes, was a determined person; but he was far from being a pattern instance of determination. A little short man he was, with slender legs and a hunchback, a long white beard and a grave countenance, a benevolent heart and a whimsical mind, a good conscience and a stubbornly persistent will. For many years he dwelt in a cave and practiced vegetarianism. He rejected all articles of food and all materials for clothing, that had been produced either by slave-labor or at the cost of animal life; and he wore tow garments, the warp and the woof of which he had spun with his own hands. At one time he concluded that it was his duty to copy after Christ, in the matter of fasting for forty days and forty nights. This supposed duty he undertook to perform, and actually persevered for three weeks in endeavoring to accomplish the undertaking. He ceased fasting only when it was impossible for him to fast longer, — that is to say, only when both his physical strength and the use of his mental faculties failed him. In that one case, his ill success seems to have broken the grip with which his will held to his purpose.

Among the various orders of illiterate sectarian zealots, hundreds of persons could be found who have a constancy of will like that which was evinced by the father of Buckthorne, of whom one may read in Washington Irving's *Tales of a Traveler*. That author attributes to Buckthorne these expressive words :

“ My father was amazingly ignorant, so ignorant, in fact, as not to know that he knew nothing. . . . I sometimes posed him a little, but then he had one argument that always settled the question ; he would threaten to knock me down.”

Determination, in all praiseworthy instances, implies, not that the will is fixedly set in behalf of some blind passion or preconceived opinion, but that it is vigorously and steadfastly exerted to gain some reasonable end. In no respect does it resemble either mere animal persistence, or the grit of a narrow and notional mind. It is the valuable habit which gives continuity to the endeavor of achievers and to the energy of conquerors. Without it, never was there, never could there have been, anything nobly begun and nobly done. Without it, prosperous animation and thrifty intensity in business, would nowhere be possible. Without it, men would live “ lives blown hither and thither like empty ships.” It explains the perseverance of Cæsar, who, after his victory on the plains of Pharsalia, said :

“ I will forget this, in order to obtain such another day.”

It explains the perseverance of Ledyard, who, on the morning of his departure for Africa, remarked to his friends :

“ I am accustomed to hardships. My distresses have been greater than I have ever owned or ever will own to any man. Such

evils are terrible to bear, but they never yet had power to turn me from my purpose. If I live, I will faithfully perform, in its utmost extent, my engagement to the Society [the Society for the Promotion of African Exploration]; and if I perish in the attempt, my honor will still be safe, for death cancels all bonds."

The habit of will which remains to be discussed, is the one designated by the term *resolution*. This word is derived from the Latin prefix *re* (again), and the Latin verb *solvere* (to loosen); hence it carries the sense of a loosening added to a loosening, or *a scattering*. When used to signify a trait of character, it implies that one is accustomed, after forming a purpose and taking a firm hold thereon, to scatter from him everything that tends to hinder or withhold him from accomplishing that purpose, and to press forward courageously and inflexibly till the desired object is gained. The resolute man is the determined man, throwing out his soul in strife and in struggle. The Rubicon has been crossed, and the strong chooser is in the process of his hero-march. "Daring," says Victor Hugo, "is the price paid for progress." The resolute man pays that price and goes ahead. If there is no way for him, he makes one. Difficulties and obstacles seem to have a sort of fascination for him; and concerning dangers, he evidently cherishes a doctrine equivalent to that brave sentiment expressed by Bushnell:

"Our human world would be an amazingly stupid place, and life itself a wretchedly profitless experience, if there were no dangers in it."

Seneca speaks of a mariner, who, in the midst of an appalling tempest, said to Neptune, the deity of the sea: "O god! thou mayest save me if thou wilt, and

if thou wilt thou mayest destroy me ; but, whether or no, I will steer my rudder true." People used to hear from the lips of Magoon a never-to-be-forgotten incident relative to a young married man on the frontier, whose house was once attacked by Indians. While he was guarding the doors and the windows, an assailant, who was somewhat more bold than his fellows, attempted to enter by way of the chimney. His wife, hearing the rattling noise made by the down-coming savage, called to her companion to trust in God. The young head of the family, as he kept perforating the red devil with a long sharp spear, answered, "Yes, wife, I'm trusting in God !" Thus it always is. He who is truly resolute does not object to relying on Omnipotence ; but while he seeks aid from heaven, he *strikingly* helps himself.

The botanist teaches that the root of a tree performs at least these two offices : it holds the tree firm, so that passing winds and impinging objects cannot overthrow it ; and it enables the tree to derive from the earth the elements necessary to the fulfillment of its design. In like manner, the will of every true man serves to keep him steadfast, while it empowers him to obtain the things essential to the realization of his aim. Many a tree there is which has so little healthy root-power, it is not much more than a weak unsteady stem with an almost sapless top ; and many a man there is who has so little healthy will-power, he is not much more than (to repeat some words used by Carlyle) "a most shriveled, wind-dried, dyspeptic, chill-shivering individual."

It is worth while to notice how John Foster speaks

of the class of mortals that evince genuine and high resolution. They are not disposed, he tells us, to be content in a region of mere ideas, when they ought to be advancing into the field of corresponding realities. They are to be found almost uniformly in determined pursuit of some object on which they fix a keen and steady look, and which they never lose sight of, while they follow it through the confused multitude of other things. They dare to do all that may become a man. They have, in their sublime states of firmness, a heroism like that of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, like that of Daniel, like that of John Huss, like that of Luther, like that of Milton's Abdiel, — each of whom dismissed, at the very threshold of his great enterprise, "every wish to stipulate for safety with his destiny."

To most people, poverty seems to be a condition, woful and abhorrent. But to him who has sterling resolution, what is it? Only a wholesome chance to obtain nobleness by battling a while with circumstances. "If it be ill," declares Seneca, "to live in necessity, there is at least no necessity to live in necessity." That is to say, all that one needs in order to rise above poverty, is to be resolute, and come right up out of it. "Poverty in youth," says Victor Hugo, "when it succeeds, has the magnificent result of turning the whole will to effort and the whole soul to aspiration." To most people, misfortune seems to be something that has an unrelieved terribleness. Mention to them even naught but the word itself, and a vague, painful idea will spring up in their minds; they will feel a twinge as if an evil omen had flitted by them. But what is

misfortune to resolute souls? Let the words of Bernardine de St. Pierre be an answer :

“ Misfortune resembles the black mountain of Bember, situated at the extremity of the burning kingdom of Lahor : while we ascend it, we see before us only barren rocks ; but no sooner do we reach the summit, than we perceive the heavens over our head, and the kingdom of Cachemire at our feet.”

Let also the words of Novalis be an answer :

“ Every misfortune is, as it were, the obstruction of a stream which, after overcoming this obstruction, but bursts through with the greater force.”

To most people, death seems to be the one event least of all bearable and most of all lamentable. Are there not a host of commonplace mortals that would prefer any day to do some detestable deed rather than die ? But surely the choice of death is better than that of deserving to be branded as vilely faithless or cringingly craven. He who has bred himself to high resolution neither recklessly exposes his life nor holds to it at the expense of his self-respect. Less cares he to live than to behave nobly while he does live. He is no mendicant seeker after safety. Never looks he into the future with the cowering spirit of one ready at all times to patch up some life-prolonging compromise. He dares not be dishonorable or mean, disloyal or treacherous, but

. . . “ If he be called upon to face  
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined  
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,  
Is happy as a lover, and attired  
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired.”

Macaulay relates concerning the weak revolutionist, Monmouth, that, after being captured in New Forest, near Sedgemoor, and brought before King

James the Second, he threw himself on the ground, crawled toward the king's feet, wept, and "begged for life, only life, life at any price." Compare him with that virtuous man and scholarly chancellor, Sir Thomas More, who, deeming it far better to fade in a dungeon and to die on the block than to speak or act in defiance of his holy conscience, tranquilly endured his fate, and, in so doing, "found strength in that fire of the soul which is inexhaustible because it is eternal!" Or, compare him with Muli Moluc, that Moorish emperor, who, when he saw his army yielding to his country's invaders and the battle going against him, flung himself from the litter on which he lay suffering, and, rallying his disorganized troops, led them to a great and victorious charge, and then died content! Said Algernon Sidney, "I have ever had it in my mind that, when God should cast me into such a condition as that I cannot save my life but by doing an indecent thing, He shows me the time is come when I should resign it." And said that divine martyr-woman, Lady Jane Grey, shortly after the execution of her husband on the same scaffold where she herself was to die:

"Oh, holy death! gift of heaven as well as life! thou art now my tutelary angel! thou restorest me to serenity! my sovereign Master has disposed of me, but since He will reunite me to my husband, He has demanded nothing of me surpassing my strength, and I replace my soul without fear in His hands!"

## VI.

## INDEPENDENCE OF THOUGHT.

“An ounce of a man’s own wit is worth a ton of other people’s.”

STERNE.

“There is a certain noble pride through which merits shine brighter than through modesty.”

JEAN PAUL.

THE person who has learned how to possess himself has a marked habit of thinking for himself. He exercises that freedom which belongs alike to all human beings — the freedom of the mind to have just what way it will in the realm of reflection and belief. Not opinionated is he, but he has his opinions. Not averse is he to guidance, but he will not be in leading-strings. He loves knowledge, and it is a joy to him

. . . “Converse deep to hold  
With all the famous sons of old.”

Not satisfied, however, is he merely to acquire knowledge; he is intent on making it, as fast as he acquires it, serve as intellectual nutriment, and tend to add to the vitality and the value of his intellectual character. All proper studies are viewed by him as means of *educating* as well as means of *informing* the conscious self. He extracts “that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books,” not simply that he may enjoy the taste of it, but that he may derive from it an improvement of mental capability, and an increase of mental power. Unlike the bookworm, whose learning lies cold and

juiceless in the mental store-room whereinto it has been huddled, he cares less to accumulate learning than to be a wise and successful appropriator of it. Unlike the literary gourmand, who peruses books solely for gratification's sake, he reads that his intellect may be enriched rather than filled, that he may know more rather than indulge himself more. Unlike the pedant, whose mind is (as Montaigne says) "swelled and puffed up with vain and empty shreds and snatches of learning," he not only learns but thinks, and, as he does so, seems ever to conform to the great lesson wrapped up in those enigmatic words of Confucius :

"Knowledge consists in *knowing* what we know, and also in knowing *what* we do not know."

Unlike the visionary contemplatist, who, when not poring over volumes which afford materials for extravagant ideals, is passing his time in futile philosophizing or aimless musing, he is a candid inquirer who is determined not to take fancies for facts, and a vigorous reasoner who is bent on accurately distinguishing truth from error.

The independent thinker keeps abreast with the times. Not willing is he to be ignorant of the latest inventions and discoveries ; not content is he to be indifferent to the grand progress-waves which roll over the ocean of human life. Remarkable is the contrast which exists between him and those people who go only to their almanacs to get information about the sky ; who are wise in respect to breadstuffs and dry-goods, but stupid in respect to the nations ; who buy numerous baubles and sweetmeats, but

almost never buy a valuable book ; who, if they should be told that the planet Mars has two moons, or that vocal sounds can be conveyed from city to city by telephone, or that speech can be taken down and repeated by phonograph, or that the explorer Stanley traced the Congo River of Africa twenty-eight hundred miles from its source toward its mouth, would doubtless be ready dreamily to say, "Why, where did you learn it?"

He is also in contrast with all unimproving conservatives. Those who have seen the pine stumps which tenaciously hold to the soil on Pennsylvanian or Michigan highlands, have beheld symbols of this class of mortals. They are instances of inveterate standstillism. As to their opinions on various subjects and questions, they stand precisely where they stood half a lifetime ago. Goldsmith mentions one of them that was a theologian. The man's unmanly fixedness in respect to what he held to be sound doctrine was evinced in the declaration :

"When I say religion, I, of course, mean the Christian religion ; and when I say Christian religion, I would have you know, sir, that I mean the Church of England."

Montaigne refers to a very singular specimen of the same class of conservatives. The person was a certain stiff-minded son, who, having been seen to beat his father, and having been reproved for so doing, replied that it was a custom which had come down along the family line ; that, in like manner, his father had beaten his grandfather, and his grandfather his great-grandfather. And, in passing, I am moved to cite one more instance. It is that of a venerable lady, of Worcester County, Massachu-

setts, who refused the gift of a load of fuel from a tree which had been struck by lightning, because she so fixedly held to the belief that some of the electric fluid yet remained in the wood, unfitting it to be safely used in her kitchen-stove.

True independence of thought does not and cannot coexist with habitual unprogressiveness. When Melancthon, the colaborer of Luther, was once chided for renouncing a belief which he had some time before avowed and advocated, he answered :

“Do you think that I have been studying for thirty years without learning anything?”

The eminent geologist, Hugh Miller, alluding to his change of opinion respecting the length of the demiurgic days, says that, after in some degree committing himself to the other side, he had yielded to evidence which he had found it impossible to resist. “And such in this matter,” he adds, “has been my *inconsistency* — an inconsistency of which the world has furnished examples in all the sciences, and will, I trust, in its onward progress, continue to furnish many more.” Narrow and dry is the mind that is set in its notions. That man is meanly courageous who battles for an old conviction which ought to be displaced by a new conclusion. Let him think of the Galileos and the Bacons, the Howards and the Wilberforces, and the other heroes who have broken mankind’s hold on errors, and be ashamed of his courage! In all ages, have not the most persevering antagonists of civilizers been clingers to antiquated whims and dogmas? There is a land where such persons might be counted by the million. It is

China. Those doughty antipodes will not let go the musty notion that, if they were to open their coal-mines by underground workings, they would destroy the equilibrium of the earth, and turn the Celestial Empire upside down.

The point last to be brought out in the treatment of the present topic is this: he who is wont to think independently is wont to think liberally. It may be said of him, in the language of Cicero, that he is "neither abject nor overbearing." Magnanimously does he carry himself toward opponents, and generously does he treat even impudent fools. He scorns to hate a man for disagreeing with him in idea or in belief; and of all oppressors, the tyrant-bigot who would fain force his opinions on those who see fit to refuse them is the one whom he regards with the least patience. "He who is his own friend," says Seneca, "is a friend to everybody else." Such, in a high sense, was the Puritan liberalist, Roger Williams, who maintained that heresy should be left "unharméd by law, and orthodoxy unprotected by the terrors of penal statutes." And such was William Penn, the self-mastered Quaker, whose way it was to meet all men, not excepting Indians, "on the broad pathway of good faith and good will," and whose life was an illustration of the truth expressed by Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

"Great is he  
Who uses his greatness for all."

## VII.

## ORIGINALITY AND CREATIVENESS.

“He organizes the hours, and gives them a soul; and that, the very essence of which is to fleet away, and evermore to have been, he takes up into his own permanence, and communicates to it the imperishableness of a spiritual nature.”

COLERIDGE.

“Even the insignificant grows great under his creating hand.”

SCHILLER.

COMMONPLACE mortals contain ideas, but do not originate thoughts. They speak and act, sometimes in one mode and sometimes in another; but, as speakers and actors, they are the real authors of not one distinctive element of their expression, they make for themselves no part of their style. When they think, they do but review what they have read or have heard. When they write, they do but use words after the same manner in which somebody else has used them. When they perform a piece of work, they do but copy some other piece of work. They are imitators, borrowers, followers. Jean Paul must have meant them, when he wrote in his *Titan* the words:

“Men, in respect to ceremonies, modes, and laws, like a flock of sheep, will, in a body, provided the bell-wether can only be got to leap over a pole, continue to leap carefully over the same place when the pole has been taken away.”

The simple truth is, commonplace mortals have no *originality*, no *creativity*. I use the terms here italicized not synonymously, but as significant each of a distinct trait of character. Let it be under-

stood that, on these pages, the former is employed to denote the habit of evolving new thought and giving rise to new combinations of thought; the latter, to denote the habit of clothing or embodying thought in a new garb or in new forms.

Both these fine habits mark the person who has learned how to be master of himself. That such a one is an instance of originality, is implied in the two facts that he is characteristically individual as a man, and that he is characteristically independent as a thinker. He abounds with ideas which are peculiar to him. On the loom of his mind, he weaves for himself wefts of argumentation, and obtains deductions which are his own. He puts together for himself the materials out of which creeds are made, and derives beliefs which are his own. He looks for himself "through nature up to nature's God," and comes to have an ideal of the "Over-Soul" which is his own. His wisdom and wit, his gayety and humor, his hopes and trusts, his aspirations and plans, are all "of his own growth, not the echo or infusion of other men." And how can a person answer to this description, and not be *original*?

The self-mastered seeker after knowledge returns from his researches laden with thoughts, all of which are uncommon, and many of which are new. In directions of his own choosing and by routes of his own making, he penetrates into that which is to him the unknown. Often he spends the hours of the day as if, when he awoke in the morning, he had said to his faculties (in that language attributed by Tennyson to Ulysses),

“Come, my friends,  
’Tis not too late to seek a newer world.”

From pattern instances he gladly draws inspiration, yet is not willing to be eternally imitating them. He admires the luster and the gleam of great souls, yet scorns to be ever content to drink in their rich beams and thrilling rays without emitting any light or any lightning that has been born in himself. It is written concerning Aristotle, whom Plato pronounced the ornament of his academy, that while his companions in study evinced the “languid perseverance” of intellects satisfied to be subordinate and to imbibe implicitly what Plato chose to impart, he would only let himself be stimulated in the pursuit after truth by the teachings and the eloquence of that peerless master.

To read before beginning to think is beneficial; but the exemplifier of originality does thus rather that he may be spurred up to think thoughts all his own, than that he may provide himself with another’s thoughts. To compare one’s thoughts with those of eminent authors, and to quote such sayings of eminent authors as are adapted to confirm or elucidate one’s thoughts,—these are acts proper and handsome. Not only is the latter a help to the end mentioned, but it is, I think, a genteel tribute due to excellent and famous penmen. Do thou, however, beware, lest thou become accustomed to quote after the manner of the pedantic skimmer, who procures from books crutches and props for his weak and insipid ideas. Be sure, first of all, that thou hast thoughts which are thine own, and that there is some reason for deeming them not unworthy to be

in company with noble men's thoughts. Montaigne, speaking of quotations, says wisely that he would not have them totally cover and hide him ; that he would make a show of nothing not his own ; and that "there is a great and incomparable preference in the honor of invention to that of quotation." They who admirably quote are productive, meritorious thinkers, that have been holding silent communion with similar thinkers, through the medium of their published words.

And at this point it is fitting to remark, that every mind that possesses true originality, has a quick-answering sympathy toward other such minds. Accordingly, Scipio honored as he did the gifted soul of Marius, and Ben Jonson and David Garrick set the estimate they did on the exhaustless intellect of Shakespeare. Said Jean Paul: "Goethe is a consecrated head ; he has a place of his own high above us all." And thus he showed that he had a genius spontaneously responsive to Goethe's genius. Coleridge wrote to Wordsworth :

"O friend ! my comforter and guide !  
Strong in thyself, and powerful to give strength !"

And thus he showed that he had a genius spontaneously responsive to Wordsworth's genius. "In natures as in seas," says Dickens, "depth answers unto depth." Why did Voltaire say of Shakespeare's wonderful *Hamlet*, "One would think this play the work of the imagination of a drunken savage?" Evidently because he had not genius enough to appreciate Shakespearean intellectuality and thought. Why did the poet Waller say, "The old blind school-

master, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the fall of man ; if its *length* be not considered a merit, it has no other ?” Evidently because his unoriginating mind, with its cheap conceptions and tame views, was not qualified to respond to the high spirit of the bard who “yoked the heathen mythology in triumph to his subject, and clothed himself in the spoils of superstition.” To him, *Paradise Lost* was useless, for reasons very much like those which made the spectacles useless to the mole in the fable. It will be remembered that the mother of the latter, when she saw him vainly fumbling the goodly ocular instrument he had received, informed him that “spectacles, though they might help the eyes of a man, could be of no use to a mole.”

Originality implies that one has an unfailing realness as a thinker. His ideas are as unassumed as is the happiness of children. His intellect is a genuine soil, and it has a genuine productivity. Something in harmony with this representation is expressed in those words of Rahel, the wife of Varnhagen von Ense :

“Original, I grant, every man might be, and must be, if men did not almost always admit mere undigested hearsays into their head, and fling them out again undigested. Whoever honestly questions himself, and faithfully answers, is busied continually with all that presents itself in life, and is incessantly inventing, had the thing been invented never so long before. Honesty belongs as a first condition to good thinking ; and there are almost as few absolute dunces as geniuses. Genuine dunces would always be original, but there are none of them genuine : they have almost always understanding enough to be dishonest.”

Pericles exercised his mind originatively, when, after being followed to his door by an impudent

man, who all the way had railed at and insulted him, he ordered one of his servants (as Plutarch states) "to take a candle and light the man home." Montaigne, that quaint, frank, genial, versatile author whom I so often name on my pages, was original in such an admirable and breezy sense as but few men have ever been. His ideas, though sometimes unreasonable, are always fresh. Even those of them that are ill-flavored are quickening, and even those of them that are but whimseys are suggestive. They all show that they were born of a nature used to "sound and vigorous raptures and delights." Read his preface, and you will be impressed with the uniqueness of his plan. He proposes to give traces of his quality and humor, thereby to nourish in his relatives and friends a more entire and lively recollection of him. He would fain be seen in his simple, natural, and ordinary garb, without study or artifice. It is himself he is to paint. "My defects," he announces, "will appear to the life, in all their native form, as far as consists with respect to the public." Now, open his volumes at random, and notice the spring-like newness, juiciness, and sparkle of his thoughts. Doing thus for myself, I meet in his chapter on *Idleness*, this: "The soul that has no established limit to circumscribe it, loses itself; for, as the epigrammatist says, 'He that is everywhere is nowhere.'" And in his reflections on *Cato the Younger*, this: "'Tis the duty of good men to draw virtue as beautiful as they can, and there would be no impropriety in the case should our passion a little transport us in favor of so sacred a form." And in his essay on *Anger*, this: "He who is hungry uses

meat; but he that will make use of correction should have no appetite, either of hunger or thirst, for it." And in his discussion of *Repentance*, this: "In my opinion, 'tis 'the happy living,' and not, as Antisthenes said, 'the happy dying,' in which human felicity consists." And in his remarks on *Experience*, this: "To attempt to kick against natural necessity, is to represent the folly of Ctesiphon, who undertook to out-kick his mule."

An instance of originality not less entitled than Montaigne to admiration and honor, is Emerson. His thoughts are evidently designed less to serve as information than to serve as means of incitement. They are not materials of which to build character, but products fitted to spur up, to stimulate, and to inspire character-builders. Subtilty, naturalness, sinewiness, richness, amplitude, and withal a something that exhilarates like morning air breathed on the green shore of a new land — these are among the qualities which give Emerson's thoughts their power. I care little for what, in the estimation of dogmatic critics, he lacks. Enough is it that I find in his books so much to invigorate my faculties. Froude, in his review of Emerson's *Representative Men*, narrowly asserts that the Emersonian attitude will confuse success with greatness, or turn our ethics into a chaos of absurdity. This is criticism, but not justice. The Emersonian attitude is neither that of a former of theories, nor that of an expounder of morals. It is simply that of an energizing suggester. Emerson aims rather to make men think than to provide opinions for them. He is more an electrifier of his readers, than he is a teacher of them. He does not

indoctrinate souls, he increases their life. And one may say of him (as he himself says of Montaigne):

“He is never dull, never insincere, and has the genius to make the reader care for all that he cares for.”

Here I turn to treat the other habit referred to, — namely, *creativeness*. By this is meant an aptitude either for expressing ideas in a style comprising peculiar niceties, elegancies, or other striking qualities of composition, or for embodying ideas in unique and superior achievements wrought in the domain of art. They who possess creativeness are producers of things which are new to human eyes or ears, and which, at the same time, are highly significant and excellent. Some of them are writers, some of them painters, some of them sculptors, some of them engravers, some of them architects, some of them musicians. Persons they all are who have struck out paths for themselves, leading from the antiquated and the stale to the desirably fresh and the agreeably surprising. There is an inextinguishable longing in them to bring to pass newer works, that shall be interesting objects of sense-perception; and that longing is soothed and appeased by nothing short of the successful actualization of noble meanings and ideals.

Every mortal who devises and accomplishes a sterling improvement, is creative. James Watt, had he not been so, could never have bettered, as he did, the Newcomen steam-engine. Victor Hugo uses the phrase, “creating after the Creator;” and it conveys a signification not difficult to apprehend. I take the words to be applicable to any person who

newly improves any one of the entities of uncultivated nature. He who first grafted a higher kind of apple-bearing plant upon a lower, and he who first drained a swamp and turned it into a fair meadow, — both created after the Creator. Henry Bessemer, when he first made steel by blowing air on liquid iron as it came from the smelting furnace, was creating after the Creator.

Men speak of creative talent: they mean ability to express or to body forth, in one's own way, the rare and the beautiful of the intellectual world. Men speak of creative genius: they mean qualification partly native and partly acquired, for putting either old thoughts or new ones in transcendent words or in wonderful forms. Happy for mankind is it that there are representatives of that and of this. Persons that are creative institute better modes of speaking and of doing. They bless the race with useful inventions. They impart attractiveness to the uncared-for and the obscure. They give rise to a budding and a blossoming, a flush and a glory, on the part of bald scenes of toil and trial. Indeed, wherever they fling the influence of their productive capabilities, life becomes young, and that which has seemed trite, and dull, and dreary, derives a halo of magical light. Carlyle says of genius, that there is in it "that alchemy which converts all metals into gold; which from suffering educes strength, from error clearer wisdom, from all things good." Precious alchemy! Did he not mean by it *creativeness*, the high creativeness which enhances crude circumstances and illustrates the worth of disregarded opportunities, which freshens the familiar

and brings the unprized into a felicitous subservience to human need? The telescope, the steam-engine, the printing-press, each owed its existence, in the first instance, to creativeness sustained by an able will. This habit, brought to bear on glass and light, produced the one; — brought to bear on water and heat, produced the other; — brought to bear on some letters cut on the rind of a beech-tree, produced the third.

The soul that thirsts to express or embody in notable creations its ideas and ideals, seems to be ever seeking to give rise to some system which shall tell its thoughts, just as the solar system tells the thoughts of God. Why did Archimedes invent the astonishing machines which secured to him “the reputation of a man endowed with divine rather than human knowledge?” This is the answer: that he might have in them systems that would all the time declare his great mathematical demonstrations. And how impressively were these told by that array of batteries, in relation to which the Syracusans (according to Plutarch) were no more than the body, while he himself was the informing soul! The Protestant Reformation is the system wherein one may read the thoughts of Luther; the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, the system wherein one may read the thoughts of Robert Burton; the Constitution of Rhode Island, the system wherein one may read the thoughts of Roger Williams; Methodism, the system wherein one may read the thoughts of Wesley; St. Paul’s Cathedral, the system wherein one may read the thoughts of Sir Christopher Wren. James Ferguson, the Scotch astronomer, when he was a shepherd

boy in the service of farmer Glashan, used at night to go into the fields and lie on his back in a blanket, and study the sky. By means of a thread, which had sliding beads on it, he determined the positions of the planets and the stars, and then, placing the thread on a piece of paper, marked the positions thereon, and formed a little astronomic map. When he was some years older, he made a wooden orrery, which so much interested Professor McLaurin of Edinburgh, that he requested the young man to give a lecture on it to his class in mathematics. And those creations — what were they but systems designed to tell the clear conceptions which that vigorous student of nature entertained concerning the harmonious spheres?

Some persons, by reason of their creativeness, are worthy to be called splendid magicians, who continually attract without ever deceiving. They seem to evoke exuberance and inflorescence along every tiresome path which they enter. The forgotten is rescued by them to a gladsome remembrance. That which is tame they make to be as welcome as vernal verdure, and that which is uninviting they render as delightful as summer diversity. They work changes which are marvels of improvement. It might almost be said that they need but to utter a few words, in order to give their listeners a new view of the engaging power of speech; need but to write a few sentences, in order to elicit from their readers expressions of gratitude on account of the existence of the art of composition; need but to touch the common cūst, in order to cause something fresh and beautiful to spring up out of it. It is these that are triumphant

illustrators of the value of creative genius. Roscommon aptly suggests the difference between commonplace mortals and such persons, in his paraphrase of two noted lines in the *Ars Poetica* of Horace :

“ One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke ;  
Another out of smoke brings glorious light,  
And, without raising expectation high,  
Surprises us with dazzling miracles.”

Creativeness is not always associated with originality. John Locke was unmistakably original; but the length and the complexity of many of his sentences show that he was not creative. To be fitted to produce works preëminently unique in meaning as well as in structure, a man must have both habits. It was by reason of the union of the two in Angelo and Canova, Haydn and Mozart, that they wrought, as artists, such consummate wonders. Shakespeare and Milton had them both; and so did Ronsard and Du Bellay, Goethe and Schiller, Wordsworth and Coleridge. They coexist, also, in Victor Hugo and George Eliot, and in those fine poets, Tennyson and Longfellow, who,

. . . . “ Robe all creation  
In colors celestial of amber and blue ;  
Magnify littleness and glorify commonness,  
Pull down the false and establish the true.”

I have spoken of Montaigne and Emerson as instances of originality; I shall now speak of them as instances of creativeness. The former, though in his *Essay on Vanity* he professes to write “for few men and for few years,” has ever a style of his own, which must have cost him, earlier or later, a nice

and brave toil. See some of his hints concerning it. He says:

“The way of speaking that I love is natural and plain, as well in writing as speaking, and a sinewy and significant way of expressing one’s self, short and pithy, and not so elegant and artificial as prompt and vehement. *Hæc demum sapiet dictio, quæ feriet*, — ‘The language which strikes the mind will please it.’ Rather hard than harsh, free from affectation; irregular, incontinuous, and bold, where every piece makes up an entire body; not like a pedant, a preacher, or a pleader, but rather a soldier-like style, as Suetonius calls that of Julius Cæsar; and yet I see no reason why he should call it so.”

In another place, he remarks that a thing well said, whether it go before or come after a good sentence, is always in season; that, even “if it neither suit well with what went before, nor have any very close coherence with what follows after, it is good in itself.” And in still another place, he condemns the smothering and losing of life and marrow, as in Cicero’s way of writing, before coming to that which is the real theme, or “that wherein the force of the argument lies,” and declares himself to be in favor of discourses which “give the first charge into the heart of the doubt,” rather than of those that languish about the subjects to which they relate, and that delay expectation. Thus does that renowned essayist intimate the leading elements of his pointed, sententious, abrupt, and lively mode of composition.

The style in which Emerson writes, while it is altogether peculiar, has for its chief feature an artistic and elegant condensation. He suggests a great deal in a few words. Ideas, “on the scale of a continent,” are compressed by him into short sayings. His essays all show themselves to be the productions

of a careful master, who is wont to mold and to fashion, to curtail and to abbreviate, the language that occurs to him, till he has exactly fitted it to express the deep things with which his mind is familiar. His custom of condensing is adapted to remind one of an anecdote recorded of Phocion. One day when the people were ready to be addressed by him, he was discovered behind the platform absorbed in thought. "What! at your meditations, Phocion?" said the person who had observed him. "Yes," he replied, "I am considering whether I cannot shorten what I have to say to the Athenians." Plutarch, who relates this circumstance, says that Phocion's speeches "were to be estimated like coins, not for the size, but for the intrinsic value." And so may it be said of Emerson's sentences.

Notice how he talks about the sea :

"The sea is masculine, the type of active strength. Look, what egg-shells are drifting all over it, each one . . . filled with men in ecstasies of terror, alternating with cockney conceit, as the sea is rough or smooth. Is this sad-colored circle an eternal cemetery? In our graveyards we scoop a pit, but this aggressive water opens mile-wide pits and chasms, and makes a mouthful of a fleet."

Notice, also, how he talks about the poet Wordsworth :

"He lived long enough to witness the revolution he had wrought, and 'to see what he foresaw.' There are torpid places in his mind, there is something hard and sterile in his poetry, want of grace and variety, want of due catholicity and cosmopolitan scope : he had conformities to English politics and traditions ; he had egotistic puerilities in the choice and treatment of his subjects ; but let us say of him, that, alone in his time, he treated the human mind well, and with an absolute trust. His adherence to his poetic creed rested on real inspirations. The *Ode on Immortality* is the

high-water-mark which the intellect has reached in this age. New means were employed, and new realms added to the empire of the muse, by his courage."

And here is another specimen of his writing :

"The flower of civilization is the finished man of sense, of accomplishments, of social power — a gentleman."

Emerson's style is not only remarkable for a condensation which is at war with all excrescences, but also for an exquisite piquancy, and for a force that often penetrates like electricity. Accordingly, Prof. John Nichol, in his account of it in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, attributes to it epigrams which are electric shocks, — a terse refinement of phrase, and trenchant illustrations. To read his prose, seems equivalent to being led along a wonderful new path, wherein, at every little distance, is enjoyed a fresh, rich, and inspiriting treat ; and to read his poetry, seems equivalent to being borne for the first time on an expanse of pellucid and perfumed waters, from one beautiful cove to another, and from one mysterious landing-place to another. The only trouble is that the reader, in the one case, is generally led into the midst of a weird forest of uncertainties, and, in the other, into a wild thicket of mysteries, and left there.

## VIII.

## SOCRATES.

“We have enough wherewithal to do it, and we ought never to be weary of representing the image of this great man in all the patterns and forms of perfection.”

MONTAIGNE.

AS an ancient instance, illustrative, in a surpassing manner, of the great thing it is to know how to be one's own, I name “that saint of sages,” who was the son of Sophroniscus, the husband of Xanthippe, and the educator of Plato. About twenty-three hundred and twenty-two years ago, there went about in Athens a Greek philosopher, who exhibited such fidelity to truth and to nature, such patience, such tranquillity, such power as a thinker, such aptness and eloquence as a conversationist, such clearness as a reasoner, such innocence of heart, such majesty in the midst of satirical defamers and tyrannical foes, and such fearlessness of death, as were fitted to secure to him, for all ages, a sacred renown. He allowed no troublesome accidents of life to break his admirable equipoise. Those with whom he was wont to converse were requested by him, if at any time they should perceive in him even the incipient emotions of anger, to give him immediate notice of the discovery. According to the testimony of Xenophon, he was so pious he undertook nothing without invoking divine counsel, so just he never did an injury to any mortal, so temperate he never preferred pleasure to virtue, and so wise he was able,

in the most difficult cases, to judge what was expedient and right. His mission was to incite men to be wise and virtuous. In accomplishing this, he unfolded what was wrong in opinions and characters, reproved the vicious for their vices, and dealt out sound instruction.

It was specially his delight to teach the Athenian youth, who daily gathered round him, and who — excepting only those of them that were immoral — were more enticed by his discourses than by any of their diversions. He showed that fancied knowledge usually amounts to foolishness. Speaking of an unworthy man, who was represented to him as not having been improved by his travels, he said, “I very well believe it; for he took himself along with him.” The principal office of wisdom was affirmed by him to be the distinguishing of good from evil. When told that the god of wisdom had assigned to him the title of sage, he searched and examined himself, and drew the conclusion that his best doctrine was the doctrine of ignorance, and his best wisdom simplicity. His own superiority as compared with others, he attributed to the fact that he did not overweeningly presume that he was wise. Being asked what he knew, he replied :

“I know this, that I know nothing.”

It was his wont to receive with a smiling composure the contradictions with which others sometimes met his arguments. He often prayed, “Give me the interior beauty of the soul!” but, more often, his prayer was the petition, that there might be given him what was best for him. His chosen motto was,

“According to what a man can.”

Once, when mention was made to him of something ill that people were saying concerning him, he briefly answered, “Not at all; there is nothing in me of what they say.” On one occasion, a physiognomist examined his face without knowing it was the face of Socrates, and pronounced it indicative of lewdness, libidinousness, and drunkenness. There was an outburst of laughter on the part of the audience. But the great sage promptly declared that naturally he was inclined to the vices which his face had been said to betray, and that by the aid of philosophy and discipline he had subdued his unfortunate propensity.

He had his own amusements. Even in his mature years, he thought it good to take lessons in dancing and in the use of musical instruments. Many a time did he join in playing cobnut with the little folk; and not rarely did he fulfill his role with them in hobby-horsical sport. In endurance of toil, few could surpass him; in self-control, few have ever equalled him. At feasts, he ate according to the degree of his need, not according to the supply before him. So sound and hale was the state in which, by regularity and moderation, he kept his frame and brain, that, though he fled not from the plagues which during his life visited Athens, his vital energy effectually repelled every seed and every germ of infection.

He had genuine valor. In the midst of a battle, when Alcibiades his tent-mate had been wounded and was at the point of being captured by the enemy, Socrates hastened to him alone, shielded him with

his own body, defended him in sight of the whole army, and saved his life and his armor. And when the thirty tyrants were, by their guards, haling Theramenes to the place of death, Socrates was foremost in a heroic and strenuous movement to rescue him; and he desisted not from his undertaking till he was prevailed on to do so by the expostulations of Theramenes himself.

He had his own way of thinking, and his own ideas, views, and beliefs. Sometimes, when engaged in profound thought, he seemed like one rapt in a marvelous transport. Plato relates of him, that, one day during the period in which he was connected with the army, he began suddenly to meditate with a steady abstractedness, and continued to do so till noon, without moving from the spot where he stood. The soldiers, having observed him, watched with interest to see how long his musing mood would last. The afternoon and the entire night passed, and still he stood absorbed in reflection. Not till the sun had risen in the morning, did his contemplative ecstasy end. Then, after saluting that glowing orb, he went his way.

The enemies of Socrates, knowing that the senate were predisposed to condemn him, charged him before that body with "not acknowledging the gods that were acknowledged by the state, with introducing new deities, and with violating the laws by corrupting the youth." Anytus, the chief accuser, avowed a willingness to withdraw the charges, if Socrates would cease animadverting on his conduct; but the noble philosopher promptly replied, that, so long as he lived, he would never either disguise

the truth, or speak anything other than what his duty required. Plato, on the day of the trial, arose to plead for him, but was not allowed to speak. Socrates made without assistance his own defense, and it was a memorable unmasking of the guilty and malicious souls of those who had determined that he should die. After he had been sentenced, his friends laid a plan for his escape; but he refused to be delivered from execution in the mode proposed by them, declaring that it would be an unbecoming infraction of the laws. To his wife, who cried out in his presence, "Oh, how unjustly do these wicked judges put him to death!" he quietly said, "Why, hadst thou rather they should execute me justly?" While he held in his hand the appointed cup of hemlock, he discoursed with a saintly serenity concerning the fate decreed to him, expressing the confident trust that something of men remains after death, and that the condition of the good will then be better than that of the bad. "Whether or no," he remarked, "God will approve my actions, I know not; but this I am sure of, that I have at all times made it my endeavor to please him, and I have a good hope that this my endeavor will be accepted by him." The thoughtful and amiable Erasmus, alluding to these words, says:

"When I reflect on such a speech pronounced by such a person, I can scarce forbear crying out, *Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis!* — 'O holy Socrates, pray for us!'"

Thus passed away that glorious Greek, that model individual of the old ages, who "would neither be nor be like any other thing" than a man; and who, as a man, lived a life in the highest sense unique.

## IX.

THOREAU.

“ A square-set man and honest ; and his eyes,  
An out-door sign of all the warmth within,  
Smiled with his lips — a smile beneath a cloud,  
But heaven had meant it for a sunny one.”

TENNYSON, *The Holy Grail*.

I AM to speak here of a person who, though he was a singular lover of solitude, was one of the most interesting of meditative men. He was a resident of the town of Concord, Massachusetts ; and there, about sixteen years ago, he died. His funeral was attended and participated in by some of the deepest souls on the American continent. The impressions produced by his distinct style of manhood on those who were more than superficially acquainted with him, had given rise in them to an affectionate admiration, such as is rare in this world. Emerson, commemorating the noblemanship of the departed man, said, with an inimitable pathos :

“ The scale on which his studies proceeded was so large as to require longevity, and we were the less prepared for his sudden disappearance. The country knows not yet, or in the least part, how great a son it has lost. It seems an injury that he should leave in the midst his broken task, which none else can finish — a kind of indignity to so noble a soul that it should depart out of nature before yet he has been really shown to his peers for what he is. But he at least is content. His soul was made for the noblest society ; he had in a short life exhausted the capabilities of this world ; wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home.”

Thoreau lived apart from general society. He was a cheerful recluse, a hermit who was characterized by an ardent ambition to illustrate simplicity, and by a fascinating "childishness of goodness." His stature was comparatively short, his hair flaxen, his nose aquiline, his eyes purely bright, and his expression that of a man of perfect sincerity. His dress was the gray garb of a huntsman.

"He took the color of his vest  
From rabbit's coat and grouse's breast."

He showed what it is worth to know how to possess one's self—showed this, in a life which, notwithstanding it was usually solitary, was free alike from evidences of sickly sentimentalism, and from proofs of misanthropic bitterness. Not deficient in scholarly acquirements was this man. He had graduated at Harvard, had read the English classics and the old English chronicles, the standard books of voyages, the Oriental Scriptures, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Goethe, Carlyle, De Quincey, Ruskin, Emerson, and was a recognized naturalist and poet. From his pen emanated several volumes, to peruse which has been said to be "like walking through morning meadows or amid the mystic wolds of nightingales." Notice the titles of his works: *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*; *Walden*; *Excursions*; *Cape Cod*; *The Maine Woods*. He was industrious and skillful in ways of his own. His father's occupation was that of a maker of lead-pencils, and under his guidance he learned the same craft. To that employment he applied himself till he had manufactured a better lead-pencil than any that had previously been in

use ; but when he was congratulated in view of the possibility of amassing a fortune in the business, he answered that " he should never make another lead-pencil, since he did not wish to do again what he had done once." He refused to aim at distinction in any of the courses from among which educated young men generally chose their pursuits ; yet there was manifested by him no tendency either to idleness or to indifferentism. It was perceived that he was busy " about something, none knew what, in the woods around Concord." He was a good surveyor, and could ingeniously turn his hand in constructing a boat or a fence, or in making a garden. There had become fixed in his mind the determination to be free from a multitude of common needs, so that he might not be obliged to lay out in the acquisition of the means of a livelihood, the energies he wished to devote to higher objects. Invitations to dinner-parties were declined by him, because he could not (as he thought) " meet individuals at them to any purpose." It was his wont, when asked at table which dish he preferred, to say, " The nearest." His singularity of life was in a marked degree methodical. He constantly aimed to exemplify the point that men can and should, by virtue of more natural simplicity, have fewer wants whereon to sacrifice their time and their strength ; and this fact explains the manner in which,

" Remote from all the pleasures of the world,"

he exercised his powers. In 1845, he built with his own hands a cabin, on the shore of the little lake called Walden, situated not far from Concord. He

thought that there is the same fitness in a man's building his house that there is in a bird's building its nest; and, if men were generally to do so, and simply and honestly to provide food for themselves and their families, he conceived that the poetic faculty would be generally developed in them: they would sing as birds do when so engaged. The cost of his house he found to be twenty-eight dollars and twelve and a half cents. It was tight-shingled and plastered, was ten feet wide by fifteen long, had eight-foot posts, a garret, a closet, a large window on each side, two trap-doors, one door at the end, and a brick fireplace opposite. The timber, stones, and sand he had claimed by squatter's right. To his house he added a small wood-shed, building the same out of the materials left after the main structure had been completed. About two and a half acres of the ground about his cabin were planted by him with beans, potatoes, peas, and maize; and of the produce which resulted, he sold an amount, above what he needed for his own use, that brought him eight dollars and seventy-one and a half cents. That forest-cottage was his home for almost two years. When the first of them had passed, he compared himself with the Concord farmers in the matter of independence, and described himself as better off than they, since he was not anchored to house or land, but was free to follow the bent of his genius every moment, and since, if fire had consumed his house or if his crops had failed, he would have lacked but little of being nearly as well off as before. In eight months, while dwelling at Walden, he spent for food eight dollars and seventy-four cents,

and for clothing eight dollars and forty and three-fourth cents. His entire expenses during the whole time of his residence in his recluse home, amounted to sixty-one dollars and ninety-nine and three-fourth cents, of which the sum of thirty-six dollars and seventy-eight cents was met by his earnings. The experiment convinced him that, to maintain one's self on this planet, will prove a pastime rather than a hardship, if one will but live simply and wisely.

Thoreau's novel hermitage was a center, from which he was accustomed daily to go forth for the purpose of becoming better acquainted with the features, the habits, and the manners of nature's varied offspring. He was ever gaining fresh knowledge about animals or plants. The quick-moving ants and the battles they sometimes fought on the little elevations and in the little depressions of his woodyard, were observed by him with interest. When he walked in the forest, he took with him a spy-glass and a microscope, together with an old book wherein to place botanical specimens. Thus equipped, he freely ranged. Sometimes he went a quarter of a mile or further, to see some favorite flower; sometimes he listened to catch weighty meanings from slight sounds or far-sent echoes; sometimes he drew the fishes to him without hook or line; and sometimes he fished "in the sky whose bottom is pebbly with stars." The brutes seemed to him to be "rudimental burrowing men, still standing on their defense, awaiting their transformation." He paid them a kindly respect, which, by many of them, was wonderfully returned. A mouse entered into friendship with him, and ate from his hand; a chick-

adee alighted on an armful of wood which he was carrying, and picked at the sticks without fear; a phœbe built its nest in his wood-shed; robins frequented a pine which grew inside his house; and partridges hovered near, waiting for crumbs of food. At evening and after nightfall, rabbits gathered regularly to feast on what he gave them; and he was continually entertained by the maneuvers of red squirrels. The latter grew to be so familiar, that occasionally they stepped over his shoe, "when that was the nearest way." Hares came, at dusk, and nibbled the potato-parings he had thrown out.

"He saw the partridge drum in the woods;  
He heard the wood-cock's evening hymn;  
He found the tawny thrush's broods,  
And the shy hawk did wait for him.  
What others did at distance hear,  
And guessed within the thicket's gloom,  
Was shown to this philosopher,  
And at his bidding seemed to come."

EMERSON.

Over the door of his cabin he put the words:

"Entertainment for man, but not for beast."

Some of his human visitors he gratefully received, and with them delightedly communed and strolled; but such of them as were actuated by the vulgar curiosity which begets intrusiveness, he regarded with a positive disgust. In the latter category he numbered those who never knew when their visits were at an end; those who, on account of their one-ideaism, were like a hen with but one chicken, and that a duckling; those who had a thousand ideas and unkempt heads, like hens that have charge

each of a hundred chickens, all in pursuit of one bag; intellectual centipedes; absorbed men of business; preoccupied men of restless spirit, who were wont to sacrifice all their time either in getting or in keeping a living; ministers of the narrow-minded order, who spoke of God as if they enjoyed a monopoly of the theme; uneasy, inquisitive persons, who pried about his cupboard; young men who had ceased to be young, and had concluded that the beaten track is the safest; and self-styled reformers — a sort of persons whom he pronounced the greatest bores of all.

Thoreau's writings contain many sayings which are worthy to be reiterated often and remembered forever. Here are a few of them :

“Men cannot conceive a state of things so fair that it cannot be realized.” “If I had the wealth of Cræsus bestowed on me, my aims must still be the same, and my means essentially the same.” “The heavens are as deep as our aspirations are high.” “How can we have a harvest of thought who have not had a seed-time of character?” “Let our meanness be our footstool, not our cushion.” “Only that day dawns to which we are awake.” “The newest is but the oldest made visible to our senses.” “Men reverence one another, not yet God.” “Now-a-nights, I go on to the hill to see the sun set, as one would go home at evening.” “All these sounds — the crowing of cocks, the baying of dogs, and the hum of insects at noon — are the evidence of nature's health.” “Men are not concealed under habits, but are revealed by them; they are their clothes.” “I raise my fairest and freshest flowers in the old mold.” “If we take the ages into the account, may there not be a civilization going on among brutes as well as men?” “It is strange that men will talk of miracles, revelation, and the like, as things past, while love remains.” “I want the flower and fruit of a man, that some fragrance be wafted over from him to me, and some ripeness flavor our intercourse.” “The Vedas and their Angas are not so ancient as serene contemplation.” “We make conquest only of husks and shells for the

most part — at least apparently; but sometimes these are cinnamon and spices.” “The philanthropist too often surrounds mankind with the remembrance of his own cast-off griefs as an atmosphere, and calls it sympathy.” “Nothing makes the earth seem so spacious as to have friends at a distance; they make the latitudes and longitudes.” “Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in.” “Rescue the drowning, and tie your shoe-strings.” “Our sadness is not sad, but our cheap joys.” “How often, when we have been nearest each other bodily, have we really been furthest off!” “What wealth is it to have such friends that we cannot think of them without elevation!” “Let nothing come between you and the light. Respect men as brothers only. When you travel to the Celestial City, carry no letter of introduction. When you knock, ask to see God — none of the servants.” “Aim above morality. Be not simply good; be good for something.” “I long ago lost a hound, a bay-horse, and a turtle-dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travelers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks, and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who had heard the hound and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud, and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves.”

Futile would it be to attempt to show that Thoreau was faultless. On not a few questions he seems to have held extreme opinions. The sound of Sabbath-bells was not welcome to his ears. Once, when a Christian woman, who had heard him express himself, said, “Why, Mr. Thoreau, it seems to me that you are going backward to paganism,” he replied, “Say, rather, forward to paganism, madam.” It is due, however, to affirm, that those outspokenings of his, which, to some persons, were suggestive of strange heresy, were, to those who knew how to understand him, simply enigmatical declarations that had a wholesome meaning. Such, for example, was his averment, that it is “necessary not to be Christian, to appreciate the beauty and significance of the

life of Christ." Like all great thinkers that have been dissatisfied with many existing human realities, he often put forth valuable truths in abrupt and startling hyperboles. Let him, then, be estimated, not according to hasty interpretations of some particular words of his, but according to the tenor of his career and the drift of his thought. And far hence be the day when there shall be none to honor the name of that Concord nobleman whose mission it was to exalt simple and natural things, and who *thanked God that men cannot cut down the clouds!*

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## X.

### LINCOLN.

Natura lo fece, e poi ruppe la stampa.

("Nature made him, and then broke the mold.")

ITALIAN ADAGE.

"The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,  
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise not blame,  
New birth of our new soil, the *first American*."

LOWELL.

"Mr. Lincoln was modest, kind, and unobtrusive, but had nevertheless sturdy intellectual independence, wonderful self-reliance, and, in his unpretending way, great individuality."

HON. GIDEON WELLES.

NOT likely is it there will ever be a generation of men on earth that will omit to mention with tender reverence the slain President. In him, ruggedness was associated with profundity, and angularity was in union with elevation. He had not only great-

ness, but goodness also — that which makes human character warm. He was at once child-like and majestic; at once the simple-hearted brother of men, and the gifted and glorious citizen of his nation. Was he versed in self-mastery? Who can doubt it? Was his life a vivid illustration of the importance of knowing how to be one's own? Who will deny it?

Lincoln possessed sterling genius. "Like Cromwell and Napoleon," says a noted individual who knew him well, "he grew in rugged manhood in the world of privacy and experience, and came into great affairs with powers which scholarship and effete rhetoric can never equal." And the same person adds the remark, that such men as he are the men "whose deeds shadow the imagination with divine agency, and whom the philosopher loves to contemplate as the highest evolution of nature's forces, and the most glorious development of the human mind."\* The exemplification of genius which Lincoln gave, was practical and true. He was neither inconsistently eccentric nor unnaturally anomalous. Genius has sometimes been represented as a possession of questionable value. There have been those who were disposed to treat it as travelers treat the greatest of the Egyptian pyramids — that cold pile of stone, the strength and the loftiness of which serve the inferior purpose of grandly showing to what an extent man can be original without being wise, and can be creative without being reasonable. But Lincoln's career showed that genius deserves not to be disparaged thus; that it is, forsooth, ever

\* Hon. Cassius M. Clay. Letter in the *N. Y. Tribune*, 1873.

an excellent bestowment; that it is innocent of deplorable failings like those of a Tamerlane or a Napoleon, a Rousseau or a Byron; and that the random and reckless life of the possessor of genius who misapplies his powers, is not to be charged to genius, but to a corrupt self pushed to action by an unbending will. It showed, also, that genius is never necessarily associated with a stern, egotistical grandeur, such as makes ordinary minds crouch and feel poor in its presence. "Instead of feeling a poverty," says Emerson, "when we encounter a great man, let us treat the new-comer like a traveling geologist who passes through our estate and shows us good slate, or anthracite, or limestone, in our brush pasture." Lincoln was one of those great men that *could* be thus treated.

There was, on his part, nothing that seemed in conflict with nature. His unpretentiousness was like that of the mountains. Honestly did he let himself reveal himself, and he deemed it not his duty to ask leave to seem to be what he was. All eminent men have been delineated by other men according as they were viewed from different standpoints, or through eyes differently colored by temperament, prejudice, or culture. Thus he was delineated. The carping critic, the enthusiastic but indiscriminating admirer, and the calm, penetrating, educated thinker—each gave his pen-portrait of him; and not too much is it to say, that every such representation which was free from the elements of caricature, whether it came from an opponent or from a panegyrist, had its attraction on account of what it suggested in respect to the uniqueness of

the man. The studious eye of Nathaniel Hawthorne, that rigorously tasteful novelist, once read Lincoln's physiognomy, and surveyed his form in "the President's room," and here is the substance of the graphic sketch which resulted: \*

His figure was tall and loose-jointed. He was about the homeliest man he (Hawthorne) had ever seen, yet was by no means repulsive or disagreeable. He appeared the essential representative of all Yankees, and the veritable specimen, physically, of what the world seems determined to regard as the characteristic qualities of Americans. His lengthy awkwardness, and the uncouthness of his movements, were indescribable; nevertheless it seemed to him (Hawthorne) as if he had been in the habit of seeing him daily, and had shaken hands with him a thousand times in some village street, so true was he to the aspect of the pattern American, modified by a certain extravagance. If put to guess his calling, he (Hawthorne) would have taken him for a country schoolmaster, as soon as for anything else. He was dressed in a rusty black frock coat and in pantaloons which were unbrushed; and so faithfully had the suit been worn, it had adapted itself to the curves and the angularities of his form, and had grown to be an outer skin of the man. He had shabby slippers on his feet. His hair was black, ungrizzled, stiff, and somewhat bushy; and, that morning, it had apparently been acquainted with neither brush nor comb, since the disarrangement of the pillow. His complexion was dark and sal-

\* The sketch, in its full form, may be found in one of the volumes of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

low, his eyebrows thick and black, his brow impending, his nose large, and the lines about his mouth very strongly defined. His whole physiognomy was as coarse a one as would be met anywhere in the length and breadth of the States ; but, withal, it was redeemed, illuminated, softened, and brightened, by a kindly though serious look out of the eyes, and an expression of homely sagacity that seemed weighted with rich results of village experience. He gave indications of being the possessor, not of bookish cultivation and not of refinement, but of a great deal of native sense, of a thoroughly honest heart, and of a tact and a wisdom that were akin to craft, and that would have led him to take an antagonist in flank rather than in front. On the whole, his sallow, queer, sagacious visage, with the homely human sympathies that warmed it, was pleasing, and was fitted to produce the conviction that he was as good a ruler as any man would have proved whom it might have been practicable to put in his place.

The views expressed in the foregoing delineation were those of a literary man of high æsthetic accomplishment and of exacting sensibility. Let them be estimated, reader, only for what they are worth.

Lincoln's occupancy of the highest position in his country did not in the least degree lessen his real and peculiar noblemanship. To that position he brought a strong, wholesome manhood ; and he kept it good. He was at the greatest possible distance from exemplifying the effect which exalted office has on vain and ill-ballasted minds. He aped no one, whether living or dead. Wherever he acted, he

acted entirely in a way of his own; and in whatever company he was, he shone in it entirely with a light of his own. The true emblem of his soul was neither a planet nor a satellite, but a star. And Professor Tyndall unwittingly told the style of this great civilian, when, in one of his lectures, he said:

“Every star declares by its light its own undamaged individuality, as if it alone had sent its thrills through space.”

By fashionable gentlemen, whose excellence, like the brightness of the moon, was wholly borrowed, he was deemed over-much humorous and unfortunately odd; and the grand old story-teller of the White House was often enough the theme of their Lilliputian criticisms. He was indeed humorous; but the considerate observer did not fail to see that his expressions of humor had unsounded depths beneath them, as is the case with those lusty fishes that, from time to time, sportively leap up out of the sea. And what wonder was it that so genuine and healthy a character had its odd revealings? To criticise him because he had his own ideas and fancies, and did not wear some other man's peculiarities, is about as reasonable as it would be to find fault with the wind for blowing where it listeth. “To condemn Carlyle and Macaulay,” suggestively says Mr. Whipple, “because they do not run their thoughts into the molds of Addison and Burke, is equivalent to condemning a bear because he does not digest stones like an ostrich, or a chicken because it goes on two legs instead of four.”

Lincoln was the condensed, matured result of free labor, free speech, and free opportunity. From his

career the world has learned the lesson, that a sturdy rail-splitter on a western prairie and a strong-armed sculler of flat-boats on the Mississippi, can attain to distinguished elevation without being trained in famous halls of learning, and without being finished off in circles of fastidious society. Though as to all his external characteristics he was unrefined and rustic, and though all smoothing processes left him still what Shakespeare calls "a plain, blunt man," yet, considered with respect to his inner nature, it is certain that no far-sought mine of the earth has ever proved richer in gold than he was in mental resources. His heart was indigenous to the western hemisphere, and was New-World-like. Emerson has pronounced him the true representative of the American continent. I call him the great, good American, who treated everybody, whether black or white, whether poor or rich, as his brother.

In the first part of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*, one may find a picture, drawn with the pen, which is well adapted to give rise to a conception of a character strikingly similar to that of Lincoln. It is the picture of the good bishop Myriel. Seeing a wealthy but parsimonious man bestowing alms on a beggar, he said, "Look at M. Géborand, buying a halfpenny's worth of Paradise!" He taught that the least possible amount of sin is the law of man, no sin at all the dream of angels. Into the cell of a condemned murderer he went, and there taught him, there made himself father, brother, and friend to him. On the day of that criminal's execution, he rode with him in the cart. Mounting the scaf-

fold, he stood at his side; and when the scene was over, and he descended from the place of death, there was something in his glance which made the people open a path for him. In drawing-rooms, it was said that his goodness was affectation; but those who knew his heart, and who "did not regard holy actions maliciously," tenderly admired him. He called himself a physician, having for his patients the sick and the unhappy. When a mountain parish which he had been accustomed to visit was ascertained to be frequented by Cravatte and his brigand band, he declared the intention to go to it without an escort. "Monseigneur, you will not do that," said the mayor. He answered, "They want to hear about heaven every now and then, and what would they think of a bishop who was afraid?" "But, Monseigneur, the brigands!" "Ah," he replied, "you are right; I may meet them. They too must want to hear about heaven." "Monseigneur, they will plunder you." "I have nothing," said he. "They will kill you." "Nonsense," he rejoined; "what good would that do them? I would ask them for alms for my poor." "Monseigneur, do not go. In heaven's name, do not, for you expose your life." "My good sir," said he, "is that all? I am not in this world to save my life, but to save souls." Once, while looking on a large, black, hairy, and horrible spider, he pathetically said to himself, "Poor brute, it is not thy fault." He incurred, one day, the pang of a sprain, because he did not wish to crush an ant. There was a man — Jean Valjean — who, after passing nineteen years as a galley-slave, had been set at liberty. At

every place in the town where he sought hospitality, or begged for shelter, he was turned coldly away, till he came to this bishop's door. There he was received and treated like a man. "Why," asked Myriel, "do I want to know your name? Besides, before you told it to me, you had one which I knew." And he gently assured him that he was his brother. What an instance of benevolence, wide-reaching and profound! What an embodiment of benignity, unstrained and sweet! And who cannot see that the unselfishness, the kindness, the sympathy—in short, the broad, warm manhood of Myriel, was entirely Lincoln-like?

That humble yet deep-souled American evidently made it the law of his life to be true rather than false, to be plain rather than showy, and to be good rather than successful. No wintry dignity marked his bearing. There was on his part an unmistakable grandeur; but it was ever softened by his manifestations of generous feeling, and ever rendered sunny by his genial jovialty. Said he to a friend, who visited him at the White House, "I should be glad if you would stay and dine with me, but I have no idea of what we are going to have for dinner, because when Mrs. Lincoln is away I browse around." And one pleasant day, while walking with his secretary, he stopped by the side of a small shrub, and looked into it; then, bending himself down, he with the utmost gentleness of manner put his hand among the leaves and the twigs, as if to take out something that was there. "What do you find, Mr. Lincoln?" asked the secretary, "Why,"

he answered, "here is a little bird fallen from its nest, and I am trying to put it back again."

Such was the slain President. So lived that self-made nobleman of the prairies, who was

"Limbed like the old heroic breeds,  
 . . . . .  
 Not forced to frame excuses for his birth."

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## XI.

### DEMPSTER.\*

"He fought his doubts and gathered strength,  
 He would not make his judgment blind,  
 He faced the specters of the mind  
 And laid them: thus he came at length  
 To find a stronger faith his own."

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*.

HE was my friend. Looking back through more than a score of years, I recall with reverent emotions how, during a period of study under his guidance, there came to exist between his soul and mine a relationship, such as often, in the groves of ancient schools, sprang up between teacher and learner. It was not given him to gain a world-wide fame. His education, like that of Benjamin Franklin and that of Horace Greeley, had to be eked out under unpropitious circumstances. He grew to be a noble scholar, but lacked the finished accomplishments

\* The Rev. John Dempster, D. D., principal professor of theology for some years at Concord, N. H., and afterward at Evanston, Ill. He was born January 2, 1794, and died November 28, 1863. The author was named after him.

which result from collegiate culture and from a thorough and polishing literary drill. He, however, attained a bright eminence, and earned for his name a far choicer place in ten thousand memories than that which, in this age of hurried lives and unserene souls, has been awarded it. I write here a monograph of him, in order to show, as in a mirror, the fine, unborrowed manhood which he made sure to himself by coming *to know how to be his own*.

His individuality was apparent in all that he did. He was ever majestically self-possessed. Whether at home or abroad, whether exercising his persuasive voice in table-talk or lifting it in prayer, whether dealing out ponderous oracles in the lecture-room, or using his familiar hoe in the rich loam of his garden, he had an impressive way which was unique. He evinced a character, firmly bottomed and bravely built up—a character, the materials of which he had carefully selected and tested before using them. Never did he seem to lapse from a high and beautiful mood. There was that on his part which was Pythagorean. Accordingly, whenever he acted, whenever he spoke, and even whenever he simply *looked*, he commanded respect. A self-mastered self was habitually revealed by him. He dared to be in his own fashion a man; hence he was often quietly defiant of the authority of custom. He taught men, by his unpunctiliousness as to matters of garb, that he was not to be estimated according to such things as an ill-fitting coat or an old-fashioned hat. Regardless of what any number of persons might think, he made his exit from every evening company

or party, at nine o'clock, the time when (as he believed) people ought to go to bed.

He was a man of immense intellectual strength, and had a noteworthy facility in extemporaneously putting it forth. He had genius; but it was genius consecrated to holy ends, and therefore free from all wild eccentricities or oddities. His mind was uncommonly clear-seeing, as well as uncommonly strong. He had not only superior analytic power, but also superior synthetic power, and was at once an acute metaphysician and a cogent logician. His lecture on *Divine Providence*, delivered at Concord, New Hampshire, in 1854, was a powerful exhibition of his argumentative ability. Ever were his reasonings condensed and sweeping. Each sentence, in one of his logical disquisitions, was a strong part of a mighty whole.

He displayed great richness and beauty in conversation. With a remarkable ease, he generalized as he talked. I have never listened to a man who, in a little time, said so much that was worthy to be remembered. He helped along the one who hesitated or stumbled in expression, and, in a short finished sentence, uttered all that such a one was trying hard to say. He was not less discreet and elevated in conversation than he was instructive. No hero, it has been said, is a hero to his *valet de chambre*. But Dempster was a man whom, it would seem, his most familiar servant must have regarded with unbroken reverence. As one would shrink from a serpent, so shrank he from vulgarisms. With a surprising spontaneity, he met one's observations or inquiries on any topic, uttering as he did so sen-

tences that seemed as if they were at the moment coined and evened for immortality. His constant use of chaste language in which much thought was compressed, never had any resemblance to affectation. He spoke naturally as well as genteelly and comprehensively. For him to utter rich sayings was to talk in his easiest manner. It would have cost him as much effort to be flippant, as it would have cost a gossiping lady of fashion to squeeze a word or two of wisdom through her prim lips. The father of the present writer used often to entertain, at his home in one of the counties of Western New York, that excellent man; and he was wont to say of him, that he was the most like what Jesus might well be supposed to have been, of all the men he had ever seen. Dempster invariably conversed in a large, manly way. His wit was never petty—it was noble. I have stood at his side, on a Saturday afternoon, while, with his feet hid in high India-rubber boots, he was digging potatoes in his garden, the dark mellow soil of which he loved to “tickle with a hoe,” and have heard him use the words “objective” and “subjective” (chosen words with him) jovially, yet with a rare suggestiveness. Once, when some one in his class asked why it is written of Isaac Newton that, in theology, “he went out like a common man,” he answered, “Probably because he had never attended a Biblical Institute.” Being, with some visitors, in the room where was kept the great Chinese god and his black attendant, when allusion was made to the god’s ornaments, he remarked that, “as the god had no intrinsic excellence, the deficiency had to be made

up in extrinsic adornment ;” and when he saw one of the company examining the god’s internal structure, he said, “The mysteries are all on the outside.” To a young man, who, in proposing to correspond with him, intimated that he would inclose postage stamps, he replied, “Let me have the stamp of your mind, and I will not ask for any other.” On one occasion, while conversing, he said, “A man’s concealment is often his revealment.” Bidding farewell to a student, he said, “I will make you a channel of my kind remembrances to your parents.” At one time, when the present writer informed him that his father had sent, in a letter, a word of love for him, he answered, “Tell him, in your reply, that I have put it in my bosom ;” and at another time, speaking to the present writer, he said, “When you write home, fold me up in your sheet.” In the course of a conversation which occurred at his house, he referred to American slavery, saying, “It is one of the most comprehensive systems of villainy ever hatched by depraved minds.”

As a writer, his diction was select and flowing, and his ideas and illustrations fresh and original. Though he had great readiness in framing musical sentences, yet he scarcely ever had a single sentence more than was needful. From any one of his published lectures or discourses there may be culled fine aphorisms. Notice some specimens :

“You may as well blot out the sun and hope for the light of day, as contract the mind and hope for progress.” “Was there ever a real worshiper, in any world, without an object invested with his own highest qualities — the same in kind, vastly transcending in degree?” “Only half the man is availing, who alternately acts on competing objects.” “The diffused sunbeams may paint the

flowers with beauty and enrich the clouds with splendor, but they can glow in the melted metal they dissolve, only when converged to a point by the lens which collects them." "The determined soul, like the well-formed arch, derives strength from the weight pressing upon it."

As a worker, he was a paragon for young men. His maxim was, UNITY OF PURSUIT. From the beginning of his career, he kept true to his aim, and was indefatigable in the prosecution of his undertakings. Though trammelled by unusual disadvantages, he rose steadily from obscurity to distinction. He became a resolute self-educator, and drilled his faculties according to tactics of his own devising. Of his time he was as careful as if he deemed every moment to be more than golden. He subjected himself to a rigid disciplinary procedure. No mere luxury was allowed for a moment to divert him. He strove continually in two struggles, one of which was that of a fighter against poverty, and the other that of a fighter for knowledge and qualification. After a while, he found that his health was giving way. Then he began to maintain an uncommon dietetic scrupulosity. He thought to make up, by strict regularity and simplicity of living, what he must lose by assiduity. It was thus this man grew to his greatness. Everything that he could control was pressed by him into subservience to his high purpose. Said he to the writer, in a letter dated June 3, 1858:

"It has been the deepest question of my life, how I could best combine the greatest self-sacrifice with the utmost efficiency of action; and I have felt ennobled as this rule has been my guide."

All along the path of his endeavors, he economized his hours, and practiced a punctuality which was

absolute. There were days on which he met his class, though suffering an almost intolerable distress of body, and though, in order to discharge his professorial task, he had to betake himself from a process of severe external medical treatment at his house.

Summing up his characteristic traits, I pronounce them to have been his brave constancy in educating himself in spite of oppressive difficulties, his regular and simple style of life, the singleness and the exaltedness of his aim, his individuality, his keenness in metaphysical investigation, his condensation and sweepingness in dialectic reasoning, his richness, chasteness, and dignity in conversation, his originality in thought and in illustration, his aptitude for conciseness in union with a harmonious flowingness in composition, and the calm indomitability with which he ever held to his course, notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances and the enfeebling infirmities wherewith he had to contend.

In person [I speak of him as he appeared at the age of sixty-five years], he bore the marks of uncommon toils and agonies. A wig covered his head. He had the worn and furrowed face of a veteran hero. His nose was slightly aquiline. His eyes had a bright, winsome luster, which was most clearly seen in his moments of eloquence. His voice was distinct and melodious. His temperament was the nervous-bilious. His complexion was, in a degree, saffron-colored and shaded. He was, as to his frame, like some honored ship which, after making many voyages, after enduring again and again

“The dread sweep of the down-streaming seas,”

is about to go forth to brave the beating of the winds, the waves, and the billows once more, when, unexpectedly, the might of the elements overcomes it, and it gradually and calmly sinks down, its costly and precious freight all being saved.

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## XII.

### THE MASTER-SOUL.

*An Ideal Instance wherein many Noble Real Instances  
are Typified.*

“ . . . A king complete  
Within ” . . .

MILTON, *Paradise Regained*.

DESPAIR, dark-winged, seemed brooding o'er the  
earth,

Peace sat and sighed, with unnerved, vacant hand ;  
The days went slowly by, and Joy and Mirth  
Had ceased to sing in all the lonely land.

But suddenly, there echoed wide the voice —

“ Lo ! one hath come who works whate'er he  
wills ! ”

Then did men take new courage and rejoice,  
Their hearts upspringing with delightful thrills.

Another epoch, and a humming scene

Of prosperous life cheered hill, and vale, and air ;  
Peace walked erect, and wore a sunny mien,  
And Joy and Mirth breathed music everywhere.

That Master-Soul had changed the face of earth,  
Had brought forth beauty, had reduced to form  
The formless, made fine marvels spring to birth,  
And pressed to use the dust, the tide, the storm.

Like the famed Thunderer of th' Olympian height, —  
Father and king, so called, of gods and men, —  
He dared to test his power by matter's might,  
And to probe deep all mysteries in his ken.  
Viceroy of Nature, he did never fear  
Nature's resistance to his potent will ;  
Things seemed, like men, his presence to revere —  
He conquered, and went on to conquer still.

He boldly sailed across the treach'rous main,  
And trod upon a new-found, gorgeous coast ;  
The sky he read, and made its mysteries plain —  
He caught the secret of the starry host.  
Earth's hoary strata he explored, and told  
Where slept both minerals rare and ores rich-  
fraught ;  
He traced the proofs, a myriad ages old,  
Of what, ere man was formed, the God-Mind  
thought.

And, bent on still a mightier life than this,  
He drew the subtile Forces to his side,  
Subdued them by that magic which was his,  
And made them own him as their rightful guide.  
To service great the seething steam he turned ;  
He grasped the lightning, and tied fast its wing,  
And then, that wild, fleet agent from him learned,  
Thought-freighted messages to bear and bring.

When there was need, he bore the warrior's part,  
And in the fierce fight shrank not from the van ;  
Though others fainted, he kept hope and heart,  
Wielding his tried sword for the rights of man.  
He could not brook to see th' oppressor's yoke  
Galling the poor, or wearying the weak ;  
For wronged men, crying for redress, he spoke  
By deeds — the way the brave are wont to speak.

And in a strife which was not waged with swords, —  
The bloodless battle of conflicting thought, —  
He spread dismay through Error's vaunting hordes,  
His soul with pure and lofty courage fraught.  
Through Superstition's ranks he dashed right on,  
Sparing no outgrown creed along his way ;  
'Round mitered forms he knew not how to fawn —  
'Twas his to give the world a better day.

He found high joy in quest of hidden truth —  
Such joy as ne'er was felt in Fashion's halls ;  
In noble searchings he renewed his youth,  
And had no heart to heed vain Pleasure's calls.  
Often when Night's grand stillness was complete,  
He pondered long beneath the wondrous sky,  
And sometimes on the sea-shore took his seat,  
And mused while proud old ships sailed slowly by.

His calm heart had a worship all its own :  
He sought the place of mighty God-made things,  
And 'mid huge trees and spoils of mountain stone,  
Paid fervent homage to the King of kings.

Did Nature in her storm-mood o'er him scowl?

On her he gazed, with child-like wondering look;  
Unterrified, he heard the tempest's howl,

And tranquil stood, though earth and ocean shook.

His words, how small soe'er they were, had weight,

His presence shed strange richness on the air;

And moved were all who met him to relate

What nameless dignity his brow did wear.

Had scornful foemen chained his body down,

Hoping to break his marvelous might of will,

He would have thrilled them with his kingly frown,

And proved, though bound, a glorious master still.

Oh, where art thou, thou Muse of glowing song?

Have I not watched in silent haunts for thee,

Pining for lofty inspiration long?

And must my hero yet half-honored be?

Ah! who can fully sketch the Master-Soul?

The outline can be drawn, and that alone.

I add the plain conclusion of the whole —

*Wouldst be most man? Learn how to be thine own.*

THE END.















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